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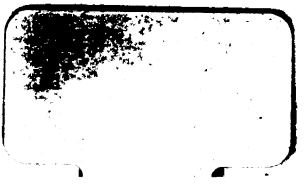

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THE

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AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VOLUME LVIII.

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THE

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JANUARY, 1855.

Art. I. — AUGUSTE DE GERANDO.

When, in the closing month of the year 1849, news of the death of Auguste De Gerando reached the friends of Hungary, they felt that a new calamity had fallen on that desolated land: another heart and arm of those that had best loved and defended her had been struck cold and powerless. In the country of his birth, in that of his adoption, the gloom deepened around those whose hopes that unhappy year had seen blighted. Those who had enjoyed his intimacy, who had shared and sympathized in his aspirations and labors, mourned a double bereavement: the deprivation of the comrade in the ranks of progress; the loss of the most warm and true-hearted of friends. A force was taken from their cause in the able writer, the energetic man; a charm was withdrawn from their daily life when it could no longer be enriched by his overflowing affections, no longer enlivened by his playful wit, the infinite grace of his conversation. Even those who had not seen him closely enough to know the completeness of his gifts felt a touch of sadness when they heard that this beautiful young life had been thus prematurely closed. Those even who had seen him but casually, who had known but for

an hour the magic of his society, felt that they had lost something in him. Nor were these regrets shared only by those who had known the privilege of his personal converse. On this side of the Atlantic there were found those who mourned in him a friend and ally. Those who loved Hungary, those who cherished her cause in its dark hour, as warmly as when the admiration of the world hailed each successive triumph of patriotism and genius, felt that this cause had lost one of its ablest defenders. No Hungarian could regard his native land with a more devoted affection than she had inspired in this son of her adoption. He gave to her — to the elucidation of her history, to the vindication of her claims to the respect and gratitude of Europe — the labors of his years of happiness and vigor. He devoted to her cause the last efforts of his decaying strength. When he foreboded — almost without believing his own prophetic misgivings — the approach of death, the thought of being lost to her service was one of the keenest of the regrets awakened by the prospect of resigning a life he had promised himself to render so useful to her and to humanity. "No," he said, "I cannot die. I have too much to do."

If the life of De Gerando had been extended, he would have given to the world the history of the years 1848 and 1849 in Hungary. In this view alone, that country sustained in his death a loss which can hardly be repaired. He had peculiar qualifications for performing this work. He was intimately acquainted with the history of Hungary, and with the causes, remote and near, which produced the events of 1848. A Hungarian in heart, he was yet by his foreign birth and education removed from the influence of the local predilections, the hereditary prejudices, the party animosities, which almost unavoidably modify the views and color the narrative of even the most sincere men, when they relate the history of their own country and time. He would have taken a clear and comprehensive view of the course of events. He would have rendered equal justice to all. Too large-minded and too Christian to judge men and their actions solely by the test of temporal success, he would not have been found in the number of those who, after an event is accomplished, amuse their self-love by working out in the

quiet of the study a plan of procedure which — as they draw it on paper, unembarrassed by opposition, secure from disconcerting accident — they can safely argue would have led to a different result. He would have claimed sympathy for the lofty purpose, for the heroic effort, though they had failed of their temporal reward. His candor would have recognized the wisdom even of the baffled plan, would have done justice to the valor that did not avert defeat. To all the qualifications for writing upon Hungary which De Gerando possessed in his familiar acquaintance with the country, and in his exact historical knowledge, he joined the gift of eloquent expression, and to all these endowments was added that first of requisites for the true historian, a generous heart. His work would not have offered an uninspired daguerreotype. His page would have rendered back faithfully, but with the glow his enthusiastic nature would have lent his pen, the devoted patriotism, the sublime patience, the magnanimous forbearance, the inventive genius, the fertility of resource, — all the virtues that manifested themselves, all the faculties that were called forth, in this heroic struggle for a cause the most righteous, the most pure, that ever claimed the sympathy of man, or made appeal to the justice of Heaven.

The failing mortal frame refused to second the energy of the intellect and the will. Worn out by long-continued toil, and, still more, by anguish of heart, he survived but for a brief period the ruin of the hopes of his adopted land. Only a few weeks divided his fate from that of those noble men who, victims of cold vengeance, after the contest was over, paid with their lives the penalty of their devotion to their country. He would have raised a monument to their memory. It was permitted him only to share their grave. In the heart of mourning Hungary he will hold one place with them, not less devoted to her cause than they, hardly less its martyr.

Six years have now elapsed since the earthly portion of the existence of De Gerando was brought to a close. Up to this time, no record has been traced of that brief life, so full of performance and of promise, closed before its meridian, and which has yet left behind it enduring traces and regrets hardly to be consoled. The pious cares of a Michelet or a Dumesnil will perhaps one day supply

this want, and raise a fitting monument to the memory of their friend. In the mean time the hand of a stranger has gathered together the materials of a modest memorial.

Auguste De Gerando was born at Lyons on the 4th of April, 1819. He was a descendant of an ancient and respectable family, to which tradition ascribed a Spanish origin, but which had been for five generations established at Lyons. His grandfather, a man of elevated and pious character, was distinguished as an architect, and many public buildings in his native city yet preserve his memory. The grandmother of Auguste De Gerando must find mention here as one of the persons who exercised an influence over his childhood. She was a woman of grave and dignified character, in whose house all the observances of the ancient school of French manners were exactly maintained. She never permitted the violation of any point of etiquette on the part of her grandchildren to pass unnoticed. It is perhaps to be attributed to the training he received under the auspices of this venerable lady, that Auguste De Gerando, in after life, represented in his person the France of the ancient *régime* as well as that of the new era; while his expanded views, the clearness of his convictions, and the largeness of his sympathies, proved him to have received into his character all that was most great and generous in the ideas of the Revolution, the grace and finished courtesy of his manners recalled the social amenities of old, traditional France.

Antoine De Gerando, the father of Auguste, was a man of energetic character, remarkable for his lively wit and a turn for good-humored satire. He died when Auguste was only four years old. During his illness, which was lingering, his chief solace was found in the presence of his little son, who, with a self-control beyond his years, restraining the activity of childhood, would sit for hours immovable, his little hand resting in that of his sick father. The fortunes of Antoine De Gerando had known the vicissitudes incident to revolutionary times. At one period in the possession of an ample fortune, he had seen it melt away in his hands. A lucrative post which he held for many years previous to his death prevented his family from feeling the effects of this change of cir-

cumstances during his lifetime, but at his death he left only a moderate provision for his family.

Thus early deprived of his father, Auguste De Gerando passed his childhood until the age of eight years, under the sole charge of his mother, a Roman of the house of Barberi. She was a woman of great elevation of character, and of singular loveliness. Her son was accustomed to speak of her, in after years, as *mia santa madre*. The delicacy of his constitution was a source of solicitude to his mother, and rendered him the object of peculiar tenderness. He fully returned her affection, and seemed, even at this early age, already to understand the responsibility which rested on the son of a widowed mother. When, after the death of his father, some friends — forgetting his presence, or not thinking the little child could understand the subject of their conversation — were speaking before him of the heavy trials his mother had met, he approached them with a serious air: "Yes," he said, "my mother has suffered much, but I am her consolation." His childhood and youth did not disappoint the promise of his infancy. At the age of eight years he entered the royal college of Versailles. His mother wished to obtain for him, as the son of a public functionary, a *bourse* from the government; that is to say, the payment of his college expenses, a privilege often granted to the orphans of men who have been in the public service. She obtained for him a demi-bourse, or the payment of half the expenses. Hearing this circumstance made the subject of conversation between his mother and one of her friends, who expressed regret that the whole sum had not been granted, the young Auguste exclaimed eagerly: "Do not be anxious, my dear mother, and do not solicit any one on my account, I will win it for myself." Accordingly, at the end of the first year his mother was informed that she would have nothing more to pay for her son. His extraordinary diligence and ability, with his exemplary conduct, had obtained for him the privilege she had desired.

When Auguste had completed his collegiate course, he entered upon the study of the law, in accordance with the advice of his uncle and guardian, the Baron De Gerando. He gave himself to the study of his intended profession

with ardor, but he was not destined to pursue it long. He had not yet completed his twenty-first year, when an incident occurred which changed the course of his destiny.

The Baron De Gerando, known throughout Europe by the touching title of the "Visitor of the Poor," was looked up to by all those who occupied themselves with works of benevolence, as their head and counsellor. Among those who sought the benefit of his instructions was the Countess Theresa Brunswick of Hungary. This lady had begun the establishment of infant schools in her country, and had come to Paris for the purpose of visiting the *Salles d'Asile* and other institutions for elementary instruction. The Baron De Gerando gave her a cordial welcome, and gladly extended to her the benefit of his rich experience. On the occasion of her first visit to his house, the Countess Brunswick was accompanied by her niece, the Countess Emma Teleki. This young girl was a rare apparition in a Parisian drawing-room. Brought up in the depths of Transylvania, but in a home where art was cherished and the literature of every country welcomed, she belonged to the refined West of Europe by cultivation of intellect and power of appreciation, while her character and cast of mind showed her the child of a youthful and vigorous race that had not yet entered the stage of criticism and doubt, but was still in that of action and faith. Her manners were marked by a grave simplicity, the result equally of the retirement in which her youth had been passed, and of the serious studies by which it had been trained. Her beauty, and she was — as we have heard her described by one who saw her at that period — "beautiful as a star," owed none of its influence to the will to charm. She was of high bearing. But this stateliness was womanly pride, not aristocratic insolence. She was of an illustrious house; she counted among her ancestors heroes and statesmen of the most distinguished of her land. But she was also the daughter of an injured people. She had been familiar from her infancy with the history of the wrongs and sufferings of her country; she had thus been taught sympathy with the suffering and oppressed. The sensibility, then, which her features expressed, was not the mere sickly growth of a sentimental atmosphere. It was the intelligent sen-

sibility of one who had thought and felt; of one who had known life under its severe, as well as its sunny aspect. But the grief by which she had been schooled, near enough to be keen, was not personal enough to be selfish. It had tempered her character, without depressing its energy or chilling its enthusiasm.

Persons of large minds and hearts have something even in their first aspect which conveys a revelation of an inward life fed with high thoughts and hopes, occupied with great and unselfish aims. The common world renders an involuntary and ignorant homage; souls of the same mould recognize with joy the signs of spiritual brotherhood. When Auguste De Gerando met for the first time the young girl whom a singular chance had brought under the roof of his adopted father, he felt that with that interview began a new era in his life. This intuition by which noble spirits recognize the being under whose influence alone all their latent powers can be called forth, and in whose alliance they could enter on the career of life with strength and courage doubled, has nothing in common with those lightly formed and frivolous attachments, which, as they have never had any other than an imaginary existence, fade and vanish on their first contact with the realities of life. The illusions of vanity are fleeting, and leave only bitterness and an unsatisfied void, but the inward voice of the soul does not deceive. Auguste De Gerando had seen, in his own family, noble examples of disinterestedness and elevation of character. He had grown up under their influence, but the difference of years did not permit a perfect interchange of sympathy. The larger world about him, the world of a great capital, had not been without its influence upon him. He had acquired something of that reserve behind which ardent and sensitive natures shelter themselves when liable to be brought into frequent contact with scepticism and raillery. The society in which he mingled did not miss what he withheld. His sparkling wit, the charm of his manner, his various information, his kind-heartedness, caused his companionship to be sought after. He gave to his associates the brilliant and amiable side of his character. Only himself knew that the fountains which welled up from the deeper heart ebbed away in silence and loneliness. In the

society of Emma Teleki he found what had been wanting to him.

Congeniality of character and pursuits led to an intimacy between the Countess Brunswick and the family De Gerando. Auguste De Gerando and Emma Teleki met often, and their mutual attachment soon became apparent. The mother of Auguste, who thought only of the happiness of her son, saw with pleasure the affection which united him to a woman in every way worthy of his choice; but his other friends, more prudent, and the parents of Emma Teleki, saw grave objections to the marriage. The Baron De Gerando entertained high expectations of the future eminence of Auguste, and wished his fine powers to be developed and dedicated to the service of his own country. He saw in this alliance, otherwise brilliant and advantageous, the closing of the career to which he had destined his nephew, and feared it might result in his expatriation. The parents of Emma, on their part, heard with alarm of an engagement which might separate their daughter from them for ever. They had, besides, certain old-fashioned ideas of French levity and inconstancy, and could not believe that the happiness of their child could be safely confided to the charge of a Parisian husband. It was decided, therefore, by the friends on both sides, that the marriage was inexpedient. The youth of the parties and the shortness of the acquaintance led their friends to believe that the lightly formed impressions would be speedily effaced by absence.

A year passed. The expectations which the friends of Auguste De Gerando had entertained of the effects of absence had not been realized. He had loved, as he says in a letter which he wrote during this period, "as a young man loves who has not wasted his affections on transient fancies, but has treasured them up to bestow them entire on a single object." This serious and unselfish attachment was not one to yield to absence. In the mean time his health, which had never been robust, gave cause of anxiety to his friends. His physician ordered change of climate. He went first to the waters of Mont d'Or, and afterwards to Nice, where he passed the winter. It was here that a letter from his mother reached him informing him that the opposition which his family had offered to his marriage was withdrawn. The tenderness

of his mother, who was deeply alarmed for his health, and who felt that the wearing of a continual regret must retard his restoration, induced her to make another appeal in his behalf to his guardian. This excellent man, who desired only the welfare of his nephew, acceded to her views, and gave his consent to the marriage. Emma Teleki had also found an advocate with her friends in her sister Blanche, who found means to dissipate their prejudices, and disposed them to look forward with satisfaction to the arrival of their French son-in-law. The marriage was celebrated on the 14th of May, at Paris, in the church of St. Philippe du Roule. As an entire change of climate offered the best hope for the re-establishment of De Gerando's health, his friends made no opposition to the project he had formed of leaving France to pass some time in the home of his wife in Transylvania. He left Paris almost immediately after his marriage, proceeded to Vienna, and thence, through Hungary, to Transylvania. On quitting Austria and entering Hungary he was forcibly struck by the change in the aspect of the country and the people. He saw the Austrian flag on the steamboat in which he went from Vienna to Posony lowered as they passed the ruined castle of Dévén, and the national flag of Hungary raised in its place. This was not the only sign by which he was made aware that he had entered an independent state. As he advanced into the country, everything announced a difference of institutions as well as of manners. "The roads," he says, "are not, it is true, as in the vicinity of Vienna, straight and gravelled like garden walks, but you are no longer stopped at every step by toll-collectors, by custom-house officers, by police agents, by all those personages, in fine, who, in Austria, are constantly reminding you that you are under the protection of the most paternal government in the world. Insensibly you find yourself beginning to breathe as freely as if you had not that very morning quitted the capital of his Apostolic Majesty."

After visiting old Buda and Pest, the animated modern capital of Hungary, he entered on the vast *pusztas*, the Hungarian prairies:—

"Here no roads, no paths. Only here and there tracks of wheels show where the greater number of carriages have

passed. Around you, at the horizon, the mirage in whose waters dips a reversed spire. From distance to distance a well, a simple hole in the earth, with a long pole to draw up the water, and a log of wood for a drinking-trough. Here and there also a mound, the tomb of some hero of another age. Above, flying storks. Towards evening on all sides gleam fires lighted by the shepherds, or by travelling merchants that recall the halts of the caravans of Egypt. The continued spectacle of a plain without limits may appear monotonous. But it is the monotony of the ocean. The traveller experiences a lively and profound emotion, when, after quitting the Danube boats, and the noisy society, French, German, and English, which animates them, he finds himself suddenly in this strange and silent region, borne along by four Tatar horses, galloping under the direction of a man wildly attired. To astonishment is joined admiration. There is majesty in this vast extent; something which composes and leads to contemplation. This limitless plain, where the eye meets no obstacle, is the image of liberty so dear to the Hungarians. On the puszta the rising and setting of the sun are magnificent. In the morning the earth is inundated with a sea of rose-colored vapor, which is illuminated when the disc of fire appears on the horizon. At the end of the day, when the sun closes his glowing course, half the heaven is on fire. The nights of the puszta have been compared to those of Venice for serenity, freshness, and the brilliancy of the stars. But the puszta ought to be seen in a storm, when the firmament, from one horizon to the other, is rent by the lightning, the wind sweeping as a master over this immense space, and the hills of sand which, here and there, vary the surface of the desert, rising in whirls and moving onward to form themselves elsewhere."

The herds of horses which graze upon the puszta, and which, with their keeper, the csikós, the true representative of the primitive Hungarian, form one of its chief objects of interest, excited, in a lively manner, the attention of the French traveller: —

" The herds of horses which people the steppes live constantly in the open air. They are under the charge of the csikós, that is to say, of the boldest horseman that exists. The animal remains for years in a half-wild state, until the day arrives when he is to be conquered. One morning the csikós, who knows his herd as others know their family, says to himself that he will break such a horse. He approaches him, speaking to him and holding out a hand ready to caress him. The animal turns toward the man a sidelong look. His nostrils swell as soon as he feels a hand placed upon his neck. He is disturbed as if he fore-

boded some danger. But the csikós has put his cap firmly on his head; he has set his teeth together, and finds himself suddenly on the horse at the moment when it thinks to escape him. Then begins a terrible strife between the horseman and the animal. Dismayed, bewildered, the horse makes desperate efforts to relieve himself of his burden. He plunges, he rears, he bounds like a tiger. Nothing will do. The csikós throws out periodically magnificent puffs of tobacco-smoke, waiting until it shall please the animal to have done. The horse throws himself on the ground, but, as he is going down, the rider sets his legs apart, finds himself upright on the ground, and the horse, rising, carries him still. At last he sets off like the wind; he hopes to fly this inconvenient burden, and employs the remains of his strength in running. This is what the man expected. He looks at the sun, observes the direction the animal takes across the naked prairie, and lets himself be carried off. When the horse is exhausted, he falls. Then the rider passes the bit he carries on his arm into the mouth of the animal, lets him recover himself a little, and carries him back tamed."

De Gerando gives thus his first impression of the Hungarian as he saw him on the prairie or in the village:—

"In the pusztas dwell the true sons of the companions of Arpád. They have not changed during ten centuries. You see them such as their fathers were, with the long moustache and the boot armed with spurs. Do you recognize the peaceful laborer in this man of resolute mien, of decided step? The Hungarian has remained a soldier on the soil he has conquered. His horses graze near him; they repose now after the labor of the day as formerly after the battle. The aspect of the village itself indicates the origin of those who inhabit it. It consists of a long, wide street, formed by a row of houses separated by equal spaces, and which, with their uniform roofs of equal height, give the village the physiognomy of a camp. Between the habitations, in the centre of the village, now rises the church. In this place was formerly the tent of the chief."

Quitting the plains of Hungary, De Gerando entered one of the wild mountain-passes which conduct into the sister state, and soon found himself in the midst of the rich and varied scenery of Transylvania. The travellers rested a few days at Lona, an estate belonging to the brother of Madame De Gerando, in the neighborhood of Kólosvár, and then proceeded to Hosszufalva, the place of their final destination. Hosszufalva, situated in the

northern part of Transylvania, was the residence of Count Emeric Teleki, the father of Madame De Gerando. It was here that Auguste De Gerando passed those happy years which, even before the arrival of the days of sorrow that were to succeed them, he remembered as having been "too short." He led here a life entirely suited to his tastes. "Everywhere," he says, "you may lead the life of the château; everywhere you may find fresh air, horses, and books. But here we enjoy a complete independence; here no thought of those thousand conventional duties, those innumerable servitudes, which chain you elsewhere." "But," he adds, "what has given its greatest charm to this life so new to me, is the good I have seen done about me."

De Gerando found, in his new home, abundant subjects for serious occupation. He interested himself warmly in the condition of the country, in its past history and future prospects. He had arrived in Transylvania at a very interesting period. "I could not," he says, "have chosen a more favorable moment for visiting Transylvania. The memorials of the past are still existing; the country has preserved its original physiognomy, but it is easy to divine that all this is soon to pass away." The house which he had entered offered peculiar advantages for studying this blending of the old time into the new. The old Hungarian manners were preserved there, but they existed side by side with enlightenment of ideas and refined cultivation. "I could not have been more favored," he writes. "Arrived in a country entirely new to me and so different from my own, I found myself in one of those rare houses in which the reflex of the ancient days still lingers. In a time when everything old is vanishing, it has been given me to go back some centuries, and to have a glimpse of an existence which elsewhere has now passed out of remembrance. This is due to the presence of a man, immovable as the *impavidus vir* of Horace, and whose conversation alone, in which learning and wit delight by turn, recalls the age in which we live." The Count Emeric Teleki was a conservative in the true sense of the word. While he rejected the capricious changes suggested by levity or vanity, he accepted frankly the law of progress. He respected the customs of his ancestors, and saw with regret the inroad of foreign fashions

and the adoption of habits which he believed inconsistent with the national character, and which, in his view, robbed it of its dignity and originality without offering any adequate compensation. But it was the virtues of his nation, and the manners which were their result and their evidence, that he wished to perpetuate. His reverence for the past was not a mere superstition. No abuses were tolerated by him in honor of their long standing, nor did injustice, in his eyes, become venerable by its antiquity. The following portrait of this excellent man has been drawn by one who knew him well:—

"The Count Emeric Teleki had too great a hatred for tyrants to become the mercenary of Austria. His life, therefore, notwithstanding that his abilities and his great attainments fitted him for any position, was passed in the greatest retirement, and there, in his invariable justice, recognizing the claims of those whom fortune had made dependent upon him, he sacrificed to them, without hesitation, his tastes for literature and science. Placed at the head of many hundreds of peasant families, chiefly Wallachs, who lived upon his estates, he possessed their affection to such a degree, that, during his long career, not a complaint was ever raised against him. His name was with them the synonyme of justice. Thus the number of his peasants increased every day. The people disputed with each other the honor of attaching themselves to him, and masses celebrated in every village demanded of God the prolongation of the life of this protector. It was not merely by his justice that he secured the affection of his people; he was equally remarkable for his benevolence. In the midst of his universal studies he had found time to learn the language of his peasants. He spoke the Wallach language with fluency and elegance. He was commonly seen in the street of the village, surrounded by faces beaming with gayety called forth by a *bon mot* of the Magnate, by a judiciously applied satire, or by a simple explanation of things before incomprehensible. He had yet longer conferences with his peasants, when, at stated times every week, he heard their differences and received their requests; for his greatest care, and the effort of his whole life, was to have no intermediary between himself and them. It was for this reason that, in addition to the general inspection he exercised over his numerous intendants, he opened to his peasants a means of direct communication with himself. Then, too, might be seen a lively satisfaction on the countenances of those who attended on these occasions, when the Count, by his penetration, disentangled an intricate cause, or baffled the cunning of some intriguer. He gave himself to all these acts of justice with

his whole heart, notwithstanding the physical sufferings to which he was subject, and which were frequently aggravated by these long sessions. It would be long to enumerate all the cares that this true father of his peasants had for them. In times of scarcity, in 1818 for example, his court-yard was filled with people, his own and strangers, who, during many months, found there a sufficient supply of food. The grain distributed at such seasons was never paid for. He chose the occasion of some happy event in his family, such as the birth of a child, &c., to give himself a pretext for remitting their debts to his peasant debtors. Sums of 20,000 francs were thus more than once abandoned by him.

"The Count Emeric Teleki had not less at heart the intellectual development than the material well-being of those placed under his protection. He founded many schools upon his estates. He chose for the instructors of the people men who knew how to win the attachment of the little children. Mingled among the older pupils were often seen little peasants of four or five years old, who attended the schools and did not return home during the whole day: for the good and indulgent teacher did not content himself with merely teaching his pupils; he took frequent walks with them, carrying the youngest in his arms. At regular periods examinations took place at the castle in the presence of the whole household. Prizes were distributed to the most deserving. There were among the young Wallachs, instructed in these simple village schools, many of superior capacity who have since made their way in the world, and who, to this day, bless the memory of their benefactor. The painful side of this life of self-devotion, passed in the midst of the people, was found in the continual efforts that Count Emeric Teleki was forced to make to protect his peasants against the exactions of the county administration. The Austrian government has always made it a principle to employ in every branch of the administration men without honor, in order to secure to itself more facile tools. Hence that shameful list of administrators named by it. Hence that systematic corruption in the election of the inferior officers of the county. Austria had by these vile means succeeded only too often in weakening the rampart of all liberty, the municipal life in Hungary. No weapon was of force against extortioners furnished with such powerful protection. In the district of Kövár these exactions had always passed all bounds. There was no check upon the men in power there except the fear of coming in collision with the just man who was always combating the law in his hand. Was an injustice offered to a tenant of Count Emeric Teleki, he spared neither trouble nor expense in lawsuits to obtain justice, and he succeeded by force of persistance, notwithstanding the supineness and want of loyalty of the government.

These contests were every day renewed; for, with his large heart, he did not content himself with watching over his own people. He raised his voice wherever he saw suffering. Volumes written with his own hand pointed out the evils which afflicted the country, and indicated the remedies. The government did not permit them to be printed. Thus was consumed, without ever attaining its objects, a life the most pure and the most active, which, free from the common failings of the world, had no other ambition than that of making happy."

The Count Emeric Teleki was strongly imbued with that spirit of equality which presided at the formation of the primitive Magyar institutions. The Hungarian in him was always stronger than the Magnate. De Gerando relates of him, that, being one day met by one of his neighbors, a peasant noble, who had some communication to make to him, and who in addressing him held his hat in his hand, Count Teleki urged him to cover his head, for the cold was keen. "By no mans," replied the peasant, "I know the respect I owe you." "What," replied the Magnate, "are we not equals, nobles both?" "Yes, but I am a simple gentlemen, you are a powerful lord." "I am not more powerful than you; we have the same privileges, I am only rich." "That is true." "Is it then to my purse that you bow?" "In truth you are right. You are rich and I am not. There is no other difference between us"; and he set his hat proudly on his head. But this spirit of justice and kindliness was not displayed only toward those who might be regarded as belonging to his own order. While he would not admit that any distinction could be higher than that of being a Hungarian citizen, he desired to enlarge the number of those who had a claim to this honorable pride. Fulfilling in the most irreproachable manner his duties towards the peasants on his estates, he, of all men, had the best right to maintain the excellence of the existing system. But he was far from doing so. He perceived that this system, which had grown up from necessity, in a country involved in almost continual wars, was inconsistent with the present age, and above all with that happier future to which the patriotic Hungarians looked forward. He felt, too, that the chief strength of a state consists in the number of those who have a strong interest in its welfare.

Count Emeric Teleki was a Protestant. His wife, the Countess Charlotte Brunswick, was a Roman Catholic. His marriage with this lady had met with opposition on the part of his mother, a rigid Protestant. But his constancy prevailed over her scruples, and the lovely qualities of the young bride soon made her forget that she had ever entertained them. The Countess Charlotte is described as distinguished by all those qualities which make the highest excellence of the feminine character. Possessed of a sensibility which was quickly alive to the sorrow and pain of others, she was endowed with a serenity of temper that diffused a bright calmness about her. The sentiment of duty was all powerful in her, but she had an unbounded indulgence for the failings of others. Under all the trials and disappointments to which the career of that man is subject who devotes his life to efforts for doing good in a country which is at the mercy of a false and oppressive government, her husband found repose and solace in her cheerful and sympathizing society. Her first look had power to charm away his vexation or anxiety. He used to call her eye the "eye of consolation." His affection for her did not diminish nor change its character as time advanced. The warmth of her heart and the activity of her intellect, joined to that candor and childlike simplicity which were remarkable in her, preserved to her the charm of youth long after youth was past.

The Countess Blanche Teleki, the intercessor who had smoothed away the obstacles to her sister's marriage, completed the family group. Beautiful and full of genius, she was the joy and pride of the house. All those gifts of mind and heart which afterwards marked her out as dangerous to the suspicious caution of the Austrian government, and which now are consumed inactive in her lonely dungeon in the Tyrol, were then exercised for the delight of her home and neighborhood. Painter, sculptor, and musician, she had given her homage to art from her earliest youth. But this did not exclude a yet nobler devotion. The love of humanity, the sentiment of universal brotherhood, which afterwards ripened into a principle, already glowed in her young heart, and all the talents of the artist were only as accessories to the higher endowments of the great-souled woman.

The district of Kövár, in which Hosszufalva is situated, is rich in romantic and heroic associations. Its principal town, Nagy-Banya, possesses a house once occupied by John Hunyadi, and a church built by him after his victory of Szent-Imre. It was formerly surrounded by strong walls, and had once the honor of standing out against an Austrian army. It opened its gates to Rákóczy during the long war of insurrection still known in Hungary and Transylvania as the Crusade, and, as a punishment, saw its walls demolished by the Austrians after the conclusion of peace. The district of Kövár — stone castle — takes its name from an ancient fortress which formerly protected it, but which is now nearly demolished. In this fortress Michael Teleki, ancestor of Madame De Gerando, entertained the last freely elected prince of Transylvania, Francis Rákóczy. De Gerando relates an anecdote of this Michael Teleki, that illustrates both the undaunted character of the old Transylvanian nobles, and the conduct of the Austrian government, in which acts of audacious usurpation and brutal violence alternated with timid weakness. It was Michael Teleki who, in conjunction with Thorotzkai and Pékry, had summoned the Diet at which Rákóczy was elected Prince of Transylvania. He was therefore peculiarly the object of Austrian resentment. The amnesty which was one of the conditions of the peace of Száthmár should have protected him if the Austrian government had ever been restrained by obligations of this sort. But this government has never given to its vengeance any other limit than that of its ability.

"When," relates De Gerando, "after the departure of Rákóczy, the Imperialists again took possession of Hungary, commissions were organized, notwithstanding the promised amnesty, and began to persecute those who had taken part in the insurrections. But the attitude of the country soon put a stop to these inquisitions. A tribunal of this kind was instituted at Nagy-Bánya and summoned Michael Teleki to its bar. He appeared, followed by the notables of the district of Kövár, guilty, like himself, of having risen against the Emperor. He was of great stature, with black, pendant moustaches, and long hair which fell over his shoulders. He entered the hall holding his mace in his hand, and wearing over his dress the tiger-skin adopted by the officers of Rákóczy. He seated himself carelessly opposite the com-

mission, and waited. The Austrian accuser was delighted to have an opportunity of making his power felt by a Hungarian and a soldier, and, with an insolence of manner which scandalized those present, demanded: 'Quis es tu?' He to whom this question was addressed rose suddenly, made a step towards the table, and making it fly into splinters with one blow of his mace, 'Ego sum,' he replied, 'sacri Romani Imperii Comes Michael Teleki, — teremtette!* Ergo, quis es tu?' But he had not finished his answer before the whole of the terrified commission had precipitately quitted the hall. Under these circumstances the accused found nothing better to do but to mount their horses and regain their homes. They were not called upon to appear a second time, whence they had reason to conclude that his Majesty was satisfied with the explanations given to his representatives."

De Gerando passed the summer in visiting and studying the surrounding country. The Countess Blanche was the frequent companion of her brother-in-law and sister in these expeditions. While he examined the antiquities or studied the minerals or plants of the country, she sketched for him a favorite landscape or a picturesque group of figures, or wrote down the wild national airs that floated toward them from the camp of some wandering Gypsy minstrels. In this life so new to him and so full of variety and incident, the health of De Gerando was soon completely re-established. He gradually extended his excursions, travelling sometimes in a carriage, but more often on horseback, until he had visited every part of Transylvania. The interest which the first aspect of this beautiful country had excited in him was continually deepened as his knowledge of its history and its actual condition became more exact. His attention was particularly awakened by the efforts that Transylvania, in conjunction with Hungary, was making to repair the retardation imposed upon the political and social development of the two countries by centuries of exhausting wars and by the narrow policy of the most illiberal of governments. He early conceived the idea of making his own country acquainted with the interesting events taking place in this remote region, and of introducing to the sympathy and respect of the liberal minds of the West of Europe the noble and enlightened men who, by a course at the

* A Hungarian oath.

same time bold and prudent, were striving to secure for their country the development of its institutions and the extension of its liberties by a safe and legal path, without having recourse to a violent revolution. He was the more strongly impelled to undertake this work from the fact that misrepresentations and calumnious statements in regard to the conduct and views of the liberal party in Hungary and Transylvania had, through the influence of Austria, been widely circulated in the German newspapers. From these they had been copied into the French, and, remaining uncontradicted, had passed into public opinion, and had even found their way into the books of some respectable writers. He was obliged, however, to suspend for a time the accomplishment of this project. The prospect of war, which in the autumn of 1840 threatened to break out between France and the other great powers of Europe, obliged him to go back to his own country.

He returned to Transylvania, however, in the following spring, in season to witness the preparations for the assembling of the Diet of 1841. The constitution of Transylvania differed in some respects from that of Hungary. In Hungary, the population is composed of several distinct races, but these were regarded as forming one nation,—the Hungarian nation.* In Transylvania, three distinct nations were recognized;—the Magyars or Hungarians, who conquered the country at the close of the ninth century; the Szeklers, who had established themselves in Transylvania before the arrival of the Magyars, and who, being of kindred race with the new invaders, and ready to unite with them, were left undisturbed in the enjoyment of their territory and their free institutions; the Saxons, a German colony, introduced into the country in the twelfth century, during the reign of Géza II., with a view to the improvement of agriculture and the cultivation of the mechanic arts, and to whom a separate territory and great privileges were accorded. These three nations held an assembly at Torda in 1542, and entered into a solemn compact with each other. They agreed to acknowledge a common chief and to unite in a common Diet. But it was stipulated that each nation should retain its rights and privileges and its own institutions on its separate

* We speak here of the institutions of Hungary prior to 1848.

territory. The three nations engaged to stand by each other in peace and in war, to defend each other's rights and liberties if attacked, and to persecute no one on account of his religious opinions.* This treaty, whose provisions were confirmed by the diploma of Leopold in 1691, was the foundation of the institutions existing in Transylvania until 1848. The Hungarian territory extends over seven elevenths of the soil of Transylvania; the Szeklers occupy a little more than two elevenths; the Saxons hold a little less than two elevenths. The Wallachs — the descendants of the people dispossessed by the Hungarians in the ninth century — and the Armenian and Greek inhabitants of Transylvania were regarded as belonging to the nation on whose territory they lived. On the Hungarian territory the Hungarian institutions subsisted. It was divided into two districts and eleven counties, each of which sent to the Diet two deputies, elected by the nobles of the district or county. The privileges of nobility were not confined to the Hungarian race. The Szekler territory was divided into five seats, each of which sent two deputies to the Diet. The Saxon territory was divided into eleven seats, each of which sent two deputies to the Diet. The taxed and royal cities likewise sent each two deputies. The Magnates in Transylvania had not, as in Hungary, an hereditary right to a seat in the Diet. But the prince had a right to name a certain number of members, who were summoned by royal letters (*litteræ regales*) and thence called Regalists, and who by the law were entitled to hold their seats for life. Certain dignitaries of the principality — the supreme courts of the counties, the royal judges of the Szekler seats, the members of the royal judicial Table, &c. — had a right, in virtue of their office, to a seat in the Diet.† The leaders of the national and liberal party in the Diet were chiefly found among the Hungarian and Szekler deputies. The Saxon deputies were, in general, found more mindful of their German origin than of their quality of Transylvanian citizens. Their sympathies inclined them to vote with the Austrian party. Yet such

* Fessler, Die Geschichten der Ungern, VIII. 226, 227.

† At the Diet of 1841-43 were present ninety deputies, sixty-one ecclesiastic and lay dignitaries, and one hundred and forty-seven Regalists.

was the force of the eloquence of the liberal deputies, and of the justice of the cause they maintained, that they often succeeded in carrying with them, not only the Saxon deputies, but the Regalists.

De Gerando was much interested in attending the congregations or county meetings at which the deputies to the Diet were elected.

"The congregations," he says, "have a singular aspect, for the greater part of those who come to exercise their right of noblemen cultivate the land with their own hands. We must remember, in fact, that, after the conquest, all the Hungarian chiefs and soldiers were noble. Those only were degraded to the condition of serfs who had been sentenced to some disgraceful punishment. The kings of Hungary, and, later, the princes of Transylvania, ennobled a crowd of Wallachs. Thus there are seen here, as in Hungary, a great number of gentlemen, who, by their costume and their manner of living, are completely confounded with the rest of the villagers. They are called 'Bocskoros nemes ember,' 'Sandal-nobles,' on account of their rustic shoes. They come in their national costume to the county assemblies, and give their opinion boldly. They form the most impressionable audience imaginable. The head bent forward, the eye fixed, they listen to the orators who rise by turns in their midst, and express their displeasure or their satisfaction briefly, with a rude frankness."

The assembling of the Diet was an event of great importance in Transylvania. That of the Diet of 1841 was looked forward to with unusual eagerness. "It is a general festival," says De Gerando. "Everywhere words of felicitation and of hope are interchanged." The Diet of 1834, — the first assembled after an interval of more than twenty years, — and that of 1837, had been almost wholly occupied in defending the constitutional rights of the country against the systematic encroachments of the Austrian government. In this contest the national party had triumphed, and it was understood that the Austrian government had determined to desist from a course as fruitless as it was irritating, and to adopt a more conciliatory policy. The liberal party, therefore, promised themselves that this Diet — released from the necessity of acting on the defensive — should confer on the country benefits similar to those which the Hungarian Diet had already bestowed on the sister

state, and that the abolition of the distinctions which then separated the different classes of the population should find a commencement under its auspices. The liberals of Hungary and Transylvania were thoroughly united in spirit and in action. Some of the members of the Transylvanian Diet were also members of that of Hungary, and forwarded the same reforms in both countries. De Gerando followed the proceedings of this Diet with great interest. He divided his time between Transylvania and Hungary, an attentive observer of all that was passing in the two countries. In a letter which he addressed to M. Michelet in March, 1842, he says:—

"I have now been many months in Hungary, endeavoring to take advantage of my residence in the country to study it thoroughly. I do not know whether your journals give any account of us. They generally regard the world as included between the Rhine and the ocean, without troubling themselves to know what is taking place out of France. Yet here, in Hungary, there are very interesting things taking place. A regular revolution is going on here, and one that demands for those who have begun and are conducting it the sympathy of all men of heart. The nobles of this country are laboring spontaneously to diminish the distance which separates them from the people — who have as yet demanded nothing — by raising the people to themselves on the one hand, on the other by lowering themselves to the level of the people. This movement, this work, interests me deeply. I follow attentively every step that is taken."

In the autumn of 1842, De Gerando sustained a great loss. His uncle and adopted father, the Baron De Gerando, closed his long and noble career on the 10th of November of that year. This event was soon followed by another not less afflicting. In January, 1843, the household at Hosszufalva was called to part with her who, for so many years, had been its soul and life. The tender mother and devoted wife passed away from the scene of her earthly duties, leaving not only her bereaved home, but the whole neighborhood, saddened by her departure. Her death was like her life, gentle and tranquil. To the last her eye retained its look of angelic sweetness. De Gerando had become deeply attached to his mother-in-law. During the progress of the disease which, advancing by almost imperceptible steps, had gradually worn away her strength, he had paid her the most devot-

ed and filial attentions. "It was his mother-in-law," writes one who was near him at that time, "who called into view the most touching side of his character, that indefatigable solicitude with which he surrounded the sick. No attention, no filial care, was wanting. It was he who shared her ride at noon; it was his arm that supported her in her quiet walk. She was never weary of hearing from him accounts of a world that she knew only from books. A continual smile accompanied their conversation."

De Gerando shared with his wife the difficult task of consoling her father, whose broken health rendered the shock of this calamity yet more cruel. "It is all over with my earthly happiness," said the old man, when the grave had received the beloved friend from whom he had never been separated, even for a single day, since their marriage. From that time until a few months before his death — when deplorable events compelled him to quit his home, never to return to it — he did not leave his house except to visit her tomb. But though he felt his own happiness was at an end, he still lived for that of others and for usefulness. He interested himself in the studies and literary labors of his son-in-law, and aided him in his researches. The political prospects of his country also continued to claim his interest; although he ceased to take part in public affairs.

The Diet which assembled in November, 1841, was closed in February, 1843. It had accomplished many important reforms, and had removed some of the most serious of the disabilities of the peasant class. By a law passed on the 16th of August, 1842, it accorded to the peasant the right to hold landed property. By another, voted on the 5th of September of the same year, it decreed to the non-noble the right, equally with the noble, to attain to any office in the state.

"The opposition," writes De Gerando, "after having obtained the passage of these laws, wished to give the peasants political rights. It was proposed to give them a representation in the Diet. The conservatives succeeded in having this motion rejected, reminding the assembly that, as the greater part of the nobles lived like the peasants, and in the midst of the peasants, they were the natural representatives of the popular interests. The motion of the liberals, though rejected by the assembly, ought not

the less to be mentioned, as a proof of the generous sentiments which animated the national party."

The condition of the Transylvanian peasants, though in some respects inferior to that of the same class in Hungary, was, even before the ameliorations effected by the Diet of 1841–43, far removed from that of a serf. The Transylvanian peasant was not bound to the soil, but possessed the power of free migration. His tenant-right descended to his legal heirs. If he quitted his lord, he could demand indemnification for the expenses he had bestowed on the house he had occupied, and for any buildings he had erected on the farm. The condition of the peasants, on the estates of the great proprietors especially, offered so many advantages, that they were sometimes less ready to accept the new privileges granted to them than their lords were to yield them. De Gerando relates a conversation which he heard between Count Emeric Teleki and one of his peasants on this subject: —

"'The Diet,' said the Magnate, 'has given you the right to purchase the soil, and, without doubt, the king will confirm this decision. You have a great number of oxen. Estimate their value yourself, and give me enough to pay for your land; you will then be a proprietor like myself.' — 'No,' answered the peasant promptly, counting on his fingers the advantages and disadvantages of the bargain. 'No. If I give you my cattle and you give me your land, that is fair certainly. But this land will have to be divided equally among all my sons; and then what will become of the sons of my sons?' — 'They will find the means of living; they will learn a trade.' — 'A trade! there are too many Germans and Jews already. No, we are cultivators. My children, in the end, would have nothing left, and they would become poor like the sandal-nobles!' To understand this reply, it is necessary to know that the rustic nobles, whose inheritance is constantly divided, are sometimes so much impoverished, that the peasants take them into their service, and send them to perform the soccage labor in their place."

The spring of 1843 brought a new domestic sorrow to De Gerando. Early in the month of May he received a letter from his mother, full of tenderness and of hope for his future. But it was a letter of farewell. He had confided to her his projects, — the plan of the works he was engaged in writing. She encouraged him, assuring him of success. "But," she added, "I shall not see it."

Almost immediately after, he received the news of her death, which took place unexpectedly to those near her, the state of her health not having, apparently, given cause for unusual anxiety.

Not long after this event, De Gerando quitted Hosszufalva to return to Paris, in order to superintend the publication of the books he had been preparing on Hungary and Transylvania. The first work which he gave to the public was an Essay on the Origin of the Hungarians. In this work he reviews the various theories which have been held on this subject, and decides for the opinion supported by the traditions of the Hungarians and Szeklers themselves, who trace their origin to the Huns. He gives also an account of the expeditions which have been sent forth from Hungary at different periods, to seek out the birthplace of the Hungarian race, and the remnants of the tribes whom the conquerors of Dacia and Pannonia had left behind them, at different places, in their progress from the East. The record of two of these, undertaken in the thirteenth century, is found in a manuscript preserved in the Vatican. These attempts have been continued even down to the present century. The most remarkable and the most successful of the recent expeditions of this sort, is that of Besse, who has published a very interesting account of his journey in Crimea and the Caucasus.

De Gerando has collected in his Essay on the Origin of the Hungarians many interesting particulars, drawn from old writers, concerning the character and manners of the Hungarians at the period when they first became known to the civilized nations as a distinct people.

"Modern historians," he says, "have sought the traces of the Hungarian invasions in the monuments of the nations attacked, and this is well. But they have fallen into the error of copying, in their description of the Magyars, the portrait, caricatured by fear, which these nations have left us. If we wish to see them faithfully described, we must read what is said of them by the Greek and Arab writers who have known them better. These historians dwell upon the 'probity of the Hungarians and the purity of their manners.' They show them to us 'inhabiting cities under the authority of a chief, making use of golden plate artistically wrought, and practising justice as severely as the Romans.' These writers speak also of the refinement of their tastes, of the splendor of their costume, and their tendency to all

that is magnificent. The Emperor Leo calls the Magyars 'a people, free, noble; aspiring to surpass their enemies in bravery; inured to labor and fatigue, and ready to submit cheerfully to the greatest privations.' Mohammed-Aiwabi-Achtachi, in his History of Derbend, speaks of the Magyars who had built the city of Kizlah, whose edifices, says the Arabian historian, appear from a distance like mounds of snow on account of their dazzling whiteness. He adds that, among the people of the Caucasus, the Magyars were distinguished by their peaceable character, their skill in the arts necessary to the community, for their fine form, and for their courage. Regino himself, though a German, in the portrait, not at all flattered, which he draws of the Hungarians, writes: 'There is no crime more grave in their eyes than theft. They contemn money. They have never known a foreign yoke.' Pray shows that the Hungarians, even while in Asia, were not destitute of instruction. While they were still nomades there were seen among them poets who sang during their feasts the exploits of their Vezérs. The deputies of Dsabul carried to Constantinople, on the part of the Hungarians, presents worthy of an emperor, and a letter written in the Scythian language. Evidently the Hungarians were not a people wholly devoid of culture."

The Essay on the Origin of the Hungarians was published in 1844. Early in the next year appeared "Transylvania and its Inhabitants." This work, which was immediately translated into German, and which had a wide circulation on the continent of Europe, is the most important which has as yet appeared upon that country. We extract from it De Gerando's description of the Hungarian character and manners, drawn from his own observation. This portrait is that of the Hungarian of the steppe or the village, not of the great cities, or of the superior classes of society, in whom, in all countries, the national characteristics are more faintly marked.

"The dignity of the Hungarian is that of the Oriental. He is grave like the Turk. This dignity suits perfectly the physiognomy of the Hungarians, which announces their Asiatic origin. Tall and muscular, they have the purely Oriental type: the aquiline nose, the black moustache, the full face, and the open forehead. Their step is at the same time grave and firm, and their gestures, by reason of this very gravity, never want nobleness.

"The Hungarian proverb says the Magyar is born a horseman. Never was proverb more true. The people of this country believe a man is not a man if he be not a horseman.

"At four years old the child is placed on a horse. He grasps the mane of the animal with his little hands, and, as soon as he feels himself well seated, he does not hesitate to excite him with his voice. On the day that he can gallop without falling, his father says to him gravely, 'Ember vagy,' — 'Thou art a man.' At these words the child feels himself a foot taller. He grows up with the idea that he is a man and a Hungarian, — two titles which impose obligations. A man, he is called to the honor of being a horseman and of bearing arms; a Hungarian, he must remember that he is superior to all, and that he must do nothing derogatory. The sentiment of pride which animated his ancestors subsists as the other results of the conquest. He has therefore the consciousness of his value and his dignity. To be convinced of it, you have only to hear his language. The word 'honor' — 'becsület' — recurs constantly. All that he does is 'becsületes,' — 'worthy of a man of honor.' When he has carried you at a gallop for a whole stage, do not think he will demand his fee. He detaches his horses, uncovers his head politely, and, addressing you in his figurative language, wishes you a good journey. You will have to call him back to give him the money he has earned, and however little you may give him he will not remonstrate. That would not be *becsületes*. It does not enter into the ideas of honor of the Magyar to be either eager for gain like the German, or indolent like the Wallach. He works honorably like a man who has a family to support. He brings to the village the grain of which his wife will make his bread, the hemp of which she will spin his garments. In the evening, when he has well employed his day, he smokes before his door, caressing his moustache.

"If he is master in his house, he does not the less treat with kindness those whom he calls his people. He is gentle, like all the strong. He never ill-treats his wife, never subjects her to rude labor. She knows that she has in him a support, a protector, and she receives from him the most tender names: rozsám, my rose; csillagom, my star; gyöngyöm, my pearl. The Magyar language, full of metaphors, like all the Asiatic languages, contains a great many expressions of this kind. It contains, besides, a great number of polite forms, that are addressed to neighbors, to friends, to guests. If you stop in a village you will see one of the inhabitants, the one before whose door you may have stationed yourself, advance towards you, take off his hat, and offer you hospitality. When you quit him he will address you his thanks in a discourse in which he will call down upon you the benediction of Heaven. All this with a wonderful ease, and that dignity which only belongs to the Orientals.

"The men of this privileged race have a natural nobility which

puts them on a level with the stranger who addresses them, whoever he may be. They have a reserve of language which surprises us in men without cultivation; a coarse pleasantry would never come into their mind. Nature has endowed them with an easy eloquence, which gives force and vivacity to the expression of their sentiments. Whether they express joy or give vent to anger, the words flow sonorously from their lips. To welcome a guest or to curse an enemy, they find an abundance of similes and epithets; the most polite phrases, the most energetic terms. It is true their language aids them marvellously. Poetic and melodious, it is not the less capable of expressing the most manly sentiments. Certain terminations which mark the plural give it sometimes a character of harshness, while, from the abundance of vowels, it is usually very soft. According to what he wishes to express, the Hungarian can, by laying stress on one or another syllable, employ at will a harsh or a harmonious language.

"I have more than once admired the elevation of ideas and sentiments in these men whom their nature alone aspires. The Hungarian peasant is usually sober of words; he never becomes familiar; but he is frank and loyal, and if he recognizes a friend in you, he will open his heart to you with sincerity. You will then be struck with the expressions which will escape him, with the sentiments that he will utter without an idea that he is strongly captivating your attention, and it will be easy for you, in your turn, to excite in him lively emotions. It is that there are, in the heart of this nation, noble chords, which vibrate to the first contact of an elevated sentiment, a generous idea."

De Gerando devotes some interesting pages to the national music of the Hungarians: —

"It is remarkable that, among the Hungarians, the great thoughts, the profound sentiments, of the people have been expressed, consecrated, not in popular poetry, but in national airs. The Diets in arms, which were held on the plain of Rákos, are, in the popular mind, the symbol of the ancient liberty. There is the air of the Rákos. There is the air of Mohács, which recalls the fall of the ancient monarchy; the air of Zrinyi, which perpetuates the memory of the heroic defence of Szigeth. The characteristics of these airs are spontaneity, originality. They are the productions of men who felt keenly and expressed themselves in their own way, unknown geniuses who were ignorant of their own power. When the heart of the nation had beat for a great cause, a noble name, a man was found who rendered himself the interpreter of the universal feeling, and the national air, like the Marseillaise, sprang into existence. Rákóczy, after

the defeat of Zsibó, in Transylvania, was retreating sadly towards Hungary, when suddenly the echoes of the defiles resounded with the clear and piercing notes of the tárogató. An unknown horseman, improvising a touching air, retraced to the mourning army all the grief of the reverse. The air was retained and is still played from one end of Transylvania to the other. In Hungary, on the other hand, I have heard, in the memory of the war of Rákóczy, brilliant airs, product of a day of victory; for this war was well calculated to produce popular poets, and each incident of the drama inspired a new melody. When these scattered fragments are united, in thought, these strophes, if I may so speak, they form a real poem. A magnificent souvenir remains of the Crusade — it is thus the Hungarians call the Rákótzian war, for was it not twice sacred, through patriotism and through misfortune? — in the national air which bears the name of its hero. The Rákótzi is not merely a sublime melody. It is an epic. All that a desperate struggle has of hopes and of tears, of glory and of grief, is admirably expressed in it. We see the whole drama unfold before us. At first, sad and prolonged notes. Hungary suffers and weeps. Suddenly resounds an appeal to arms, a pressing appeal. Haste! the country on her knees extends her arms to you! Then comes the march, calm and proud; the combat, short as that Petrarch asked for Italy; the songs of triumph. Hark! the enemy returns in force. Ah! this time how long is the battle! cries of despair! Alas! all is lost, and the plaintive notes are repeated and prolonged until posterity weeps long over this great grief.

"The Rákótzi is not written; for I do not count some bad transcriptions made for the music-merchants. It is played from memory, from tradition. The national melodies, which are in Hungary what the popular ballads are elsewhere, are thus transmitted from one generation to another. It is not the Hungarians who execute them, but the Gypsies, those wandering minstrels who carry their talents from village to village. This may appear strange, but nothing is more natural. For the Hungarian, to listen to the national music is a serious affair. He has his favorite airs played to him, and meditates on the ancient days. He has enough to do to think. Originally these airs were played on the tárogató. This is an instrument of wood, about a foot long, whose sound recalls that of the hautboy. In all probability it was brought from Asia. It was to the sound of the tárogató that the population assembled, and put itself in march, when the revolt had been decided on. After the pacification, therefore, the Austrians, who knew this instrument well, took great pains to cause it to disappear. They burned all that came in their way, and threatened the popular artists. Now, no one knows how

to play the tárogató, and there is only one of these instruments in Transylvania, and this was brought from Moldavia. Throughout Hungary are found bands of Gypsies who have no other occupation than to play the national melodies. None of these wandering musicians can say to whom the melodies they execute are due. They have them from their fathers, and play them from memory. Attempts have been made to write them down, and some of them are sold at Vienna and Pest. But care has been taken to convert them into waltzes, and to arrange them with brilliant variations. These airs are not suited to the piano and the drawing-room. They must be heard, repeated by the echoes for which they were made, in the midst of the scenes with which the events they commemorate are associated. There is in this music something of bold, unsubdued, and wild, which requires the open air and the sunshine."

One of the most interesting portions of this work of M. De Gerando, is the account given of the colleges of Transylvania. The principal Roman Catholic college is at Kolosvár.

"This college was founded in 1581, by the Prince Stephen Bátory, with the consent of Pope Gregory, and was at first confided to the Jesuits. The pupils, who are very numerous, remain here twelve years if they wish to follow the complete course of study. The greater part of the professors are ecclesiastics. This college, like all those which belong to the Catholics, is placed under the authority of the Bishop of Carlsbourg. He draws subsidies from the provincial revenues derived from the contributions of the country, and receives besides, from the city of Kolosvár, a portion of certain tithes which Gabriel Bátory had originally given in full to the Calvinistic college.

"The Calvinistic college at Kolosvár was founded by Prince Bethlen, who gave to the college a rent of sixteen thousand quintals of salt. Nearly five hundred pupils are admitted into this institution. The course of instruction lasts fourteen years. During the first eight years the pupils are instructed in the languages, in history, &c. In the remaining years they study mathematics, philosophy, and law. Many donations have been made to this establishment by the Transylvanian Magnates. They have a well-selected library, the gift of Count Emeric Teleki.

"The Catholic colleges of Transylvania alone are supported by the government. Those which belong to the Hungarians of the Reformed Church receive no subsidy. They are supported by the gifts of individuals, and by the revenues assigned to them in former times by the princes.

"It is chiefly in the Reformed colleges that the liberal youth is trained. In Transylvania the education of the college comprehends not only the ordinary studies of our Lyceums, but those which belong to the faculties, as, for example, the course of law. The pupil enters a child and comes out a man capable of embracing the career to which he is destined. In a national point of view, therefore, the Reformed colleges have a great importance. We find a double interest in visiting them; for there is a satisfaction in seeing these institutions not only maintain themselves, notwithstanding the ill-will of the government, but give an instruction superior to that which the pupils of the government receive. This is explained by the superior intellectual activity that prevails in them. It will be easily understood, that, in such circumstances, the choice of a professor is a grave matter, and even a political event. The government party and the liberal party often enter into a contest on these occasions, and the students never fail to testify loudly their joy or their dissatisfaction, according to the event.

"What we have said of the Reformed colleges is particularly applicable to that of Enyed, which is the best of all, and has the largest number of pupils. The Protestants of Transylvania regard this institution, in some sort, as the palladium of Hungarian nationality. It is not therefore much in favor with the government. There reigns here an intellectual ardor, a freedom of thought and language, unknown at Vienna, where there is a decided preference for what, in chancery style, are termed 'quiet people.' When, in 1834, under the impulse of Wesselényi, the Hungarian opposition was organized, a professor of the college of Enyed — M. Charles Szás, Professor of Law — was sent to the Diet as deputy. M. Szás was one of the chiefs of the liberal party, and although all his efforts were exerted to persuade the opposition to moderation, he incurred the resentment of the government.

"It was not only the principles of M. Szás that were condemned. The government seized the occasion to inflict a severe reproof on the college of Enyed. In truth, the sympathy of the students had followed the professor. The young men repeated to each other the words their master had pronounced in the Diet, and a great excitement reigned among them. They were soon disturbed in their turn. They had joined together to form a private library, in which were found the principal Hungarian and German poets. The hall in which these books were kept was decorated with portraits of the heroes of the Polish revolution. This was enough. These literary meetings were believed to have a political character, and the students were deprived of the use of their books. The consequence has been, that the

spirit of independence which animated the college of Enyed has been singularly increased. It has resulted also from this position of things, that the professors and students are very strongly attached to each other as champions of the same cause. This close union cannot but have a happy influence on their studies. These students, thus early taught that the country counts on them, feel the obligation they are under to respond to this call. They preserve a dignity, a respect for themselves, which is not always found among the students of France and Germany. By the gravity which tempers the expression of their intellectual physiognomy, it is evident that they take a serious view of life. Let it not be supposed, however, that by this education the vivacity of youth is entirely suppressed. When I visited the chambers of the students, I remarked that instruments of music hung upon the walls, and, walking in the evening in the neighborhood of the college, I heard from the windows voices, accompanied by the guitar, singing with fervor the national airs.

"The college of Enyed was founded by Prince Bethlen, and at first established at Féjérvár. Its history gives that of the country. In 1658 the Turks and Tatars who ravaged Transylvania killed a number of the students and carried others into slavery. The buildings were destroyed, and the library, which contained books from the palace of Mathias Corvinus, was given to the flames. Those of the students who escaped the massacre took shelter within the walls of Kolosvár, and followed during five years the lessons of a celebrated professor, Peter Vásárhelyi. Under the reign of Michael Apafi, the college was transferred to the little village of Enyed. There new misfortunes assailed it. In 1704, Enyed, which had taken part in the insurrection of Rákótzi, was surprised on Palm Sunday by the imperial troops. The Austrians pillaged the town and then set fire to it. Eighteen students were killed, a greater number wounded. Six years after, a pestilence decimated the students of Enyed. They were forced to take refuge elsewhere. It is impossible not to admire the energy of this studious youth, whom war and pestilence thus assailed in their retreat, and who, the storm passed, reassembled at the voice of the master. Among the professors who, in these difficult times, distinguished themselves by their courage and learning, was Francis Pápay, who, during forty years — from 1676 to 1716 — did not cease to spread instruction among his countrymen. In the midst of the numerous trials he had to support, he preserved sufficient serenity to write, on the national language and literature, works which have become classical."

The college of Enyed was destined to see, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a renewal of its ancient calamities. In the month of November, 1848, a barbarian

horde, composed of Wallachs and of imperial troops, fell upon the city, and, after committing frightful atrocities, attacked the university. They destroyed the valuable library, in which was stored a priceless collection of documents and manuscripts relating to Transylvanian history, among which were the voluminous manuscripts of Benkö, who, not being permitted to print them, bequeathed them at his death to the college of Enyed. The ravagers vented their fury on the inanimate books and papers, not only burning them in heaps, but tearing them leaf from leaf and scattering them to the winds. They plundered the museum and the valuable collection of coins, and, in conclusion, set fire to the buildings of the university, which, with what remained of their contents, were entirely consumed.

Next in importance to the college of Enyed is that of Maros Vásárhely in the country of the Szeklers. This college, like that of Enyed, was regarded as the nursery of patriotism and liberal sentiment. The city of Maros Vásárhely is remarkable as the place in which Francis Rákóczy was proclaimed Prince of Transylvania. This city possesses a very valuable public library, founded by Count Samuel Teleki, who gave to the public his own library, consisting of sixty thousand volumes, and endowed it with revenues to provide for its maintenance and increase. A fine collection of minerals was added by Count Dominic Teleki.

"Maros Vásárhely possesses a very important Reformed college. It was founded by the liberality of the Calvinist Magnates, of whom one gave a hundred measures of wheat, another as much maize; a third gave a contribution in money, and so on. They imposed on their descendants the obligation of continuing these gifts. Some donations have been made by will. This college gives a gratuitous education to a hundred poor students. These are called *famuli*, because they are attached to the scholars who pay, and are supported by them in return for their services. There are among these *famuli* young men of great promise. This college would render eminent service to the country if it were not restrained by want of means. It is painful to see the zeal of the masters and of ardent students checked because the government refuses to grant any aid. The college has even been deprived of the tithes of Petrefi, which formed an important part of its revenues.

"The college of Vásárhely counts three centuries of existence. It was first established in Hungary, at Sáros Patak, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Patronized by the lords of the place, it rapidly acquired a great importance. In 1611, George Rákóczy I. became its patron. After the death of his son, George II., the college declined sensibly. After the Rákóczys had embraced Catholicism, the Jesuits succeeded in expelling the professors. Masters and students wandered about in Hungary, and, after long hesitation, fixed themselves in great numbers at Féjérvár. They remained there eight years and then found themselves again forced to emigrate. Three hundred and fifty in number, they established themselves in Cassovie, where they resumed their studies. During the Rákótzian revolt they were obliged to leave this place. They took refuge in 1705 at Sáros Patak, whence their predecessors had been banished thirty-four years before. Finally, they directed their course towards Transylvania, and established themselves at Vásárhely, where they united themselves to a Reformed school which already existed there. The names of the Magnates who received and succored them have been preserved. Is it not touching to see this band of students, driven from place to place, listening to the word of the master by the road-side?"

The college of Maros Vásárhely, like that of Enyed, has seen in our own time a renewal of adversity. It has not, indeed, been devastated by fire and sword, but, in a season of apparent tranquillity, a blow has fallen upon it which has sent a shudder through the whole country. For, under a government like the Austrian, a time of nominal peace has its terrors not less than one of open war; terrors almost more appalling, in their cold-blooded formality, than the sudden ravages of a season of convulsion. The college of Vásárhely has recently been called to mourn one of the most venerated of her professors, cut off in the vigor of his days, by a death that would have been called shameful if the sanctities of martyrdom had not glorified it. John Török, Professor of Theology in the university of Vásárhely, was hung in the public market-place at Nagy Szeben, on the 13th of March, 1854. With him suffered two of his friends, one a distinguished advocate, the other a landed proprietor. All belonged to honorable and influential families. They were accused of having attempted to form a conspiracy against the Austrian government, with the view, as the official announcement of the sentence sets forth, to "a separation

of Hungary and Transylvania from the empire and the establishment of a free government." In confirmation of this charge, it was proved, or it was said to have been proved, — for who shall estimate the validity of the proofs accepted by an Austrian court-martial? — that one of the friends had given a night's shelter to a proscribed man. The 13th of March was chosen for the execution, in mockery of the feelings with which the Hungarians regard that day, the anniversary of their bloodless revolution of March, 1848.

The Unitarians possess a university in Transylvania. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century, the Roman Catholic was the only religion recognized as legal. Lutheranism was introduced into the country in 1521, by some Saxon students who had studied at the German universities. It rapidly gained ground among the Saxon population. In 1557, a decree of the Diet secured to the Lutherans the free exercise of their religion. Calvinism was introduced in 1557, by Martin Kálmáncséhi, a pastor of Debreczen. This form of belief, preached by a Hungarian, found acceptance with the Hungarians, as Lutheranism had with the Saxons. In seven years after its introduction, its adherents likewise received from the Diet formal permission for the public exercise of their religion. The Unitarian creed was first introduced by George Blandrata, physician of the Prince John Sigismond. This form of faith met, at first, with opposition from the Lutherans and Calvinists. Numerous conferences were held, at which the discussions were continued for six, and even eight, days together. The converts to Unitarianism were very numerous; among them was the Prince John Sigismond himself. In the year 1571, the Diet decreed to the Unitarians likewise the free exercise of their religion.* De Gerando visited the college founded by the Unitarian prince.

"There is at Kolosvár a Unitarian college. It was founded

* After his death they ceased to enjoy the especial favor of the government. They have never been so numerous in Transylvania as the followers of the other forms of Protestant faith, but they have always maintained a respectable position. Fessler, speaking of the Unitarians during the eighteenth century, says: "Their simple worship, the strict morality of their communes, the dignity, piety, and learning of their superintendents, have gained for them great consideration in the country."

by John Sigismond. At first flourishing, this college lost importance as Unitarianism lost its partisans. The Emperors Leopold I. and Charles VI. deprived it of its wealth, and the little property it now possesses arises from gifts made by individuals. It receives, notwithstanding, two hundred students, who are all lodged within the establishment. Four professors divide the labor of instruction between them, and form, with three inspectors, chosen in the consistory, the directory or committee of supervision. It will be easily understood that the professors, whose number is necessarily so limited, can only succeed in performing their duties by force of great energy, and I doubt whether the man the most hostile to their creed could refuse them his sympathy. The pupils study ten years, after which they can follow a course of theology which lasts three years. This college, notwithstanding the obstacles it has to contend with, answers every want. A professorship of law has just been established."

The salt mines of Transylvania form one of the chief objects of interest to the traveller, as they would form one of the greatest sources of wealth to the country itself, if it were permitted to derive profit from its own rich resources. We give some extracts from De Gerando's description of two of the most remarkable of these mines, those of Maros Ujvár and Parajd:—

"It is affirmed that one hundred and fifty salt mines might be opened in Transylvania. Six only are worked. The finest of these is at Maros Ujvár. Nothing, indeed, can be more magical than the view of these subterranean streets traversed by torchlight. Above, below, on the right, on the left, everywhere, you see only salt, which reflects the flame in dazzling sheaves of diamonds. As you advance, fire seems to dart out on every side. You walk for a long time between these walks, glittering with a thousand hues, and which seem to conduct to some enchanted palace. You ascend and descend frail staircases suspended over echoing abysses, while every step gives back a solemn sound, until you find yourself in presence of a spectacle the most magnificent that can be conceived. Let the reader imagine to himself many colossal naves entirely hollowed out of salt, whose marbled walls meet at a prodigious height, like the aisles of a Gothic cathedral. The noise made by the crackling of the straw burned to light these marvellous vaults, is like the report of musketry. The walls are covered with strange mosaics, with fantastic figures that the hand of Nature has traced upon them. In some places the salt is brilliant, in others it is sombre. Here and there enormous blocks have become detached and lie upon

the ground. Shadowy figures flit about, that you might believe dwarfs evoked by Goethe or Hoffman. These are the miners. There are two hundred of them. Their work consists in cutting from the walls or floor blocks of salt a foot square, which are placed in a net of strong cords and drawn up to the opening of the mines. There are rooms some fathoms large, where the breath of the workmen ascends, condenses, and forms long needles of salt, which hang from the ceiling and would fall and wound the miners if care were not taken to break them off.

"It is the Emperor who has the mines of Maros Ujvár worked on his own account. All the customary vices of the Austrian administration are therefore found there. All expenses counted, each quintal of salt costs the exchequer 17 kreutzers (73 centimes). As it leaves the mine it is sold to the Transylvanians at 3 florins 15 kreutzers (8 fr. 44 centimes). The greater part of the salt is sent into Hungary, where it is sold for more than six florins a quintal. A certain quantity of it is exported, and, as the neighboring provinces have likewise rich salt mines, it is delivered out of the kingdom at a lower price in order to facilitate the sale; so that the king of Hungary sells the salt to the Hungarians at a higher price than to the Turks. The salt furnished by Transylvania brings in annually eighteen millions of francs, which are poured into the private treasury of the Emperor. If the government, which passes for the most paternal in the world, understood at least its own interests, it would reduce these exorbitant prices. A regular system of smuggling, admirably organized, has been formed on the frontier. Everybody takes advantage of it, even the officials of the exchequer themselves. This contraband traffic will cease only when Austria shall at last discover that it is a bad calculation to try to draw from a people the greatest profit possible, without any concern for its wants. The neighbors of Transylvania carry on, thanks to the Emperor, a very lucrative commerce. They resell to the Hungarians the salt which they, as foreigners, buy cheaper than the inhabitants of the country that produced it, and, though they make a profit, the Hungarians still find their advantage in buying of them."

The monopoly of salt, and the enormous profit derived from it by the Austrian government, were among the old grievances of Transylvania. Francis Rákóczy, in the manifesto which he issued in June, 1703, and in which he sets forth the wrongs and oppressions that Hungary and Transylvania have suffered under the Austrian rule, says: "Nature herself, that just dispenser of the bounty of God, rebukes the infamous avarice of the Aulic Chamber. For, although she has bestowed upon the country

an inexhaustible supply of salt, yet the price of it is so high that the greater part of the inhabitants are forced to forego its use, and eat their daily bread unseasoned." In the present century, the country has more than once remonstrated against the abuses of this monopoly. The salt mines of Parajd are in the seat of Udvárhely, in the country of the Szeklers.

"I cannot quit Udvárhely without noticing the mines of Parajd. It is said that the greater part of the territory occupied by the Szeklers rests upon beds of salt. It is often only necessary to dig a few yards to open the mines. Sometimes the salt projects above the ground and forms actual rocks. The mines of Parajd are worked only in the three winter months. They employ a good many workmen, but there are only twenty-one who dig out the salt. A good workman can obtain twenty-five quintals a day, for each of which he receives two kreutzers (9 centimes). The mines of Parajd only supply the environs of the village. The salt is not exported, like that of the mines of Maros Ujvár. The salt costs the exchequer, all expenses counted, 56 centimes. The Austrian government sells it paternally at 8 francs 44 centimes the quintal, as in all the mines of Transylvania. Severe penalties threaten those who take away the smallest portion of the refuse salt called *szemsó*, which is not sold. An old woman who had taken a piece about as large as that which I myself took away as a sample, had passed the preceding night in prison, and had only been released by the intervention of a kind-hearted official. Sentry-boxes in which soldiers keep watch are placed on the heights of Parajd, that no one may approach the places where the salt appears on the surface of the earth. If, in digging outside a mine to stop a spring, the workmen by accident meet with salt, they are forced to throw it into the water. The Szeklers ask when the 'German Emperor,' as they always say, will leave off selling for three florins this mass of salt that they can dig out themselves in half an hour, and that in a country which belongs to them, and where their fathers gathered salt as they walked along the road. It is true, that, through prudence, five villages in the neighborhood of Parajd are allowed the privilege of taking a certain quantity of salt. Although the miners were not at work in the mines when I was at Parajd, I did not fail to visit them, in order to see once more these magnificent vaults, such as I had contemplated them at Maros Ujvár. Those of Parajd are not so vast; but their proportions are perhaps more beautiful. The water, in filtering through the salt, produces a substance that the Hungarians call sóvirág, salt-flower, whose dead white color enhances the effect of the brilliancy of the

walls. You can imagine yourself in a Gothic church, made of jasper, marble, and alabaster. Bundles of flaming straw were thrown down from the opening of the mines, and in passing through the air made a noise like thunder. When the flame went out and we were left in obscurity, our own voices, resounding through these immense vaults, had something of the strange and mysterious.

"If we admire at Parajd the wonders produced by the patience of man, we can contemplate, some steps farther on, at Szováta, a spectacle not less astonishing, which is the work of Nature herself. At Szováta the salt is not only found at the surface of the soil, but rises above it to a considerable height in such a manner as to form a chain of small hills. These hills or rocks, whichever they may be called, sometimes round, sometimes jagged, sometimes pointed, are in some places of a dazzling white, in others variegated or the color of malachite. They are generally covered with grass and shaded with trees, so that at a distance they might be taken for ordinary rocks, and the more, that, here and there, deep caverns are opened in them like those cut in the living rock. Between these rocks ponds have formed themselves, which are used for bathing. In the last century one of these ponds, which had been confined by dikes, broke them violently, and precipitated itself suddenly into the Kükullö. I remarked a torrent which deposed salt upon the pebbles; each stone disappeared under a brilliant frosting which reflected the rays of the summer sun.

"The salt rocks at Szováta were much injured under the government of the princes; yet they are still admirable. At that time every individual went quietly to make his provision of salt, knocking off here and there, and carrying away what he wanted. When the Turks exacted imperiously the arrears of tribute, masses of salt were hewed out in all directions, whose price was to pay the Sultan. Now, no profit is drawn from these hills of salt. The government contents itself with having them guarded by sentinels, that the people of the country may be obliged to buy the salt of the exchequer. Earth and branches are thrown over the places where the salt might attract the eye and tempt the passer-by. Fifty soldiers and twenty-five haiduk are posted at intervals with their muskets charged, to drive back any who might presume to approach. They have orders to fire if their threats are disregarded. Yet, notwithstanding this precaution, a great quantity of salt is taken. It is not very easy to prevent men who do not regard danger from taking a little of the salt which is so necessary to them, and which they find under their very feet, even though they run the risk of having a ball whistle by their ears. Indeed, I doubt if the sentinels often make use of their arms. The haiduk are mountaineers of the coun-

try; they make haste to turn their back or to look at the clouds when they see one of their neighbors approach in a cautious manner. As to the Polish soldiers who guarded the frontier, and who answered me by a look of intelligence when I hummed the air, 'Poland is not dead,' they appeared, notwithstanding the zeal of the government officer who commanded them, to give themselves very little concern as to whether the Hungarians took the Emperor's salt or not.

"When we call to mind the ingratitude with which the Austrian government has always acted towards Hungary, when we remember that the Hungarian products pay duty at the Austrian frontier, like those of a hostile country, and that Hungary is arrested in the development of its national wealth by the Emperors whom it has saved by its sword, it is easy to comprehend that these attacks upon the dignity of the exchequer are regarded by everybody in Transylvania as a thing very natural and perfectly just."

The "Transylvania" of De Gerando contains graphic sketches of the different classes of the population, and notices of the remarkable antiquities of the country; but that which more than all the rest lends interest to its pages is the view it gives of the transition from the old time into the new, the transformation of the heroic qualities of the Hungarian of past centuries into the civil virtues called for by modern times. The attention of the reader is powerfully engaged by the account given of the efforts made by the Hungarians of Transylvania and Hungary to make their country strong against Austrian usurpation and Russian intrigue, by forming its various populations into one united people, and to place it in the foremost rank among enlightened nations, by endowing it with all the benefits of the most advanced modern civilization. It was the observation of these noble endeavors — endeavors continually gaining in force and efficacy by the accession of new adherents to the liberal cause, and through the increase of political knowledge and experience — which so strongly engaged the affections of De Gerando, and bound him by so close a bond of sympathy to the men who were resolutely conducting this work, in spite of all obstacles, in disregard of all temptations, and at the cost of every personal sacrifice. The interest which De Gerando felt in these patriotic efforts, and his desire to render justice to those engaged in them, was still further heightened by the misrepresentations

which, under the influence of Austria, were actually propagated through Europe by the German newspapers.

"In Germany," he says, "certain journals, that see with vexation Hungary escaping from German influence, cannot pardon this liberal movement to which we have called attention. They have only hostile words for those who are conducting it. We believe the facts are sufficient answer to these words. The power formerly exercised by the noble proprietors has been abandoned by the nobles themselves, who work without respite to raise the inferior classes to their own level. The last Diets have diminished the burdens of the peasant, and there have even been found among the Magnates those that have demanded their entire suppression. The Diet has already decreed to the peasan the right to possess the soil, and that of filling all public offices. These are facts which have irrevocably passed into history, and the unjustifiable attempts made to undervalue them only inspire us with a stronger desire to render to the Hungarian nobles the justice which is their due. Has there ever before been an example of a privileged class taking the initiative in reform, renouncing of its own accord its privileges? With what pretence of reason are these attacks made upon the aristocracy, when the Diet, which is only the expression of its will, has declared itself so emphatically?"

We pause here, to resume the theme.

M. L. P.

Art. II. — KANZAS AND NEBRASKA.*

The political crisis in the great contest between liberty and slavery in this country, brought on within the past year by the legislation of Congress, in forming the two Territories of Kanzas and Nebraska, evincing an unusual excitement in the free States, has given those regions a peculiar interest at this time, in the eyes not only of America, but of the civilized world. The most conservative on the subject of slavery, and the most indifferent

* *Kanzas and Nebraska: the History, Geographical and Physical Characteristics, and Political Position of those Territories; an Account of the Emigrant Aid Companies, and Directions to Emigrants.* By Edward E. Hale. With an original Map from the latest Authorities. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 256.

regarding political changes, are awakened from torpor by this bold encroachment on settled compromises and the principles of our Revolution. Everything therefore now published regarding those Territories commands public attention; and trusting that the book whose title we have placed below, as the most full, authentic, and useful document which has appeared relating to them, will be in the hands of all our readers who take an interest in the subject, we refrain from giving any account of its contents; indeed, as it consists of valuable information throughout, we could do no justice to it in representation, unless by copying the whole. We shall require all the space allowed us for offering such reflections derived from it as we humbly hope will afford some aid in directing the action of the community in the approaching conflict.

Whatever may be the disclaimers of those who enacted the "Nebraska Bill," as it is called, no intelligent man can doubt that it was intended to spread the institution of slavery over the extensive countries comprehended under the names of Kanzas and Nebraska: this has even been avowed in some quarters, and strong resolutions have been passed, and vigorous efforts made, on the borders of those Territories, to accomplish that object. The former supineness of the North gave probably but little apprehension that any counteracting measures would be taken to prevent it. Indeed, neither the vast physical nor the moral evils which would result from the success of this design appear yet to trouble the minds of leading politicians or the devotees of party: the alarm indicated by the recent public meetings and elections seems to arise from the fear of the augmentation of the slaveholding power in the Union, and the infraction of a compromise, which throws open the door to further aggressions of that power. Few indeed fully contemplate the awful aspect of an empire more extensive than that of ancient Rome, whose fields — of surpassing fertility — should become, under a wasting culture, as barren as the desert, and whose customs should exhibit a still more mournful desolation, from which the divine instructions of the Gospel and of nature are systematically shut out, and where the equal rights of men and the pleadings of humanity are derided: fewer still appreciate the heart-sinking despair with

which the aspirants for freedom in the Elder World, anxiously looking to the bright galaxy of the American States for the political regeneration of mankind, would see only a many-headed despotism, more oppressive and debasing than their own.

On the other hand, imagination can scarce exaggerate the high prosperity, the moral glory, the felicitous influence on the world, when these extensive regions, added to those of the States yet exempt from slavery, inhabited by the most intellectual and enterprising people of the earth, shall draw from them, by the arms of free labor, a wealth to be everywhere diffused, and adorn them by an inventive science, which shall lay open the concealed wonders of nature, and extirpate all the removable evils of human society. Is it said to be incredible, that so stupendous an alternative can depend on the character of the first settlement of a small spot on the Kanzas River? Let the great revolutions of history remind us, that, in their equilibrium, they have been determined by the most minute and disregarded circumstances; and when we consider that the act of Congress makes the fate of these Territories, as regards slavery, to depend on the first legislation of the settlers, it is no extravagance to believe that on this handful of men may rest the responsibility of much of the destiny of this continent; perhaps even of the future world.

Every light now shed, every influence now exerted, every effort now made, speedily to fill these new territories with the presence of men devoted to freedom, is a philanthropic movement of inconceivably momentous consequence; and in this view we hail the book before us as if a celestial messenger: we would spread it everywhere, as a gospel of liberty, for it lays open to our view, by authority which cannot be gainsaid, a region of peculiar beauty and fertility, in a manner impressively calculated to attract the landless and slaveless seekers of a home. In the commencing history we see developed a design of Providence of the most encouraging nature. A country hidden from the civilized world for ages, — occupied only by ignorant and ferocious savages, who have exterminated its noxious brutes, who have never been disposed to exhaust its improving soil by miscultivation, and have irrigated it only by the blood of war, —

is now, in its ripeness, open to the desires of a people who, in the new impetus of human improvement, are ready and competent to raise its products for the world.

We urge these considerations of the future visible destiny of our country, because we deem them best calculated to excite the interest of its patriots, who contemplate its rapid progress to greatness with pride, and look forward with exulting hope to its commanding grandeur, its leading example among the nations of the earth. To the Christian philanthropist, disregarding national distinctions, and animated by a love of the race, as a common brotherhood, a still nobler view may be presented. He contemplates with breathless interest the advancement of the divine power of love, in its conflicts with the long endured dominion of selfish malignity. He sees with alarm and sorrow the extension of the dark system of slavery, which, while it crushes the aspirations of the human image of God into the degradation of the brute and the despair of the demon, equally corrupts the sensual oppressor; and, next to the paramount crime and cruelty of war, he sees in it the greatest obstruction to the advance of the kingdom of heaven upon earth. Let him be brought to see that on this simple question of the settlement of a Western Territory may depend in a great measure the solemn alternative of universal benevolence or prevailing depravity, and he will not only have no hesitation in making a generous contribution, but will deem no sacrifice too heavy to aid in giving that Territory the prosperity, the innocence, and the beneficence of freedom.

It is only when impressed with these views that we can duly appreciate the merit and importance of the institution called "The Emigrant Aid Company," recently formed in Massachusetts, and which is now imitated in other States, for the double purpose of facilitating and guiding the migration of those foreign or native citizens who seek to become inhabitants of our Western dominions, and at the same time, through their means, of establishing such a predominance of free labor as shall effectually repel the ingress of slavery, and consecrate those delightful vales and prairies to the intelligence and affluence of freedom. We confess ourselves mortified at the apathy of our intelligent, high-minded, and

wealthy citizens, regarding this enterprise, who yet appear so ready and energetic in their efforts to check the progress of slavery by political movements of a much more objectionable and less practical character; especially when wealth seems so abundant, and, notwithstanding the pressure upon it, is yet so profusely expended.

Near the close of the volume before us, after a full and faithful history and description of Nebraska and Kanzas, and a statement of the conflict in Congress by which the Missouri Compromise was abolished, our author gives a particular and very favorable account of the institution to which we have referred. He is sanguine in the belief, that, with the aid of other instrumentalities, it will be triumphant in excluding slavery from the Territories in question; perhaps too sanguine, — for such exertions are making in Missouri and other slave States, by forced migration and claims of pre-emption right, to anticipate the settlement by freemen, that the victory of the latter is yet in some degree doubtful, and can only be assured by a greater energy of Northern philanthropists than has yet been exhibited, and for which we would make our urgent and solemn appeal.

We would now offer some remarks respecting those legal and material bearings of the settlement of the Territories on the future condition of our Union, in view of which immediate political action will principally be guided. It is intimated in the book before us (page 159), that the free settlement of these Territories will much facilitate the construction of a railroad to the Pacific; an opinion sustained by a copious examination of the routes proposed for that object. And this, in view of the vast political and commercial importance to our States of such a road, is a consideration of no mean magnitude.

But the most important point pressing on our attention is the influence of the character of these Territories on the great and evidently increasing conflict between the free and the slave States on the subject of slavery, which now agitates the whole Union, and almost absorbs every other object of political action. This is a contest of vital interests on the one hand, and uncompromising principle on the other; and so radical is the discrepancy of judgment between the two sections, regarding the moral right or wrong of property in man, that a reconcil-

tiquity or mediæval wonders of art, traverses the cultivated plains or the Alpine heights of Europe, when everywhere reproaches are cast on him by the struggling friends of liberty, for the inconsistent monstrosity of slavery in a nation which at birth was baptized in blood, in the name of human equality, — reproaches stronger, and better justified, when, instead of disclaiming, he attempts to defend that enormity; and if a spark of the Revolutionary spirit of the fathers of his country, or of sympathy with the victims of the oppression he witnesses, is cherished in his mind, saddened must be his feelings when he learns the exultation of the despot over the failure of the great trial of human emancipation in the dreaded power which rose on its annunciation.

We can conceive of no single movement now practicable, which will so tend to remove these disgraceful impressions, and to restore hope, from our example, to the oppressed of other nations, as the establishment of freedom in the Territories now in question; for it will then be seen that the majority of the American people have not yet lost the free spirit of their fathers; that they do not participate in the corrupt retrogression of their government; but, rising in their strength, have defeated one of the most trusted measures for the extension of human bondage. This will be hailed as an augury of popular reaction, which will make these States again, in reality as in name, the abodes of liberty, and ultimately frown the foul system of slavery into its merited perdition.

Again, those who desire to escape from the oppressions of the Elder World will see in these luxuriant Territories, when devoted to freedom, a land of promise, like that of the Israelites who fled from Egypt; a land not only "flowing with milk and honey," but where communities may be gathered, never contaminated by the pestilential breath of tyranny, nor implicated in its maintenance; and where they may accumulate moral and political power, to encourage and aid the brethren they have left in their struggles with established despotism.

The reputed wise of the age deride the expectations of unbroken peace and universal brotherhood upon earth; they point to the sanguinary wars now raging, and say, too truly, that the long revealed authority and predictions of divine communications, the appeals of the friends

of peace to the conscience, the justice, the true policy of nations, or reference to the suffering interests of commerce and social connections, have hitherto effected no accomplishment, nor even prospect, of these blessed anticipations. War, the favorite instrumentality of the infernal spirit, — the most potent destroyer, corrupter, and tormentor of our race, — still rears its horrid front, in defiance of the mandates of the Most High, and the acknowledged claims of humanity. If, in the perpetual failures of the Christian measures hitherto employed for diminishing its power, we still confide in the divine predictions of its total cessation, and look for new methods of subduing it, we can discern none more promising than the establishment of mighty communities, on vast unexhausted regions, uncontrolled by military power, unfettered by the chivalric prejudices of ages, whose inaccessible position, rising intelligence, and imperative interests render their assent to war almost an impossibility, and make their growing strength and beneficent prosperity a soothing light and pacific leaven to the nations.

We have lately seen an interesting letter from a pious young man, settled in Kanzas, under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Company, in which he proposes and expects the establishment there of Sunday Schools and other religious privileges, and pleads for the sympathy and encouragement of Eastern churches. This is a token of most happy and animating augury: it speaks in imperative tones to that spirit of universal conversion, which seeks to spread the Gospel of Christ over all the deluded wilderness of heathenism. The establishment of such a church as this young man contemplates will be of more value and power than the most gifted missionary; it will be a corrector of the scepticism or recklessness of white adventurers, and an attractive light to the dark-skinned sons of the forest. The Sunday school, the conference meeting, are rare phenomena in the lands of slavery; they can only flourish in the condensed and aspiring settlements of the free. Whether, therefore, the future population of the immensity of the West shall, under such Christian tuition, manifest that faith which is animated by benevolence and redolent of piety, or languish in the dispersion, ignorance, and superstition of slaves, is the question opened to the conscience and the power of

Christian favorers of missions. Will they not ponder on this consideration? Will they not rather spring into action in this glorious enterprise?

We have now presented the high, and we trust influential motives for exertion in our community, in giving liberty to Kanzas and Nebraska. We have been prompted as much by fear as by desire; for we are aware of the vigorous and unscrupulous efforts now making by the slaveholding interest in the vicinity, to secure those lands for slavery. Among the letters from Kanzas since the publication of Mr. Hale's book, one is received of peculiar interest, as it announces the formation of an organized Association for the government of the Territory of Kanzas, at its intended seat. After a full account of the regulations of this Association, and the arrangements made for partition of the lands, some remarks are made on the prospects of freedom, from which we take the following extracts:—

"Should we choose a legislature this fall, we shall be very likely to be worsted by the Missourians, as all Southerners are here denominated, as they can and *will* bring such appliances to bear along the frontier, that they are sure to outnumber us on a popular vote."

"As to the principles and vote of the Missourians among us, and scattered throughout the Territory, so far as it is open to settlement, I have become satisfied that they are 'mighty onsartain,' notwithstanding it has been confidently stated that the most of them, even nine tenths of them, are opposed to the introduction of slavery here. The fact is, they are entirely unreliable, can be tampered with by designing persons, and *will* vote from considerations of popularity, political place and authority, and money. We shall endeavor to pursue towards them a straightforward, consistent course, avoiding as far as possible all conflicts and collisions, and securing them, if possible, to the cause of freedom; but we know the power and influence of designing, wily politicians over such men."

Such then is the hazard; such the trembling equilibrium on which hang all these vast interests for the future. Are we amiss in making strong appeals to our rich and benevolent citizens, to all the lovers of liberty, to throw their weight into the scale for freedom? Every effort is made, every efficient measure taken, by the Emigrant Aid Company, to facilitate the migration of

freemen to those regions, but they are deficient in funds. A few hundred dollars, from those who constantly pour them upon less worthy and urgent objects, will deliver this land of beauty from the corroding desolation of slavery, and cause it hereafter to exhibit to their eyes, or those of their posterity, a realm of immeasurable magnitude, rejoicing, through freedom, in an influence, an intelligence, and a glory, "such as eye has not seen, nor ear heard," nor has it "entered into the heart of man" to conceive.

J. P. B.

Art. III. — THE LESSONS OF "HYPATIA."*

The beautiful romance of Mr. Kingsley has already received a notice in our pages;† nor should we make it again the subject of comment, but that some of the lessons it conveys appear especially worthy of consideration by our people at this time. We would adapt to the condition of our country the author's own thought, indicated in the title of his work, and remove the old masks which hang so loosely over the faces of our "New Foes." A few words, however, are due to the book itself. At the risk of repetition, we will briefly sketch its outline.

The scene is laid principally in Alexandria, early in the fifth century. The Roman Empire was then hastening to decay. Naught could save it from the fate which ages of oppression and corruption had destined for it. But ere it fell, it received in Christianity the source of a higher civilization for the new Europe, which should arise, phœnix like, from its ruins. Still, as the growth of Christianity kept pace with the decline of Rome, it was not unnatural that some should connect the two in their minds as cause and effect, or deem that a return to the old gods would bring back the old heroism and glory. Of such was Hypatia, the beautiful philosopher of Alexandria,

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* *Hypatia: or, New Foes with an Old Face.* By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley, Author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," etc., etc. Second Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 487.

† Number for January, 1854, pp. 141 – 145.

and hence arose a bitter hostility between her and Cyril, the ambitious patriarch of the Christians in that city. This resulted at last in the murder of Hypatia by a mob of the partisans of Cyril, under circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity. Our author has connected this event with the attempt of Heraclian, Count of Africa, to seize the throne of the feeble Emperor Honorius. Orestes, Prefect of Alexandria, designs to avail himself of this struggle, to shake off his own allegiance to the court of Constantinople, and assume the sovereignty of all the African provinces; and Hypatia, though detesting him, consents to accept his hand, and aid his rebellion, her object, as far as acknowledged to herself, being the overthrow of Christianity, and the restoration of heathenism. But Heraclian is defeated, and the Alexandrian plot, artfully countermined by Cyril, is allowed to reach its full development, only to be the more totally and disgracefully overthrown. Then comes the vengeance of the populace upon Hypatia. Other leading characters of the book are Philammon, a young monk from the Thebaid desert, in search of adventure, truth, and a long-lost sister, — Pelagia, the sister, a lady of easy virtue, who becomes in the end a recluse of extraordinary sanctity, — a party of Goths, who move among the dwarfed successors of ancient greatness with the port of the world's acknowledged masters, — and last, though not least, Raphael Aben-Ezra, an Alexandrian Jew, and his mother Miriam.

The interest of the work is not chiefly in the heroine, still less in Philammon, the apparent hero. Both are deficient in that humble attribute of common sense, which, though it does not of itself command our deepest sympathy, is yet essential to its development. Hypatia is too artificial, visionary, and weak. The conversation in which the prefect bends her to his will, at the sacrifice of pride, hatred, compassion, even of her philosophical and religious fanaticism itself, diminishes greatly our admiration, and almost repels our pity. Her own dreadful fate is contemplated with less emotion, when we have seen her enduring to witness the slaughter of the Libyans in the theatre, not indeed from innate cruelty, but at the command of ambition, urged by the voice of one whom she abhorred and despised, but whose anticipated throne she had resolved to share.

As to poor Philammon, coming from his monastic training-place to see the world, with no knowledge and much presumption, — now ready for any violence at the command of Cyril, and soon after forgetting his religion for the fantastic philosophy of Hypatia, — believing himself equal to anything, and succeeding in nothing, — we agree fully in the propriety of his final course, in returning to his desert. The world needed men in that age, if ever it did; but old Miriam was right when she told Philammon that he was not a man.

But the defects of these characters, though diminishing our interest in them as actors in the story, are but the natural results of the training each had received. It is not in ignorance and seclusion, or beneath a slavish discipline, that the true man is found; nor are the noblest women those who are trained by the lessons of a wordy philosophy.

The true hero of the book is Raphael Aben-Ezra. In him are exemplified the struggles of a refined intellect to attain the truth, amid the errors with which it is encumbered in a degenerate age. He engages our respect even from the first, and at length our deep sympathy and love. Cyril too, the proud and politic archbishop, — Orestes the prefect, whose indolence is only awakened to action by the hope of empire, but who, when thus aroused, works with as much cunning and as little principle as any man who ever overreached his own aims, — Victoria, the noble Christian daughter, whose bright faith raises Aben-Ezra's heart from "the bottom of the abyss," and gives him a hope and an aim for which to live, — the careless Amalric, the more thoughtful Wulf, the frail but loving Pelagia, — all these are creations of a high order of merit. We cannot say as much for Miriam, the old Jewish leader of the plot. In her the character of the soothsayer, almost the prophetess, the daughter of Solomon, and ruler among the rulers of men, is blended with so much that is revolting, that its dignity is lost; and we retain only a disgust, which makes us regret to find in her the mother of the noble Aben-Ezra.

The first lesson taught by the work before us is to beware of a philosophy which merges God in nature, virtue in sentiment, and common sense in a parade of words. Such philosophy is not now, thank Heaven! as rife among

us as it was some years since. The American mind was too practical for theoretic Germany to reproduce itself here for more than a short period, and the present Coryphæi of rationalism, whatever else they may be, are certainly not dreamers. They talk plain English, and with an energy which they learned neither in the Alexandrian nor in the German school. But the philosophy of which we speak has produced effects too mournful, in instances within our knowledge, for us to pass in silence the opportunity of bearing witness against it. It is intrinsically self-idolizing. It refers the man, not to a God above him, whose commands he is to obey, but to the guidance of an impulse within, which may be conscience, but which may also be passion. Its precept is, to "follow our own nature," — thus leaving the sensual-minded without restraint, and prompting those more gifted to an egotistic and exclusive pride. Such is its influence now, as when Hypatia wrote to Philammon, refusing to be the guide of the humbled Pelagia.

"I do not even blame her for being what she is. She does but follow her nature; who can be angry with her, if destiny have informed so fair an animal with a too gross and earthly spirit? Why weep over her? Dust she is, and unto dust she will return; while you, to whom a more divine spark was allotted at your birth, must rise, and, unrepining, leave below you one only connected with you by the unreal and fleeting bonds of fleshly kin." — p. 376.

Woman's Rights; — what lesson does "Hypatia" afford us on this much controverted subject? A most impressive one. It is, that we should do honor to female intellect, but place the restraints of discretion and natural fitness upon the sphere of its exercise. Here was a woman whom historians unite in describing as one of the noblest and purest of her sex, adding to the graces of person those of mental culture, and becoming the instructor of her age in intellectual philosophy. If the system she taught was not in itself the best, it was still philosophy; if the solid gold of Plato had been wrought out into glittering and unsubstantial filigree, it was still gold; and so long as the fair professor contented herself with the influence of her learning and her eloquence, in an occupation sanctioned apparently by the manners of her

age, she moved in safety, honored and beloved, though a heathen, among the turbulent thousands of the nominally Christian city. But when, in an evil hour, she descended to take part in political intrigue, then, in aspiring to the prizes of ambition, she shared its corruptions and its dangers. Her refined intellect became the disgraced tool of the masculine politician's coarser subtlety. Then followed the open sin and shame of that scene in the theatre, and the humiliation of the hour when, like many an enthusiastic woman since, she knelt to a mortal, believing him to be a god. We speak rather of these results than of her agonizing death; for a fate so tragic is too exceptional to be regarded as a warning, save in the general inference that they who measure the delicate organization of woman against the rude strength of man may have cause to deplore the contest they provoke.

We find portrayed in this volume the civilization that forgets justice and mercy, and read the warning that such a civilization must be near its doom. Well might Raphael warn Philammon to fly from Alexandria as from a second Sodom, after the murder of Hypatia; but not for that crime alone. That was but a partial, spasmodic result of the iniquity which was working inwardly in the refined and corrupted cities of the decaying empire. Human rights were sacrificed; wealth was adored; marriage had ceased to be honorable; piety, instead of boldly bearing witness against prevailing sins, retreated from them to the desert; the respect for authority had declined, for faction openly assailed the public peace, and those in power were indifferent to its protection. There needed no prophet to bear witness that the end was nigh.

Are there not in our country, which in its extent may vie with that ancient empire, signs of a civilization ripening towards decay? There are indications among us of a retrograde motion in regard to moral questions. Not many years since, there were few anywhere, North or South, ready to defend the institution of slavery. The common mode of expression was, that the evil had been entailed upon us; we regretted, but could not remove it. Now it is, in the language of many, a patriarchal institution, a necessary part of our organization, something which is to be retained and defended by the whole strength of our Union. Nay, foreign powers are regarded as in-

flicting an injury upon us, if it is surmised that they are ameliorating the condition of their own slaves, in such a manner as to make our plague-spot more lurid by the contrast. The military spirit that developed itself during the unhallowed war with Mexico has assumed a predatory character; and the exploits that are meditated have as little pretence of justice as any invasion that heathen Rome ever made. Meanwhile, how fearfully has the passion for gold extended itself! The spirit of adventure was formerly dignified by the prospect of honor as well as of pecuniary success; now the latter alone is the prize that allures the young and the enterprising to the ends of the earth. Neglect of principle in the struggle for wealth, and extravagance in its use when gained, are equally and lamentably prevalent. Was it in the fifth century only that signs like these marked a civilization verging to moral decay, and threatening in the result social ruin? Or does it need that a race should arise from the deserts to conquer us, as the Goths and Huns poured on the Roman empire of old, when we have among us a people kept in unjust bondage, and when a race scarce more enlightened are pouring in upon us by thousands from the inexhaustible island? If we prove unworthy of our freedom, we shall find enough to despoil us of it. "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

"What am I to do with Saint Firebrand?" asked Orestes of Hypatia. Hypatia answered, "Justice." The prefect thought his fair philosopher's opinion the opposite of practical, and preferred a course which filled Alexandria with violence, and resulted in the destruction of Hypatia herself. It is thought by some that Saint Firebrand still lives, though Cyril has long since "gone to his own place." The Church which still owns him as a saint possesses all his ambition, all his zeal, and if less violence, a double portion of his craft. What are we to do in America with the Roman Catholic Church? It is undoubtedly the enemy of liberty, and its predominance among us most earnestly to be deprecated. A strong spirit of opposition to it has been aroused. This is natural and right; — but let those who share this spirit take heed whether they act on Hypatia's counsel, or imitate the conduct of Orestes. The prefect's course with the

Saint Firebrand of his day was one of alternate violence and cowardice, outrage and remissness. Is not that course in some degree imitated in a republic, where at one time a convent is burnt down, or a fanatic sustained in denouncing Popery in the street, and anon Catholic votes are courted, and Catholic foreigners encouraged to form separate military and educational organizations? Would not simple justice be a way worth trying? Would not the best "Know-Nothing party" be one which should know nothing of race or sect, but should insist on equal justice to all, and the strict execution of law against any, of whatever religion, who should infringe upon the rights of others?

But the Romish Church is not the only Saint Firebrand. Wherever men, in the name of religion, do evil that good may come, wherever they oppose wrong in others with a wrong spirit in their own hearts, there is the error and the sin of the turbulent Alexandrian patriarch. Here we must censure the course of some with whose motives we sympathize. The evil of slavery is poisoning our prosperity at home, and disgracing us abroad. It demands, more than aught else among us, the most energetic action for its removal. It demands, more than aught else, the union of all the wisdom, the forbearance, the piety of the country, in the contest against it. But on no subject are wisdom, forbearance, and piety so seldom invoked. The language of the North, which ought to be of Christian entreaty and persuasion, is too apt to be of unmixed denunciation; while the South, which suffers economically, politically, morally, from the blight of this evil thing, clings to it with insane fondness, and counts every one an enemy who seeks to open its eyes to the true aspect of the beloved deformity. Every outbreak of Southern wrath embitters Northern opposition; and every harsh censure from the North makes the South yet more untractable. When shall the man arise, eminent by commanding talents and by the illustrious station they have won for him, recognized as a friend by every section through the purity of his life and his superiority to every private aim, who will speak to the South in words of wisdom, courage, truth, and love, and become to our republic the Lycurgus of a far nobler polity than Sparta ever knew? Till he, in God's good time, shall

appear, let the eager friends of freedom take heed not to add needless difficulties to his arduous task.

Above all would we deprecate, in connection with this subject, the resort to violence, which, like that countenanced by Cyril in the fifth century, can but disgrace the cause it seeks to serve. Unhappily there is but too much occasion for the warning now. The Fugitive Slave Law is so odious, both in the aim it seeks and the means it employs, that many, not content with disowning all obligation to enforce it, feel justified in the resort to tumultuous, if not to armed resistance. The law is odious, and it ought to be. Its object is contrary to natural justice, and its means are opposed to the whole spirit of the legislation which characterizes the free Saxon race. To have the question of a man's liberty decided by a single magistrate, is not an English mode of action. It may be an Austrian one; and equally Austrian seems the spectacle of a city placed in a "state of siege" by command of its chief magistrate. But ere these things provoke us to forcible resistance, the question is to be settled in each one's mind, whether the time has come for revolution and civil war. Nearly all admit that such a time may possibly come, in this or in any country. The right of resistance to extreme and long-continued oppression is denied by few. But while the great remedy of the ballot remains, and while the press is free, we must not readily believe that such a crisis has been reached. When it does come, if ever, let it be met, not by mobs in our streets, but by deliberate action in our State legislatures.

There is no more ungovernable instrument than a mob. They who excite it soon lose their power to control it, as he who lights a conflagration cannot restrain its fury. Even should it, in one instance, be ruled by seeming moderation, this does but make the precedent more dangerous. Thus, in the book before us, when the patriarch gave orders for the attack on the Jewish quarter of Alexandria, so well had he organized his tumultuous force, that life was spared while property was plundered or destroyed; and the bold outrage, palliated as it was by the provocation which had been given, may have seemed to superficial observers in that age to be but a successful and not unmerciful achievement in the Church's cause. But the mob, once aroused, could be aroused

again. Fanaticism called forth to destroy property, thirsted next for blood; and though Cyril might say with truth that he would have given his right hand rather than the murder of Hypatia should have taken place, yet is he not held guiltless of that atrocious deed. Let those who counsel the tumultuous rescuing of a fugitive slave take warning from the ancient lesson and from its recent fatal illustration.

There is a mode of practically meeting the Fugitive Slave Law, which with all humility we would recommend as more Christian than that of mobs, armed or unarmed. It is, not to tear the slave from his captors, but to purchase his freedom. Let there be formed, in every city and village of the Northern States, Redemption Societies, —their simple object being to purchase the boon of liberty for every fugitive who shall have been remanded to slavery by legal authority. Let every Commissioner of the United States, and every lawyer, be furnished with the names of the agents of such societies. Let these organizations be kept distinct from all other objects, that men of all parties may unite in them. Let public opinion require it of every lawyer, that he shall not consent to act for the claimant of a fugitive, but upon condition of being authorized to accept the price of the man's liberty instead of the man himself. The amount necessary to be raised in any community would be trifling, the rather as affiliated societies would act in concert; the provisions of the law would be effectually met, the liberty of the fugitives secured; and while the South would be compelled to respect such peaceful and self-denying efforts, every Redemption Society would become a means of diffusing and deepening the opposition to slavery in the minds of its members, and of the Northern people in general.

We trace another lesson in the book before us, and it is closely connected with that which we have last considered. The author has interwoven with the fortunes of Hypatia the attempt made by Heraclian, Count of Africa, to wrest the sceptre of the West from the feeble and unworthy Honorius. Historians tell us that Heraclian cast anchor at the mouth of the Tiber with a fleet of three thousand two hundred vessels. This unfortunate expedition, which destroyed in civil strife the flower of the Roman forces in Africa, prepared the way for the

subjugation of that part of the empire by the Vandals, and subsequently by the followers of the prophet of Mecca. Disunion consummated the ruin of the Roman power. Whatever other causes preceded, it was this that precipitated the work of destruction, — that the Christian empire wasted in internal feuds the strength which had so long kept the world in awe.

Is there no lesson in this for our country? We have recently learned to talk much more tranquilly than of old of the probability of our Union being dissolved. Do we consider what that expression implies? Our country is homogeneous. There is no Adriatic Sea, no Libyan Desert, to form a natural boundary between its sections. There is not, between regions which in such a shock must be sundered, for much of the distance, even the "narrow streamlet" which Childe Harold noticed as dividing Portugal from Spain, — nothing but the abstraction called "Mason and Dixon's Line." Under such circumstances, with the continual cause of strife presented by the escape of fugitive slaves, what can be anticipated but constant border feuds, resulting frequently in general war? Nor is our Union such that a division into two sections alone can with any strong hope be anticipated. When the national compact is to be remodelled among the Northern States, is it probable that New York will acquiesce in the continuance of the senatorial equality, which gives to her millions no advantage in the upper house over the thousands of Rhode Island? Or will New England consent to lose the advantage of her twelve senatorial votes? Other questions will arise between the East and the West. The Pacific States will soon feel the inconvenience of their distance from the rest, and follow the example of separation set them by the older sections of the country. Hence will result wars as ruinous as they will be unchristian, in the course of which all that was elevated in their origin will pass from sight. Peace, when at length re-established for a time, will probably take no cognizance of the claims of liberty, unless it be to disown them by re-enacting the Fugitive Slave Law. Nebraska and Kanzas, being only accessible from slaveholding States, will be closed entirely to the Northern people; and a barrier, seemingly insuperable, be set to all efforts for the emancipation of the colored race.

Possessing a knowledge of the feelings and views of the Southern people, afforded by many years' residence among them, we have been astonished to find that any here regarded the dissolution of the Union as likely to promote the extinction of slavery. We know that in 1832 and 1833, when the politicians of South Carolina were exerting all their power to bring about a separation, the security of the institution of slavery was a chief object held in view. We remember hearing language used like this: "We dread nothing that the North can do against us, so much as Northern influence among ourselves. If we separate from the Union, we shut out Northern principles. As to our slaves, the very attitude we shall be in, of armed preparation against hostility from abroad, will effectually overawe them." The assertion has been made of late years, that the slaves are kept from insurrection by the fear of Northern bayonets. The fact is entirely otherwise. The slaves, when they think of the North at all, think of it as friendly. They are kept down by no fear of distant possibilities, but by the strong hand. The strict police regulations, the evening bell regulating their hours to be abroad, the military companies parading on every occasion of a fire, the prohibition of assemblies even for worship without the presence of a white man, the restrictions upon emancipation and education, and the suppression of all attempts to discuss the subject of slavery, — these are the means by which the South holds her captives; and these will but be rendered more stringent if a state of war arises. Nor will that war on the part of the Northern people have emancipation for its object, or even indirectly accomplish that end. If a civil war takes place, its management will not be in the hands of platform orators, but of practical soldiers and statesmen. The statesmen will avoid encumbering the questions in dispute with such an object as a change in the domestic institutions of the opposing States; and the soldiers will hesitate to overburden their commissariat without increasing their strength by inviting to their standard thousands of undisciplined and unarmed slaves. No. If the Union is dissolved, farewell to all hopes of emancipation.

For that great object the only successful labor must be that which is rendered in the spirit of Christ. Northern

principles must find their way into the Southern States; and they can effect this only by being presented in the language of reason, moderation, and true philanthropy. Dr. Channing's "Slavery" was, to our knowledge, read and admired by eminent Southern men, at its first appearance; and such appeals, if presented from the pulpit and the press, will meet attention, where angry denunciation would not for a moment be endured. Every Southerner who makes a summer visit to the North should perceive, where he offers to discuss the difference of institutions, that there is a generous appreciation of his difficulties, and charity even for his prejudices, blended with an intelligent and decided disapproval of the system he upholds. Every young man from the North who travels southward, should go, not as an emissary of insurrection, nor as a flatterer of oppression, but as a "freeman whom the truth makes free," qualified by what he has heard at home to look through all exterior polish to the real inward working of the evil. We have been sadly amused sometimes, in witnessing the rapid conversion of Northern visitors at the South, to an approval of the system whose actual operation they supposed themselves to understand. A brief experience of Southern hospitality, a few pleasant rides to some of the best-managed plantations, a few specimens of the noisy mirth which characterizes the undeveloped mind, and the grateful and delighted guest is prepared to defend the cause of slavery against all opponents. He thinks not of the treatment exercised over their dependents by the class of masters whom he has not seen, but whose existence he cannot deny without assuming that selfishness and want of feeling are qualities exclusively Northern; still less does he think of the mental deprivations and moral debasement of those who, with the stature and passions of men, are kept in an unnatural state of childhood; he thinks not of the marriage tie never recognized as legally binding, but reversed either at the caprice of the parties or at the will of the master. Such shallow observers notice not the reflective working of the institution, consider not that in a slave country a system of public schools is impossible, nor understand why South Carolina, with every advantage of climate, is less prosperous than her hardier sisters.

But we are wandering far from the book whose lessons

to us as Americans we have tried to trace. We cannot claim to have done justice to them all. Those which we have marked are merely such as all history confirms. Beyond the rest, the value of national union, the ruinous effects of discord, are witnessed to us by the annals of every confederacy, from the theocracy of Israel to the republics of Spanish America. God grant that the fate of our country may not add another fearful warning to the list!

S. G. B.

Art. IV. — LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SYLVESTER JUDD.*

Sylvester Judd, the author of "Margaret," "Philo," and "Richard Edney," was born in Westhampton, one of the smallest and most interesting towns in this State, July 23, 1813. Prompted by a yearning for knowledge and by a most devout religious temper, he worked his way into and through Yale College, with the idea that he should become an Orthodox minister. But in his college life, and immediately afterwards, the cruelty and "dishonor" of the Calvinistic scheme forced themselves upon his attention, so as to bring him years of mental agony. His devout love of God, his consciousness that he had always loved him, and that God also loved him, made him a Unitarian; and, setting aside all his older wishes, he entered the Unitarian ministry. As soon as his theological course was finished he was settled at Augusta, Maine. Here he showed himself a most efficient philanthropist, a practical, working minister, and gradually achieved, at the same time, a much wider reputation, as the author who has best understood the New England character and best portrayed it in its nice details. He did this in books which will long be very invaluable parts of the discipline of New England's young men and women. And at Augusta he died, before he was forty years old, — at the very beginning, as he had

* *Life and Character of the Rev. Sylvester Judd.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1854. pp. 531.

fancied, of a course of high usefulness, of a life which seemed essential to the Church, and just as his influence was beginning to spread beyond the circle of his own parish and home.

It will prove, of course, as it always does, that he had not accounted rightly, in supposing that he was to exert such power by the spoken word, or by his living presence. It will prove, that, after his death, the good deeds he did will live after, him and that his service here will continue, while he is engaged also in the higher service of heaven. The book now before us will be the means of extending that influence. Like the Life of Arnold, or of Mrs. Ware, it will carry to many a home and heart a better knowledge of the man, and of the deepest wishes of his soul, than any casual interview could have done, — than any single sermon, or even than any book, which he could have written, less complete than this self-written record of his life. It is not a book for those only who have the same struggle to go through as his, when he renounced Orthodoxy. It is not for those only who have gone through that struggle, and rejoice in such sympathy. The story of such a life, uneventful without, but all crowded with events within, is a narrative to be read by every one who needs to rest more trustfully on God, or to consecrate himself more completely to his service.

From a collection of letters and journals unusually large, and still more unusually simple and true, a near relative, Miss Hall, has compiled an admirable autobiography. She knew him — it is very clear — wonderfully well. She knew his growth, his changes, and the great plans and hopes of his life. From his boyhood she had corresponded with him, and in his mature life must have been often with him in close personal confidence. We may say, also, that she has before now shown, in her modest publications on Education, a spirit in sympathy with some of his deepest wishes. In this book, she is certainly a very successful interpreter of whatever needs explanation in the letters, journals, or more elaborate essays from which she draws her materials.

In the limited space to which we must confine ourselves, we have no opportunity to give any account of the young life of the boy and college student, who in the atmosphere of a devout orthodox family, of "*Hopkins*"

Academy, and of Yale College, was preparing, without knowing it, to be a pillar of the Unitarian Church. It is not till after he has left college, that the uneasiness and distress which had crept into his religious life find relief, in his abandonment of the theology from whose inconsistencies they were born. No easy relief was this either. It involved the fear of wounding, to the very soul, father, mother, and all friends. And the announcement of his abandonment of the creed to which he was born is made in a long letter written to these dear ones at home. Most natural is this form of announcement. It shows the spirit of the man, — who all his life long plead for and prayed for the religion of home, — who used to say, "that it is a greater sin to neglect the family than to neglect the Church," — while no man lived who loved the Church more. This paper he styled "A Writing of the Heart," calling it, in language which did not seem strange to those for whom it was meant, a "Cardiagraphy." From this remarable paper — which will not be lost sight of in the literature of the world's real theology — we extract the following passage: —

"Unbiased man, in his active emotions, must love the lovely, and hate the hateful; or love the hateful, and hate the lovely.

"Look into your own hearts, my friends, and tell me, do you find there dark despair, malignant hatred, insatiable envy, bitter cursings? There can be no half-way course. Whenever your feelings have been enlisted, it was either to love or to hate. Do you say that you loved the mercy, and hated the justice, of God? You may have feared punishment; but to fear punishment, and to hate God, are two very different things. Besides, if you had really felt that you deserved punishment, you would not hate God for punishing you. If you really felt that you did not deserve punishment, you could not have feared that you would have been punished. And more, if you had contemplated his character calmly and fully, you must have realized, that, if he was just to punish, he was as merciful to forgive; and even more so, from the fact that he still continued to you the means of grace. How could you, then, have hated him? Do you say that you still continued in sins, and therefore hated God? You were either happy in your sins, or you were not. If you were, you could not have hated God; for no man can be exercising feelings of hatred towards God, and at the same time he happy in anything. If you were not, if your sins were a loathing to you, you were in the very state to receive pardon from God; and how could you

then have hated him? If you were thoughtless about God, I have nothing to say. For the man who never thinks of God knows not whether he hates or loves him. But you say you spontaneously hated God. Back again upon all the horrors of original sin! Is it true that man's nature, *before actual sin*, is adapted to hate his God? Alas! alas! What infatuation possesses the human mind! How has man mistaken himself! How has he mistaken his God! O delusion, doubly damned, that causes our creed to give the lie to our consciousness, and makes the soul dig in *itself* its hell, and then lie down in its own suffering!

"But I turn from this gloomy prospect. I would escape from these dark ages of a deceived and deceiving theology. Truth and Love, twin angels of a better dispensation, are calling me away to their own bright home. 'God made man in his own image.' This declaration is reaffirmed by Daniel, Solomon, St. Paul, and St. James. The last says, 'Men are made after the similitude of God.' To discredit our Bibles is to deny our God. To be ignorant of ourselves is to enter upon the broad way of all error and all delusion. To know ourselves, and not act according to our natures, is supreme folly and unhappiness. To know ourselves, and yet willingly debase our natures, is rebellion against our Maker, and justly exposes us to his wrath. God has made us, and not we ourselves; and to speak freely of ourselves implies neither presumption, self-conceit, nor pride." — pp. 90 – 92.

It is delightful to know that this affectionate confession of faith, which seemed, perhaps, confession of heresy, was most kindly received by those for whom he wrote it. He had, before this, had the manliness to keep his life untrammelled, by rejecting a proposal which seemed tempting to these friends. The high reputation he had borne as a student, and, still more, as a religious man, at college, had earned for him, as soon as he graduated, an invitation to become Professor at Miami College. The position itself — if such positions were what their name imports — would have been most satisfactory. But he knew that, to accept it, would be to pledge himself to a restriction of opinion. For that reason he declined it. Without knowing that he was a Unitarian, — only knowing that, wherever he was, he must live free to form his own opinions, — he writes, "Feeling thus and thinking thus, you see that I could not become connected with an Old School Presbyterian College in Ohio."

So is it that our "literary institutions," our "semina-

ries of learning," lose the ornaments of our literature, — lose our best teachers, — lose our most godly men.

The Memoir shows, in a very interesting way, how his life developed itself more completely than it had ever done before, at Augusta, and formed its real culture in the surroundings of his happy home. In the Divinity School at Cambridge he was hard at work, — and in a more satisfactory way than ever before. But in its essence, his character was pre-eminently practical. The critics who called him "odd" or "transcendental," because he chose to drag in sometimes a forgotten word from Chaucer, did not know that the man himself was all awake to everything which could help the training of the daily life of the great mass of men. This characteristic, we infer from his letter, did not find its full nourishment in the Theological School. It was at home, and at work in the activity of Augusta, — a city which was just creating its giant water-power, just organizing its municipal government, just introducing the factory system, just developing its quarries of granite, when this reserved student of flowers and trees and birds and clouds and snow-storms was ordained as the minister of one of its churches. It proved just the place for him; and he, we should suppose, just the man for it. We well remember an account we have heard of his interview with some of our young men, not long out of college, soon after his settlement there. They were, perhaps, a little perplexed, in their first aspirations for life devoted to the Christian ministry, to find in our latitude, possibly in these pages, much discussion about the constitutions of councils, the organization of the Boston Association, and the principles involved in ministerial exchanges, as if these were the most important features of ministerial duty and life. They had not yet seen, as they ought to have seen, that all this talk was only straw floating, — and that, hidden deep beneath it, was, in fact, purpose as earnest, and devotion as sincere, as carries men to the heathen or to the stake. Tired of it, perplexed with it, this party of them met the young minister of Augusta. And the zeal with which he was at work there, — watching buildings, dams, quarries, machine-shops, and preparations for spinning, — deep in the study of factory life, before its detail was arranged in the place he loved, — a practical shepherd of the people,

as well as a practical poet dealing in wild-flowers, in evergreens, and the vines which should overshadow his parsonage, — all this zeal, as we have heard the story, was the revelation to them of what they had waited for, a Christian minister of the nineteenth century; and it sent these boys home better able to find the same purpose and effect among men and arrangements which they had not so well understood before.

Of this parish life the Memoir gives charming illustrations.

"Nothing in the progress of the local interests of the town escaped his attention. The costly experiment of its dam for facilitating various mechanical operations, its factories, its foundries, its ship-building, and all sorts of machinery, received his careful notice. And when Augusta assumed the attitude of a city, he deemed the event of sufficient importance and seriousness to demand a sermon upon the regulations requisite for promoting the physical and moral welfare of cities, — in the provision for an abundance of wholesome air, for the free inflowing of the light of heaven, for the bordering of streets with trees, the affording of ample space for gardens, and the securing of large, well-laid-out parks, where something of nature's sweet influences might be enjoyed by those whose means limit them to the confines of the city.

"Improvements in house-building, as to taste, economy, and convenience, he sought to promote. He was thankful for Downing's contributions to this purpose, and was one among the many who mourned his untimely loss as that of a beloved benefactor. His own pleasing cottage, the first of an improved style of building in the town, gave an impetus to ornamental architecture, which quite changed the appearance of its neighborhood. He studied carefully and philosophically the best principles on which to construct hot-air furnaces. He took great pains to obtain for himself, and to recommend to his neighbors, improved kinds of apples and other fruits, and garden vegetables." — pp. 328, 329.

His zeal for innocent recreations appears in all his books. In his parish life, and his efforts in Augusta, are his experiments in that most difficult problem.

"He traced the course of intemperance in New England, in a large degree, to the fact that our worthy Puritan fathers *made no provision for the recreative wants of the people.* 'The Puritans,' he says, 'shocked by the profane recreation in England, instituted nothing in its place. They practised no sports themselves; they offered none to their children. To establish a

system of recreation that would be at once satisfying and pure, enlivening and innocent, seems never to have entered their minds. They studiously refrained in their own persons from all kinds of agreeable diversion. Yet perhaps there never was a people in the world who stood in greater need of recreation than the Puritan colonists; none upon whom the cares of life pressed so heavily. But recreation in some sort, man will have; the laws of nature could not turn aside for Puritanism; the necessities which God has implanted in our constitution could not be satisfied by the sternness of these Anti-Jacobites; they were not stifled, they took a new turn, they broke out somewhere else. Our fathers, having discarded everything else, *betook themselves for recreation to the cup.* Denying themselves what was healthful and innocent, they made ample amends in what was ruinous and criminal. Here, then, we have laid bare one great secret of New England intemperance. Our fathers had no dances, no bowling-alleys, no sleigh-rides, no games of goose or backgammon, no promenades, no systematic holidays, no musical entertainments, no literary or scientific amusements, no pleasures of art, no ladies' fairs, no tea-parties, no Sunday-school celebrations, no rural festivals; they never went to Niagara; Saratoga was unknown; their labors were arduous, their cares incessant; and their only recreation consisted in the use of intoxicating drinks. Ministers, who denounced sports, drank rum; magistrates, who inflicted penalties for light conduct, drank rum; parents, who whipped their children for playing Saturday nights, drank rum. To take a glass of liquor was a cheap, summary, expeditious, unobtrusive way of self-recreation; it gave offence to no one, it answered the demands of nature, it imparted a glow to the spirits, it relieved the sense of burden and fatigue, and lubricated all the joints of action; its ulterior effects were not anticipated; and those people seemed to themselves to have accomplished all recreative ends, when they had satisfactorily drank. Rum thus became the recreative element to our ancestors. If a man was tired, he drank rum; if he was disappointed, he drank rum; if he required excitement, he drank rum; the elders drank when they prayed, the minister when he preached. Rum sustained the patriotism of the soldier and the fatigue of the ploughman; it kindled alike the flames of devotion and the fires of revelry.

"'Thus, as I conceive, were laid the foundations for that enormous extension of intemperance which our own times have witnessed, and we have been called so often to lament.'" — pp. 315 - 317.

We were disposed to quarrel with the author's plan in separating her view of his "Domestic Relations" from the other chapters of the book. For his family life is all

interwoven with the rest of his life. In all "The Birthright Church," one sees that he has been studying his own children; — as we may imagine a great master to crowd his picture of the Ascension with angel faces painted from the little ones of his own fireside. But as the reader passes from chapter to chapter here he finds this Home-Life through the whole book, — and the thirteenth chapter, to which is given this title, "Domestic Relations," does but unite a series of memoranda, which it would have been too bad to lose. Does not the character of the man peep out from his letters to his little ones even more than from his printed discourses, or "Lectures on the Beautiful"?

"*Belfast, Aug.* 3, 1852.

"My dear Children, — I arrived here after a ride of ten hours. I saw bunch-berries and raspberries upon the road. Mr. P., at whose house I am staying, has four nice children.

"You will love one another, and not contradict, or dispute, or lay your hands quick on each other. Feed the hens twice a day, and water them once. Do not trouble Laura [the servant]; help her all you can. Show Uncle H——i where you keep the matches. You must do what Aunt A. bids you. Look after that chicken of 'Norma's.' Say your Pater-noster with Laura and Aunt A. every morning.

"With great love, and God to bless you, I am your loving father." — pp. 503, 504.

Beneath every form of his exertion in a most energetic life, there runs the self-devotion and the love of Christ which marked the boy just entering college. In his College Journal there is an eager "consecration" of himself to Christ. Many a boy has written some such outburst, but the whole evidence of this book, in sadness or laughter or restlessness or work, shows that the spirit of this "consecration" lived in him persistently, — that he did not often need to renew those vows, — and that they found wider and wider fields of exercise as his mind expanded and his vision grew more clear. The list of titles given to his parish sermons shows how his allegiance to the Saviour found utterance.

"The theme most predominant was Christ, on whom he delighted to dwell in every phase of his character and relation to us. The following are some of these themes: 'The indwelling Christ; Christ to the believer; The remembrance of Christ; Christ the light of the world; Christ's sympathy with his people;

Christ's changing us into his image; Christ passing through the veil; The moral beauty of Christ; Spiritual coming of Christ; Christ the inspiration of Scripture; Christ the hope of the world; Christ the resurrection and the life; Christ our righteousness; Faith in Christ; Christ the rock; Christ the vine; Christ and the scholar; Christ the way, the truth, and the life; Cross of Christ; Christ a mediator; Coming to Christ; Christ and nature.'" — p. 287.

And in his public discussions at our conventions or at reform meetings he anchored to that rock, — and let every one know he did, — before on any side he brought his artillery to bear. Of peace, of temperance, of liberty, of Christian missions, of education, of free social intercourse, he was preaching, lecturing, writing, in season and out of season; — and, on every such theme, the moment he got home to his central thought, it was "thus would Christ do," or "thus would Christ say." In the midst of a little tempest about a lecture of his on War, he felt that he had said all that was needed in these words: "He believes that, if Christ himself were now on the earth, he would never, for any pretext, reason, or motive whatever, engage in war."

In speaking lately of "The Birthright Church," a volume of his sermons published after his death, we attempted to warn the reader against supposing that his whole life was a "variation" composed on that one theme; and to show that these discourses were the expressions, by the way, of a Christian workingman, who found in some ecclesiastical traditions hindrance in the immense work of the evangelizing of the world. This Memoir makes any such warning in the future completely unnecessary. It refutes also, in the most unconscious way, the impression, often sincerely entertained, that the Unitarian's faith is mostly a negative affair. Positive on every side was Mr. Judd's "Unitarianism." So real and energetic was his Unitarian theology, that he even loved the cumbrous name "Unitarian," which comes to us from the Latin of honored Polish martyrs. He would ring pleasant changes from its syllables, and compel the word itself to show how one God, a God of love, is in heaven and earth, and in the heart of man; how impossible it is that God's child shall be born hating God; or that God's word should teach a lesson of mis-

ery, and God's Son a lesson of redemption, while God is One.

"The doctrines of Unitarianism," he says, "what are they not? Whatever Christ taught, whatever prophet has uttered or martyr died for; whatever truth God from creation has been pouring, from the bright urn of central reality, over the realms of nature, or into the recesses of the soul, — these are its doctrines.

"Unitarianism expresses a great idea, the greatest and profoundest of theological ideas. If there be those who see in it nothing but sectarian partiality and narrowness, I am sorry; I do not. Considered as a name rejected by the multitude, and welcomed by the few, in that sense, perhaps, it is sectarian. But, considered as the name for God's everlasting truth, it is not sectarian. It expresses the highest truth of God, the universe, man.

"But what do I mean by Unitarianism? In what sense do I use the word? In its plain, natural, and strict sense; as expressive of the great unity that God is, that all things are in God; as expressive of this fact, that above the heavens and beneath the foundations of the earth, and through all space and time, God is, God sole and invisible; that Christ is no part of God or person of the Godhead, but is included in the circumference of the Unity of God. Before there was any Bible or any Adam, or any Christ, God was, one and indivisible; and out of this oneness or Unitarianism of God came the earth and its beauty, Adam and his fleshy nature, Christ and his spiritual nature, man and his immortal nature.

"I mean, then, by the term Unitarianism, that which expresses the spirit in which the Bible was conceived, and the only true method of its interpretation. I mean by it the unity, the harmony of God and man, time and eternity, religion and life, religion and recreation, religion and reason, religion and nature; the unity, the harmony of man and man, nation and nation, things angelic and things terrestrial; or, in the language of the apostle, all things in God.

"I believe that Christ came on this atoning, unifying, unitarianizing errand, to reconcile or make us all at one with God.

"I believe that sin is a departure from God, a breach in the unity that should subsist between the soul and God.

"I believe, that, in proportion as a man becomes, in the highest sense of the word, unitarianized, divinely unitarianized; in proportion as he enters into this harmony, and becomes at one with God; in proportion as he accepts the doctrine and realizes the power of the great Unity, he ceases to sin.

"I believe, furthermore, that the corruptions, errors, wrongs, and woes of the Christian Church were owing to the loss of its original Unitarianism.

"There is the unity of the Church. I yearn for it, I pray for it. I long to be united to my Methodist brother, and my Episcopal brother, and my Baptist brother, and my Calvinist brother, — my Trinitarian brother, of every name and sort.

"In the unity of God, the unity that Christ prayed for, in the unity that really subsists between all goodness, I feel that I can be, I feel that I ought to be. Heaven speed the time when I shall be! . . . .

"Standing on the eminence I now do, I seem to see the narrow horizon of our mortality extending away, and merging in the horizon of immortality. I seem to see, travelling up this steep of the Divine Unity, myriads of the human race, on their way to the seats of eternal blessedness, growing out of this unity of heaven and earth; I seem to see heaven encompassing earth, and seeking to irradiate our pilgrimage, and to breathe into our imperfect life some of its own loveliness and beauty.

"Clouds lower, and tempest falls, and darkness gathers; but God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever: his unitary love and goodness continue on, and by and by it will shine out as the sun. . . . .

"Our circle is wide. It includes all good men and women under heaven; it loves all whom God loves; it sends all good men to heaven, without regard to their speculative notions.

"We, as Unitarians, as liberal Christians, stand in the very centre around which, here on the earth, the great circle of the communion of saints must of necessity sweep; we are most peculiarly in the heart of the current of the Holy Spirit, along which, if I may so say, God is borne, and Christ, and the holy angels, and all the spirits of the just." — pp. 280 - 283.

We have no room to continue these extracts from a book which will prove invaluable. We leave them with the mortifying consciousness that they are so disjointed and few, as to show neither the book nor the man. But this is no great matter. The book will find its way into so many lives, it will soothe so much distress, it will set clear so many doubts, that we are more than ever reconciled to the loss of his unwritten books, — of which he loved to speak to his friends, and for which he was always preparing.

For, in fact, his plans of literary effort extended over everything. He was modest as to his own powers, and yet, if he could persuade no one else to write what he wanted written, he would attempt it himself, or at least lay out some plan for it in future. And he wrote always, — not to gratify any pride of authorship, but to meet what

seemed to him the necessity of the case, — because the book must be written. The enthusiasm with which "Margaret" was received by critics seeking for a real piece of "American literature," did not interest him or gratify him nearly so far as the response it has won from those who had been wandering in the dark like Margaret, and were glad of her finger to help them to the light. The newspaper critics wondered what he wrote "Richard Edney" for. He did not write it for them. He did not write it for reputation. He wrote it for country boys who have occasion to go to seek their living in large towns. It was just like him, that he wrote to his publishers to have part of the edition bound in "red cambric," that it might work its way, in cheap auction-rooms, into the hands of those for whom he made it. Certain people were troubled about "Philo," for fear it compromised his reputation. He did not care whether it did or not. They were worried because it was arranged on the machinery of Festus and Faust. Of course it was. But it was written, not to make a reputation, and with great indifference as to machinery, to show what is meant by "the second coming of Christ"; and we venture the suggestion, that any course of criticism on that subject is incomplete without a reference to this book, as a monograph upon it. With just the same spirit, he had in his mind a course of books for children, which he was anxious to write and publish, because he thought there was need of them. He had a dream of some day making out a sketch from the history of the Arians; convinced as he was that history would show that in the reign of the Arian emperors and Spanish kings civilization regularly advanced, — to fall back when they were driven from power. At one of our conventions he had just started on a speech full of interest, which was turning on this theme, when he was cut short by a suggestion that it was almost time for *dinner!* How bitterly mortified he seemed, as he walked home, that he should have intruded on so essential a duty! No plan was too wide for his industry to aim at. And when he went to work, the aim of his work was simply that of which we speak, — the real desire to bring light to the world, if it would only choose to read.

It happened, therefore, that the frameworks of his

books were quaint, unartistic, and wholly different from anything people were used to. They were all in some sense contributions to his own biography, the direct results or pictures of his own life. And it proved that his experience as a man was often so confounded with his projects as an author, that the careless reader pushed the book by as a "strange thing," of which he "could make nothing"; and, because careless, lost in this way the very influence which the author hoped to convey.

In this biography, — now that his unconsciously written papers speak to show us his life, with no story but his woven in, — there is no such difficulty. The boy's cumbrous, stilted letters, — the college student's journals and essays, — the minister's sermons, and the father's and husband's home, — all come before us here to give the picture, scarcely veiled at all, of a life on fire with the love of Christ and of God. We will not trust ourselves to speak of the value of such a picture, should it reach only two or three lives. We believe it is destined to have an influence far wider. Here is another, who, being dead, yet speaks to us. And the lesson is a simple lesson, unadorned, and therefore not blunted, of personal consecration to the Christian service of God.

E. E. H.

ART. V. — CURTIS'S HISTORY OF THE CONSTITUTION.*

IT is well known that Mr. Webster designed to write the History of the Organization of the General Government and the Administration of President Washington. To its preparation he had hoped to devote his declining years, when he should finally withdraw from the cares and duties of public life to the cherished solitudes of Marshfield. But the leisure for the accomplishment of this hope never came. His last sickness found him still engaged in the active service of his country, — still bending

* *History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. In two volumes. Volume I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 8vo. pp. xxxvi. and 518.

the unconquerable energies of his imperial intellect to the solution of great questions of international policy, or the more momentous questions arising under our domestic relations. Such a work as he proposed would have been a priceless legacy to all future generations. In it would have been garnered up the mature results of that far-sighted wisdom, and that profound acquaintance with the true principles of political science, which made him the greatest statesman of modern times. Its narrative would have been everywhere marked by that intimate and thorough knowledge of the secret history of the period, which he possessed in larger measure than any of his contemporaries. Its disquisitions would have been rich with the experience of forty years dedicated to the study of the Constitution in its practical working. Over the whole that spirit of wise and liberal conservatism would have presided which was the crowning glory of his character as an American statesman. His death added another name to the list of those great statesmen who have vainly hoped to write the history of their country. Neither Mr. Fox nor Sir James Mackintosh lived to complete the historical works that engaged their last years. Nor did Mr. Burke's Abridgment even reach the period regarded by Mr. Hallam as the commencement of the constitutional history of England.

Many years since, Mr. Curtis also formed the plan of a work on the origin and establishment of the Constitution, and embracing a part of the period covered by Mr. Webster's proposed History. This plan was submitted to that great man in the last year of his life, and met his warm approval, though no portion of the work itself was ever seen by him. "Being with him alone," says Mr. Curtis, "on an occasion when his physician, after a long consultation, had just left him, he said to me, with an earnestness and solemnity that can never be described or forgotten: '*You* have a future; *I* have none. You are writing a History of the Constitution. *You* will write that work; *I* shall not. Go on, by all means, and you shall have every aid I can give you.'"* His death within a month after this conversation prevented that invaluable aid from being given. But under the sanction of his

* Preface, pp. vii., viii.

great name, and in the full knowledge of those broad and deep principles which guided his political career, Mr. Curtis has applied himself to the important work before him. The first volume of the History thus planned and executed comprises the Constitutional History of the United States, from the Commencement of the Revolution to the Federal Convention of 1787, and fully justifies the high expectation formed of it. The second volume, to be published hereafter, will be devoted to the actual formation of the Constitution.

The theme is a noble one. It has that unity of interest and that dignity in its various details which are essential to the composition of an historical work of the highest order. The narrow limits of time covered by it, the transcendent importance of the events included under it, and the wisdom and virtue of the men who took part in those events, all conspire to render it peculiarly adapted to the purposes of an historian. The creation of a government is the grandest work that can be undertaken by man in his social capacity. But when we consider the difficulties and the dangers — more formidable than Scylla and Charybdis — which beset the framers of our Constitution at every step, and when we contemplate the tremendous results that have flowed from their labors, — when we compare the feebleness and imbecility of the old Confederation with the strength and political importance of the Union as it now is, — the grandeur of the work accomplished in the formation of the Constitution becomes still more clearly apparent. Nothing ever attempted by man in the exercise of his highest intellectual powers approaches it in dignity or importance, — in the harmonious balance of conflicting agencies, and the successful working of all its parts. The constitution of England has been the slow and painful product of many ages of fierce struggle and of alternate victory and defeat. The constitutions which France has vainly essayed to establish have all signally failed, and left scarcely a trace behind them. Nowhere else, either in ancient or modern times, has the experiment of free, constitutional government been successfully attempted on a scale of equal magnitude.

In the preparation of his History, Mr. Curtis has neglected none of the advantages his subject offers to a phil-

osophical historian. He has bestowed upon it long and careful research. He has thoroughly mastered it in all its parts and relations, and under all its various aspects. His style is grave, dignified, and impartial in its tone. His narrative is full, clear, and minute. His disquisitions are sound, weighty, and carefully considered; and his characters of the prominent actors are singularly happy and discriminating. It is, however, in the broad sweep of his generalizations, and in his luminous arrangement, that his chief merit as an historian lies. In both of these respects, and in his general impartiality, he is unsurpassed by any of our historians. In his History there is no disproportion between the different parts, but every fact and argument stands in its true place and under its appropriate relations. The whole volume has a clearness and precision of statement and a polished vigor of language which leave little or nothing to be desired. Such further observations as we design to make on his distinctive merits as an historian will naturally occur in the course of the following remarks.

Mr. Curtis has divided his first volume into three books of different length, severally tracing the Constitutional History of the United States to the Adoption of the Articles of Confederation, to the Peace of 1783, and to the Federal Convention of 1787, and unfolding the causes and circumstances which rendered possible that consummate triumph of modern statesmanship and policy, the fusion of thirteen separate Colonies into one grand and powerful nationality. Previously to the Revolution, the Colonies had had few political relations with each other, and none of an intimate or extended character. "The sole instance," as Mr. Curtis observes, "in which a plan of union was publicly proposed and acted upon, before the Revolution, was in 1753 – 4, when the Board of Trade sent instructions to the Governor of New York to make a treaty with the Six Nations of Indians; and the other Colonies were also instructed to send commissioners to be present at the meeting, so that all the provinces might be comprised in one general treaty, to be made in the King's name." * In pursuance of these instructions a convention was held at Albany, at which a plan of union

* Page 8, note.

was proposed by Dr. Franklin, and adopted; but it met with no favor either from the Colonial Assemblies or in England, and was not carried into effect. Nor was the attempt revived until the meeting of the First Continental Congress, after a lapse of more than twenty years. Yet the Colonies had some bonds of common sympathy, feeble though they were, and some recollections of glorious triumphs and disastrous defeats in a common cause. Most of them had been settled by Englishmen. They had had a similar history and experience, and had sometimes joined in the same enterprises. Many persons were still living in the various Colonies, who had stood side by side in the French and Indian wars. Above all, they were engaged in a common resistance to arbitrary power. The oppressive acts of the British ministry did not, indeed, weigh upon all the Colonies with an equal pressure, but they still rested upon all. Taxation without representation was as grave an assault on the popular rights and liberties in Virginia and the Carolinas, as in New York or in Massachusetts.

This last circumstance speedily produced its natural result. They who were suffering a common oppression perceived that resistance, in order to be effective, should be united. The harsh lessons of adversity taught them that in union alone is strength; and to the common danger they resolved to oppose a common front. It is not, however, known with certainty who first suggested the plan of a general Congress as a means of effecting a greater unity of action on the part of the different Colonies. Nor is this an important question, though one of considerable interest; since it is probable that a scheme of such manifest expediency must have occurred to several persons at about the same time. The first step which gave an actual impulse to the idea was a recommendation from Virginia to the other Colonies to choose delegates to meet at Philadelphia, in September, 1774. Massachusetts was the first to respond to this recommendation; and her example was immediately followed by the other Colonies, except Georgia, which was not represented in the first Congress. This assembly met on the 5th of September, and adjourned on the 26th of October; but it did little more than pass a few declaratory acts, and prepare the way for a successor. Yet it

led to a firmer and more united opposition to the aggressive acts of the British ministry, and thus fulfilled the purpose for which it was held. Above all, it was the first stage in a series of measures and events culminating in the formation of the Federal Constitution. Henceforth the Colonies were no longer to be separated and divided. They were to have at least the semblance of a union, feeble and imperfect indeed, but still a union, with a common name and a common object.

On the 19th of the following April a skirmish occurred at Lexington between the British troops and a small party of militia; and the accounts of this conflict, which circulated with astonishing rapidity through all the Colonies, added fresh fuel to the popular enthusiasm, and rendered all classes still more determined in their resistance to the aggressions of the mother country. In the midst of the excitement thus kindled, Congress met at Philadelphia, and took immediate steps to prepare the country for the civil war that now seemed inevitable. One of its first acts was the creation of a national army, and the unanimous choice of George Washington as Commander-in-chief.* It next proceeded to issue bills of credit to the amount of two millions of dollars for the support of the army; established a Treasury Department; appointed a Postmaster-General; authorized post routes along the whole line of the Atlantic coast; and directed reprisals to be made upon the property of the inhabitants of Great Britain upon the high seas or between high and low water mark. It also recommended the arming and training of the militia in the various Colonies, and in several instances advised the people of particular Colonies to establish new governments; provided for the management of the Colonial relations with the Indians; and adopted other measures clearly establishing its character as a

* Mr. Curtis devotes several pages to an elaborate note on Washington's appointment as Commander-in-chief, in which he examines the conflicting statements of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. John Adams on the subject, with great thoroughness and ability, and, as we think, clearly establishes the fact, "that Washington was chosen Commander-in-chief for his unquestionable merits, and not as a compromise between sectional interests and local jealousies." The question is one of considerable interest and importance; but it is entirely aside from our present purpose, and we are compelled to leave it with this incidental reference.

revolutionary government.* In summing up the history of these different measures, Mr. Curtis offers some weighty and well-considered remarks on the general character of the legislation of this Congress, which we take pleasure in citing at length.

"It is apparent, therefore," he observes, "that, previously to the Declaration of Independence, the people of the several Colonies had established a national government of a revolutionary character, which undertook to act, and did act, in the name and with the general consent of the inhabitants of the country. This government was established by the union, in one body, of delegates representing the people of each Colony; who, after they had thus united for national purposes, proceeded, in their respective jurisdictions, by means of conventions and other temporary arrangements, to provide for their domestic concerns by the establishment of local governments, which should be the successors of that authority of the British crown which they had 'everywhere suppressed.' The fact that these local or state governments were not formed until a union of the people of the different Colonies for national purposes had already taken place, and until the national powers had authorized and recommended their establishment, is of great importance in the constitutional history of this country; for it shows that no Colony, acting separately for itself, dissolved its own allegiance to the British crown, but that this allegiance was dissolved by the supreme authority of the people of all the Colonies, acting through their general agent, the Congress, and not only declaring that the authority of Great Britain ought to be suppressed, but recommending that each Colony should supplant that authority by a local government, to be framed by and for the people of the Colony itself.

"The powers exercised by the Congress, before the Declaration of Independence, show, therefore, that its functions were those of a revolutionary government. It is a maxim of political science, that, when such a government has been instituted for the accomplishment of great purposes of public safety, its powers are limited only by the necessities of the case out of which they have arisen, and of the objects for which they were to be exercised. When the acts of such a government are acquiesced in by the people, they are presumed to have been ratified by the people. To the case of our Revolution, these prin-

* When this Congress first met, neither Rhode Island nor Georgia was represented, but delegates from both Colonies subsequently appeared, and took part in its proceedings.

ciples are strictly applicable, throughout. The Congress assumed, at once, the exercise of all the powers demanded by the public exigency, and their exercise of those powers was fully acquiesced in and confirmed by the people. It does not at all detract from the authoritative character of their acts, nor diminish the real powers of the Revolutionary Congress, that it was obliged to rely on local bodies for the execution of most of its orders, or that it couched many of those orders in the form of recommendations. They were complied with and executed, in point of fact, by the provincial-congresses, conventions, and local committees, to such an extent as fully to confirm the revolutionary powers of the Congress, as the guardians of the rights and liberties of the country. But we shall see, in the further progress of the history of the Congress, that while its powers remained entirely revolutionary, and were consequently coextensive with the great national objects to be accomplished, the want of the proper machinery of civil government and of independent agents of its own rendered it wholly incapable of wielding those powers successfully." — pp. 39 – 41.

All these measures tended surely and steadily to prepare the way for a far bolder and more important step, the Declaration of American Independence. The adoption and promulgation of this act, within a little more than a year after the meeting of Congress, imposed new duties and responsibilities on that body, severely trying its strength as a revolutionary government. To the discharge of these duties, however, it addressed itself with as much of promptitude and energy as was possible with its imperfect organization and the limited means at its command. On the 10th of June, 1776, the same day on which a committee was appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, another committee was also appointed "to prepare and digest the form of a Confederation to be entered into between these Colonies." This committee reported certain Articles of Confederation on the 12th of July, which were discussed at different times during that year and in the early part of the following year; but it was not until the 15th of November, 1777, that they were finally adopted, with some amendments. Nor were they ratified by all the States until March, 1781. In the mean time all the legislative and executive power of the United States was nominally vested in Congress, with the whole charge of maintaining the army and waging war with Great Britain. Yet even in these

last two respects its hands were fettered by the injudicious course of several of the States in regard to the enlistment of soldiers. Mr. Curtis has devoted considerable space to this part of our history, fully and ably illustrating the difficulties under which Congress labored in carrying on the war, and clearly exhibiting the inherent defects in the system, which rendered some change essential to a successful prosecution of the contest. A part of the remarks with which he concludes his review of this period may be quoted here, as exhibiting the actual weakness of the government with much clearness and precision.

"We are now approaching," he says, "the period when the American people began to perceive that something more was necessary to their safety and happiness than the formation of State governments; — when they found, or were about to find, that some digested system of national government was essential to the great objects for which they were contending; and that, for the formation of such a government, other arrangements than the varying instructions of different colonies or states to a body of delegates were indispensable. The previous illustrations, drawn from the civil and military history of the country, have been employed to show the character and operation of the revolutionary government, the end of which is drawing near. For we have seen that the great purpose of that government was to secure the independence of each of these separate communities or states from the crown of Great Britain; that it was instituted by political societies having no direct connection with each other except the bond of a common danger and a common object; and that it was formed by no other instrumentality, and possessed no other agency, than a single body of delegates assembled in a Congress. For certain great purposes, and in order to accomplish certain objects of common interest, a union of the people of the different States had indeed taken place, bringing them together to act through their representatives; but this union was now failing, from the want of definite powers; from the unwillingness of the people of the country to acquiesce in the exercise of the general revolutionary powers with which it was impliedly clothed; and from the want of suitable civil machinery. In truth, the revolutionary government was breaking down, through its inherent defects, and the peculiar infelicity of its situation. Above all, it was breaking down from the want of a civil executive to take the lead in assuming and exercising the powers implied from the great objects for which it was contending. Its legislative authority, although defined in no written instruments or public charters, was sufficient, under its implied general pow-

ers, to have enabled it to issue decrees, directing the execution, by its own agents, of all measures essential to the national safety. But this authority was never execised, partly because the States were unwilling to execute it, but chiefly because no executive agency existed to represent the continental power, and to enforce its decrees." — pp. 114 – 116.

Whilst the weakness of the national government was thus becoming daily more apparent, the different Colonies were engaged in forming State constitutions to supply the place of the charter and proprietary governments under which they had previously lived. Even before the Declaration of Independence, New Hampshire, South Carolina, and Virginia, acting under the special recommendation of Congress, proceeded to frame new governments. "The constitutions of the other States," says Mr. Curtis, "were formed under the general recommendation of the resolve of Congress of May 10th, 1776, addressed to all the Colonies, which contemplated the formation of permanent governments, and dissolved the allegiance of the people to the crown of Great Britain." * In framing these constitutions the Colonies had few difficulties to encounter compared with those which beset them when dealing with the more complicated interests of the whole country; and these difficulties were surmounted by the application of principles which they failed to extend to the solution of the far greater problem before them, though equally applicable to it. In all the Colonies the people had always enjoyed a large measure of liberty; and in some the existing frame of government was so well adapted to their needs, that little more was necessary than to conform its actual working to the theoretical change which made the popular will, instead of the pleasure of the crown, the ultimate source of all authority. Through their practical acquaintance with the operations of government, acquired in the colonial legislatures and the town meetings, they were able to construct State constitutions, providing for the exercise of all needful powers in the various departments of government. Few persons, however, as yet had cleared their minds of the prejudices growing out of local attachments and interests, and enlarged their thoughts to the study of

* Page 122, note.

national politics. It was not until time had shown the absolute necessity of a strong government, that a new race of statesmen, of far larger and more comprehensive views, was to arise and lay broad and deep the foundations of our civil liberty.

As we have already seen, several years elapsed between the adoption of the Articles of Confederation by Congress and their ratification by all the States. Eight of the States, indeed, ratified them in July, 1778; but the others withheld their assent, and it was not until March, 1781, that the measure was consummated by the acquiescence of Maryland. This delay is attributable to various causes, the chief of which was a claim to the exclusive possession by some of the States of large tracts of unoccupied land on the western borders of the Confederacy. Previously to the suppression of the British authority here, the title to these lands was vested in the crown; and it was contended by the States in which the crown property happened to lie, that by this act they had succeeded to the title. This plausible but unfounded claim was denied by the other States, who justly maintained that, inasmuch as these lands had been wrung from the crown by the common exertions of all the Colonies, they ought to be held by Congress as a common treasure, to be expended for the common benefit of all. "Reason and justice," said the Assembly of New Jersey, "must decide that the property which existed in the crown of Great Britain previous to the present Revolution ought now to belong to the Congress, in trust for the use and benefit of the United States. They have fought and bled for it, in proportion to their respective abilities, and therefore the reward ought not to be predilectionally distributed. Shall such States as are shut out by situation from availing themselves of the least advantage from this quarter be left to sink under an enormous debt, whilst others are enabled in a short period to replace all their expenditures from the hard earnings of the whole Confederacy?" For a time it seemed as though this difference of policy would prove fatal to the Confederacy. At length, however, New York, in a spirit of wise and generous concession, ceded to the United States a portion of her public lands for the common use and benefit of all the States; and encouraged by this liberal course, and

with the expectation that Virginia and the other States would follow her example, the Articles of Confederation were finally ratified by all the States and became the law of the land. Thus was consummated the first written constitution of the United States; and here our Constitutional History properly begins. The grandeur and importance of these concessions are well exhibited by our author in the following remarks which we quote entire. He says: —

"The historian who may, in any generation, record these noble acts of patriotism and concession, should pause and contemplate the magnitude of the event with which they were connected. He should pause, to render honor to the illustrious deeds of that great community, which first generously withdrew the impediment of its territorial claims; and to the no less gallant confidence of those smaller States, which trusted to the future for the final and complete removal of the inequality of which they complained. He should render honor to the State of New York, for the surrender of a territory to which she believed her legal title to be complete; a title which nothing but the paramount equity of the claims of the whole Confederacy ought to have overcome. That equity she acknowledged. She threw aside her charters and her title-deeds; she ceased to use the language of royal grants, and discarded the principle of succession. She came forth from among her parchments into the forum of conscience, in presence of the whole American people; and — recognizing the justice of their claim to territories gained by their common efforts — to secure the inestimable blessings of union, for their good and for her own, she submitted to the national will the determination of her western boundaries, and devoted to the national benefit her vast claims to unoccupied territories.

"Equal honor should be rendered to New Jersey, to Delaware, and to Maryland. The two former, without waiting for the action of a single State within whose reputed limits these public domains were situated, trusted wholly to a future sense of justice, and ratified the Union in the confidence that justice would be done. The latter waited; but only until she saw that the common enemy was encouraged, and that friends were disheartened, by her reserve. Seeing this, she hesitated no longer, but completed the Union of the States before Virginia had made the cession, which afterwards so nobly justified the confidence that had been placed in her.*

* "After the Confederation had thus been formed by subsequent cessions of their claims by the other States, to use the language of Mr. Justice Story, 'this great source of national dissension was at last dried up.'"

"The student of American constitutional history, therefore, cannot fail to see, that the adoption of the first written constitution was accomplished through great and magnanimous sacrifices. The very foundations of the structure of government since raised rest upon splendid concessions for the common weal, made, it is true, under the stern pressure of war, but made from the noblest motives of patriotism. These concessions evince the progress which the people of the United States were then making towards both a national character and a national feeling. They show that, while there were causes which tended to keep the States apart, — the formation of State constitutions, the conflicting interests growing out of the inequalities of these different communities, and the previous want of a national legislative power, — there were still other causes at work, which tended to draw together the apparently discordant elements, and to create a union in which should be bound together, as one nation, the populations which had hitherto known only institutions of a local character. The time was indeed not come, when these latter tendencies could entirely overcome the former. It was not until the trials of peace had tested the strength and efficiency of a system formed under the trials of war, — when another and a severer conflict between national and local interests was to shake the republic to its centre, — that a national government could be formed, adequate to all the exigencies of both. Still, the year 1781 saw the establishment of the Confederation, caused by the necessities of military defence against an invading enemy. But it was accomplished only through the sacrifice of great claims; and the fact that it was accomplished, and that it led the way to our present Constitution, proves at once the wisdom and the patriotism of those who labored for it." — pp. 137 – 140.

The Confederation thus formed, amidst great difficulties and by great concessions, possessed powers at once more accurately defined and more limited in extent than those which might be supposed to belong to the Revolutionary Congress. Unlike that body it owed its existence to the union of separate and independent States; and by the Articles of Confederation the separate sovereignty of each State was expressly declared and recognized. Naturally enough, the States were reluctant to part with any of the attributes of this newly acquired sovereignty, and they withheld from the Confederacy some of the most necessary powers. Yet it possessed many powers of the utmost importance to the general good; and by the exercise of them it was

enabled to bring the war to a successful termination. Congress alone could declare war and make peace; negotiate treaties and alliances; send and receive ambassadors; grant letters of marque and reprisal in time of peace; and establish admiralty courts. It had power also to settle all disputes between the several States; together with the exclusive right and power of regulating the value and alloy of all coins struck by its own authority or by that of the separate States; of fixing the standard of weights and measures; regulating trade with the Indians; establishing post-offices and collecting postage; appointing all officers of the army except regimental officers; and making rules for the government of the army and navy. Finally, it had authority to appoint a "Committee of the States," consisting of one member from each State, to sit during the recess for the purpose of carrying on the necessary operations of the Confederacy.

Such, in a few words, were the principal powers conferred on Congress by the Articles of Confederation. But they were accompanied by numerous qualifications and limitations which greatly weakened their efficiency; and by the sixth section of the ninth article the exercise of the most important of them was expressly forbidden "unless nine States assent to the same." In two respects, however, the Confederation was especially defective. The whole revenue of the country, in the first place, was left under the control of the individual States, and therefore always liable to be affected by unforeseen circumstances. In the second place, Congress had no power to enforce the execution of its own acts. These two defects were destined to prove fatal to the Articles of Confederation as a frame of government; and, as we shall presently see, it was to them that we owe the formation of our present Constitution. In the mean time the Confederation, both by its strength and its weakness, was preparing the way for a more perfect union, and opening the minds of many to the contemplation of a larger statesmanship than they had hitherto conceived.

Mr. Curtis has wisely divided the history of the Confederation into two periods, — the first covering about two years and extending to the close of the war, and the other comprising the eventful years that preceded

the formation of the Constitution. In the first of these it was to be tried as a war government, and its most obvious defects were those connected with the conduct of the war. These defects were especially felt in raising troops and providing for their pay, and in the feeble and vacillating legislation in regard to the half-pay of the officers. In truth, there is no sadder chapter in our history than that which deals with this subject. But its very sadness only the more forcibly illustrates the weakness of a Confederacy, which had not the power to be generous, or even just, towards those who had served their country with such singleness of devotion. In the whole management of the finances, however, the feebleness of the government was equally manifest. With an immense debt, it had no means of paying the annual interest but by borrowing, and all attempts to secure the co-operation of the States in the necessary measures for raising either a permanent or a temporary revenue failed. To one of these attempts, however, Mr. Curtis ascribes the preservation of "the imperfect Union that then existed from the destruction to which it was hastening." * Tried merely as a government designed for carrying on a war, the Confederation clearly showed that its powers were altogether inadequate to the energetic prosecution of hostilities.

But it was next to be tried in a severer ordeal. It was to be tried as a government for the management of the internal and external peace relations of the country. And here a signal failure awaited it, — a failure, indeed, that was not unforeseen by some of our most sagacious statesmen, and especially by Hamilton, whose marvellous acquaintance with political science, as Mr. Webster once observed, was exhibited at so early an age that we scarcely know when or where he obtained it. As early as 1780 he had fully comprehended the actual wants of the country, and recommended the adoption of measures to enlarge the powers of Congress; but the statesmen by whom he was surrounded had not yet risen to the same clear views, and his plan met with a temporary defeat.

"Convinced at length," says Mr. Curtis, "that no temporary expedients would meet the wants of the country, and that a rad-

* Page 188.

ical reform of its constitution could alone preserve the Union from dissolution, Hamilton surveyed the Confederation in all its parts, and determined to lay before the country its deep defects, with a view to the establishment of a government with proper departments and adequate powers. In this examination, he applied to the Confederation the approved maxims of free government, which had been made familiar in the formation of the State constitutions, and which point to the distinct separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial functions. The Confederation vested all these powers in a single body, and thus violated the principles on which the government of nearly every State in the Union was founded. It had no federal judicature, to take cognizance of matters of general concern, and especially of those in which foreign nations and their subjects were concerned; and thus national treaties, the national faith, and the public tranquillity were exposed to the conflict of local regulations against the powers vested in the Union. It gave to Congress the power of ascertaining and appropriating the sums necessary for the public expenses, but withheld all control over either the imposition or collection of the taxes by which they were to be raised, and thus made the inclinations, not the abilities, of the respective States, the criterion of their contributions to the common expenses of the Union. It authorized Congress to borrow money, or emit bills, on the credit of the United States, without the power of providing funds to secure the repayment of the money, or the redemption of the bills emitted.

"It made no proper or competent provision for interior and exterior defence; for interior defence, because it allowed the individual States to appoint all regimental officers of the land forces, and to raise the men in their own way, while at the same time an ambiguity rendered it uncertain whether the defence of the country in time of peace was not left to the particular States, both by sea and land; — for exterior defence, because it authorized Congress to build and equip a navy, without providing any compulsory means of manning it.

"It failed to vest in the United States a general superintendence of trade, equally necessary both with a view to revenue and regulation.

"It required the assent of nine States in Congress to matters of political importance, and of seven to all others except adjournments from day to day, and thus subjected the sense of a majority of the people of the United States to that of a minority, by putting it in the power of a small combination to defeat the most necessary measures.

"Finally, it vested in the federal government the sole direction of the interests of the United States in their intercourse with

foreign nations, without empowering it to pass *all general laws* in aid and support of the laws of nations; thus exposing the faith, reputation, and peace of the country to the irregular action of the particular States.*

"Having thus fully analyzed for himself the nature of the existing constitution, Hamilton proposed to himself the undertaking of inducing Congress freely and frankly to inform the country of its imperfections, which made it impossible to conduct the public affairs with honor to themselves and advantage to the Union; and to recommend to the several States to appoint a convention with full powers to revise the Confederation, and to adopt and propose such alterations as might appear to be necessary, which should be finally approved or rejected by the States.†

"But he was surrounded by men, who were not equal to the great enterprise of guiding and enlightening public sentiment. He was in advance of the time, and far in advance of the men of the time. He experienced the fate of all statesmen, in the like position, whose ideas have had to wait the slow development of events, to bring them to the popular comprehension and assent. He saw that his plans could not be adopted; and he passed out of Congress to the pursuits of private life, recording upon them his convictions, that their public proposal would have failed for want of support. ‡" — pp. 221 – 224.

The period which intervened between the Peace and the adoption of the Constitution was the darkest in the whole history of this country. Every year was making more manifest the evils which Hamilton's keen vision had so clearly foreseen; and even now, after the lapse of two generations, we can scarcely contemplate the magnitude of the dangers that threatened the country without a shudder. Through extreme weakness we were to be made strong. With the close of the war the feeble bonds of sympathy arising from a united resistance to a common enemy had been still further weakened by the withdrawal of the greater part of the external pressure; and many persons who had heretofore labored for the good of the whole country narrowed their minds to the study of State politics, and satisfied themselves with promoting the petty interests of a single State. All their views, feelings, and prejudices became narrow and local; and in the pursuit of the limited objects of State policy they forgot or neglected the duties incumbent on them as cit-

* Life of Hamilton, II. 230 – 237. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

erty of citizens of New York, and by maintaining garrisons in the Western country. To the complaints of Mr. Adams, then Minister at the Court of St. James's, she replied by the unanswerable argument, that we did not perform our part of the Treaty, and that she was ready to fulfil her stipulations when we should show a determination to perform ours. Thus matters continued for several years, in an unsettled and dangerous state, and with no immediate prospect of settlement. The same want of a paramount authority in Congress was also felt in our relations with other European nations.

In the mean time, the occurrence of Shays's Rebellion, in Massachusetts, was illustrating the weakness of the general government in another way. At the close of the war nearly all the States were suffering under the pressure of heavy debts contracted in its prosecution, and trade and commerce were everywhere prostrated. In these respects the New England States, and especially Massachusetts, had borne their full share of suffering; and the difficulties under which they labored were aggravated by the presence of a numerous body of lawless and disaffected persons, who sought to improve their condition by the overthrow of all existing institutions. These persons were most numerous in Massachusetts, and here they finally broke out in rebellion against the State government. As early, indeed, as 1782, "a levelling, licentious spirit, a restless desire for change, and a disposition to throw down the barriers of private rights, broke forth in conventions, which first voted themselves to be the people, and then declared their proceedings to be constitutional. At these assemblies, the doctrine was publicly broached, that property ought to be common, because all had aided in saving it from confiscation by the power of England. Taxes were voted to be unnecessary burdens, the courts of justice to be intolerable grievances, and the legal profession a nuisance." * These persons, however, did not confine themselves to noisy and empty declamation, but collected in mobs around the court-houses, sought to intimidate the judges, and committed other acts of violence. Finally, in the autumn of 1786, they took arms to the number

* Page 269.

of about fifteen hundred men, under the command of Captain Daniel Shays, and for a time seriously threatened the safety of the State government. These disturbances formed the subject of discussion in Congress, and it was generally admitted that that body had no right under the Articles of Confederation to interfere in the contest. This decision was unquestionably correct, but it revealed a most important defect in the frame of government, and one that endangered the liberties and property of the whole people. It insured, however, the future adoption of that section in the Constitution, which provides that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence."* Thus, by availing themselves of all the lessons of a painful experience, were the framers of our Constitution enabled to perfect that wonderful instrument, with its manifold provisions of a far-sighted wisdom.

Another deficiency in the Articles of Confederation, which became obvious to every one at a very early period, was the absence of any authority for the regulation of commerce. Even as far back as 1778, and whilst the whole subject was still under discussion, the State of New Jersey had brought this matter to the notice of Congress, and ably represented the importance of granting to the new government the exclusive regulation of the foreign trade of the country. But the other States were not yet prepared to make this cession, and the management of the delicate questions connected with it was left partly with Congress and partly with the several States. No more fatal mistake could have been committed by the framers of the new compact; and the evils inseparable from such an arrangement speedily exhibited themselves in various forms. They were most seriously felt, however, in the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Great Britain. When the Coalition between Mr. Fox and Lord North took office in April, 1783, some progress had been made in the arrangement

* Art. IV. Sect. 4.

of a plan for the temporary regulation of the commercial intercourse between Great Britain and this country. But the change of ministers was followed by a change of policy. The new ministers not only refused their assent to Mr. Pitt's plan, but they also refused to enter into any commercial treaty. On the contrary, they determined "to deal with this country as a collection of rival States, with each of which they could make their own terms, after the pressure of their policy, and the impossibility of escaping from its effects, had begun to be felt. They accordingly began, by excluding from the British West Indies, under Orders in Council, the whole American marine, and by prohibiting fish, and many important articles of our produce, from being carried there, even in British vessels."* To this heavy blow upon our commercial interests, or to any more injurious measures which might succeed, Congress had no power under the existing frame of government to oppose any retaliatory legislation. An attempt was, indeed, made to procure from the State legislatures a grant of the necessary power to meet this emergency; but it failed through the irreconcilable conflict in the provisions of the different acts passed for this purpose.

In the government of the Northwestern Territory, also, Congress early felt the want of adequate and well-defined powers. This immense and fertile tract had been originally ceded to the United States upon certain specified conditions for its future use and government, and Congress had accepted the trust upon those conditions. In fact, within two months after the cession by Virginia of the principal part of this territory, — on the 23d of April, 1784, — Congress passed a resolve providing for the establishment of temporary and permanent governments by the settlers, and for the admission into the Union of such new States as might be formed in accordance with the provisions of the act. But the rapid growth of the Territory in population and importance rendered further legislation necessary, and on the 13th of July, 1787, Congress passed the famous Ordinance for the Government of the Northwestern Territory. Though in some respects transcending the powers actually

* Page 284.

vested in Congress, it abundantly fulfilled its design, and merits all the praise that has been bestowed on it as a masterpiece of human wisdom and foresight. The name of its framer, Nathan Dane of Beverly in Massachusetts, will never pass from the memory of men so long as a single State exists in all that broad region. But in another and scarcely less important act the general government was less fortunate. Immediately after the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain was promulgated, Spain notified the United States of her claim to the exclusive right of navigating the Mississippi River. In the negotiations with Spain which followed, this question formed a chief difficulty, and was more than once referred to Congress. In the first instance, Mr. Jay, at that time Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was instructed not to enter into any treaty yielding our claim to the free navigation of the Mississippi; but subsequently these instructions were rescinded, and early in the autumn of 1786 he agreed to an arrangement suspending, but not relinquishing, the right claimed by the United States. Early in the preceding summer, however, certain American property which had been carried down the Mississippi was seized by the Spanish authorities; and the report of this act, which rapidly spread through the West, kindled an intense popular excitement. This excitement was still further increased by the negotiations with Spain then progressing; and for a time it seemed as though we were on the brink of a rebellion which would sunder the Northwestern Territory from the Union. Fortunately, however, at this juncture the Convention of 1786 met at Annapolis, and adopted those measures which resulted in the assembling of the Federal Convention; and perceiving only too clearly that a large addition to the powers of the Confederation was needed, Congress determined to postpone for the present the further discussion of so difficult and complicated a question. Thus matters remained in abeyance until after the formation of the Constitution.

In the foregoing remarks and illustrations we have endeavored to exhibit as clearly and briefly as possible the chief defects in the Confederacy, and to show its entire inadequacy to the wants of the country, either in time of war or in time of peace. We have now reached a pe-

riod when all parties were rapidly becoming convinced of this fact, and were beginning to discuss the proper remedy for existing evils. The first important step in this direction, and towards enlarging the powers of the general government, was taken by the State of Massachusetts, which early in 1785 passed resolutions recommending a convention of delegates from all the States for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation, and of reporting to Congress what alterations were necessary in order to strengthen and perpetuate the Union. These resolutions were followed by no immediate result; but after considerable discussion of the subject, the legislature of Virginia, on the 21st of January, 1786, appointed eight commissioners to "meet such commissioners as may be appointed by the other States in the Union, at a time and place to be agreed on, to take into consideration the trade of the United States; to examine the relative situation and trade of the said States; to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interest and their permanent harmony; and to report to the several States such an act relative to this great object, as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States in Congress assembled effectually to provide for the same."* New York soon followed her example, and appointed delegates to attend the proposed Convention; and all but four of the States adopted the same course. But when the Convention met at Annapolis, in the following September, it was found that only four States were actually represented. Under these circumstances it was not deemed advisable to adopt any decisive measures; and after agreeing upon a report drawn up by Hamilton, the Convention adjourned. This report recommended a new Convention, to consider the situation of the country, and "to devise such further provisions as might appear to be necessary to render the Constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union," and was at first received with but little favor throughout the country. But gradually the opposition to it yielded; and its recommendations, with some changes, were acceded to by Congress, who, in the early part

* Page 345, note.

of 1787, resolved that it was expedient for a convention to be held in the city of Philadelphia, on the second Monday in May following, "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation, and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall, when agreed to in Congress and confirmed by the States, render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union." * In accordance with the terms of this resolve, the Convention met at Philadelphia, on the 14th of May, 1787, and, after choosing Washington as its President, entered at once upon the discharge of the difficult and delicate task assigned it.

At this point the narrative portion of Mr. Curtis's first volume closes; but to it he has added notices of several of the most distinguished members of the Convention. Among the statesmen thus commemorated are Washington, thrice happy in his fame as a warrior, a statesman, and a patriot; Hamilton, the most sagacious and far-sighted of all who took part in the formation of our Constitution; Madison, one of the most enlightened and practical of the great men whom Virginia has given to the service of the whole country; Franklin, the statesman, philosopher, and man of sterling sense; Gouverneur Morris, bold, energetic, and brilliant; Rufus King, the accomplished lawyer and diplomatist; and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, almost equally distinguished as a lawyer, a scholar, and a statesmen. One or two extracts must suffice to show how finely their characters are discriminated. Speaking of Hamilton, Mr. Curtis says: —

"His great characteristic was his profound insight into the principles of government. The sagacity with which he comprehended all systems, and the thorough knowledge he possessed of the working of all the freer institutions of ancient and modern times, united with a singular capacity to make the experience of the past bear on the actual state of society, rendered him one of the most useful statesmen that America has known. Whatever in the science of government had already been ascertained; whatever the civil condition of mankind in any age had made practicable or proved abortive; whatever experience had demon-

* Page 362, note.

strated; whatever the passions, the interests, or the wants of man had made inevitable, — he seemed to know intuitively. But he was no theorist. His powers were all eminently practical. He detected the vice of a theory instantly, and shattered it with a single blow.

"His knowledge, too, of the existing state of his own and of other countries, was not less remarkable than his knowledge of the past. He understood America as thoroughly as the wisest of his contemporaries, and he comprehended Europe more completely than any other man of that age upon this continent.*

"To these characteristics he added a clear logical power in statement, a vigorous reasoning, a perfect frankness and moral courage, and a lofty disdain of all the arts of a demagogue. His eloquence was distinguished for correctness of language and distinctness of utterance, as well as for grace and dignity.

"In theory, he leaned decidedly to the Constitution of England, as the best form of civil polity for the attainment of the great objects of government. But he was not, on that account, less a lover of liberty than those who favored more popular and democratic institutions. His writings will be searched in vain for any disregard of the natural rights of mankind, or any insensibility to the blessings of freedom. It was because be believed that these can be best secured by governments in which a change of rulers is not of frequent occurrence, that he had so high an estimate of the English Constitution. At the period of the Convention, he held that the chief want of this country was a government into which the element of a permanent tenure of office could be largely infused; and he read in the Convention — as an illustration of his views, but without pressing it — a plan by which the Executive and the Senate could hold their offices during good behavior. But the idea, which has sometimes been promulgated, that he desired the establishment of a monarchical government in this country, is without foundation. At no period of his life did he regard that experiment as either practicable or desirable.

"Hamilton's relation to the Constitution is peculiar. He had

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* "While these sheets are passing through the press, Mr. Ticknor writes to me as follows: 'One day in January, 1819, talking with Prince Talleyrand, in Paris, about his visit to America, he expressed the highest admiration of Mr. Hamilton, saying, among other things, that he had known nearly all the marked men of his time, but that he had never known one, on the whole, equal to him. I was much surprised and gratified with the remark; but still, feeling that, as an American, I was in some sort a party concerned by patriotism in the compliment, I answered with a little reserve, that the great military commanders and the great statesmen of Europe had dealt with larger masses and wider interests than he had. "Mais, Monsieur," the Prince instantly replied, "Hamilton avait *deviné* l'Europe."'"

less direct agency in framing its chief provisions than many of the other principal persons who sat in the Convention; and some of its provisions were not wholly acceptable to him when framed. But the history, which has been detailed in the previous chapters of this work, of the progress of federal ideas, and of the efforts to introduce and establish principles tending to consolidate the Union, has been largely occupied with the recital of his opinions, exertions, and prevalent influence. Beginning with the year 1780, when he was only three-and-twenty years of age, and when he sketched the outline of a national government strongly resembling the one which the Constitution long afterwards established; passing through the term of his service in Congress, when his admirable expositions of the revenue system, the commercial power, and the ratio of contribution, may justly be said to have saved the Union from dissolution; and coming down to the time when he did so much to bring about, first, the meeting at Annapolis, and then the general and final Convention of all the States; — the whole period is marked by his wisdom and filled with his power. He did more than any other public man of the time to lessen the force of State attachments, to create a national feeling, and to lead the public mind to a comprehension of the necessity for an efficient national sovereignty.

"Indeed, he was the first to perceive and to develop the idea of a real union of the people of the United States. To him, more than to any one else, is to be attributed the conviction that the people of the different States were competent to establish a general government by their own direct action; and that this mode of proceeding ought to be considered within the contemplation of the State legislatures, when they appointed delegates to a convention for the revision and amendment of the existing system.* " — pp. 410 – 413.

To this we have only room to add a short extract from our author's sketch of Madison. In speaking of this illustrious man, he says: —

"As a statesman, he is to be ranked, by a long interval, after Hamilton; but he was a man of eminent talent, always free from local prejudices, and sincerely studious of the welfare of the whole country. His perception of the principles essential to the continuance of the Union and to the safety and prosperity of the States, was accurate and clear. His studies had made him familiar with the examples of ancient and modern liberty, and he had carefully reflected upon the nature of the government neces-

* "See his first speech in the Convention, as reported by Mr. Madison."

sary to be established. He was one of the few persons who carried into the Convention a conviction that an amendment of the Articles of Confederation would not answer the exigencies of the time. He regarded an individual independence of the States as irreconcilable with an aggregate sovereignty of the whole, but admitted that a consolidation of the States into a simple republic was both impracticable and inexpedient. He sought, therefore, for some middle ground, which would at once support a due supremacy of the national authority, and leave the local authorities in force for their subordinate objects.

"For this purpose he conceived that a system of representation which would operate without the intervention of the States was indispensable; that the national government should be armed with a positive and complete authority in all cases where a uniformity of measures was necessary, as in matters of trade, and that it should have a negative upon the legislative acts of the States, as the crown of England had before the Revolution. He thought, also, that the national supremacy should be extended to the judiciary, and foresaw the necessity for national tribunals, in cases in which foreigners and citizens of different States might be concerned, and also for the exercise of the admiralty jurisdiction. He considered two branches of the legislature, with distinct origins, as indispensable; recognized the necessity for a national executive, and favored a council of revision of the laws, in which should be included the great ministerial officers of the government. He saw also, that, to give the new system its proper energy, it would be necessary to have it ratified by the authority of the people, and not merely by that of the legislatures.*

"Such was the outline of the project which he had formed before the assembling of the Convention. How far his views were modified by the discussions in which he took part will be seen hereafter. As a speaker in a deliberative assembly, the successive schools in which he had been trained had given him a habit of self-possession which placed all his resources at his command. 'Never wandering from his subject,' says Mr. Jefferson, 'into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely, in language pure, classical, and copious, soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression, he rose to the eminent station which he held in the great national Convention of 1787; and in that of Virginia which followed, he sustained the new Constitution in all its parts, bearing off the palm against the logic of George Mason and the fervid declamation of Mr. Henry. With these consummate powers were united a pure

* "Letter to Edmund Randolph, dated New York, April 8th, 1787."

and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully.' *

"Mr. Madison's greatest service in the national Convention consisted in the answers which he made to the objections of a want of power in that assembly to frame and propose a new constitution, and his paper on this subject in the Federalist is one of the ablest in the series." — pp. 428 – 430.

Here we must terminate for the present our review of the early constitutional history of this country, and of Mr. Curtis's admirable work upon it, but with the hope of resuming the subject at no distant day. In these remarks we have endeavored as briefly as possible to exhibit the causes and circumstances which led to a union of the thirteen Colonies before the establishment of a single State government, to trace the history of the Revolutionary Congress and of the Confederacy, with its feeble and inefficient powers, to its virtual fall, and to narrate the events which prepared the way for the formation of the Constitution. It had now become apparent that no merely federal compact was adequate to the wants of the country. It had become necessary for the people to ordain and establish a Constitution for the United States, "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." And now, to accomplish all this, that great doctrine of the paramount authority of the general government in all conflicts with State laws and regulations — under God, the strength and salvation of this Union — was to pass out of the region of abstract ideas into the domain of organized facts. Upon that rock was the Constitution to be founded, to stand as a beacon light to the ages, and to shed abroad its benign influences over the whole land. The more we meditate on the subject, the deeper becomes our admiration of that consummate work of human hands, and the more thoroughly are we persuaded that in the preservation of the Constitution as it is, and of the Union as it is, rests the last hope for free institutions on earth.

C. C. S.

* "Jefferson's Autobiography, Works, I. 41, edition of 1853."

ART. VI. — THE McLEAN ASYLUM, SOMERVILLE.

O HOUSE of Sorrows! How thy domes
Swell on the sight, but crowd the heart;
While pensive Fancy walks thy rooms,
And shrinking Memory minds me what thou art!

A rich, gay mansion once wert thou;
And he who built it chose its site
On that hill's proud but gentle brow,
For an abode of splendor and delight.

Years, pains, and cost have reared it high,
The stately pile we now survey;
Grander than ever to the eye; —
But all its fireside pleasures, — where are they?

A stranger might suppose the spot
Some seat of learning, shrine of thought; —
Ah! here alone Mind ripens not,
And nothing reasons, nothing can be taught.

Or he might deem thee a retreat
For the poor body's need and ail;
When sudden injuries stab and beat,
Or in slow waste its inward forces fail.

Ah, heavier hurts and wastes are here!
The ruling brain distempered lies.
When Mind flies reeling from its sphere,
Life, health, ay, mirth itself, are mockeries.

O House of Sorrows! Sorer shocks
Than can our frame or lot befall
Are hid behind thy jealous locks; —
Man's Thought an infant, and his Will a thrall.

The mental, moral, bodily parts,
So nicely separate, strangely blent,
Fly on each other in mad starts,
Or sink together, wildered all and spent.

The sick — but with fantastic dreams!
The sick — but from their uncontrol!
Poor, poor humanity! What themes
Of grief and wonder for the musing soul!

Friends have I seen from free, bright life
Into thy drear confinement cast;
And some, through many a weeping strife,
Brought to that last resort, — the last, the last.

O House of Mercy! Refuge kind
For Nature's most unnatural state!
Place for the absent, wandering mind,
Its healing helper and its sheltering gate!

What woes did man's own cruel fear
Once add to his crazed brother's doom!
Neglect, aversion, tones severe,
The chain, the lash, the fetid, living tomb!

And now, behold what different hands
He lays on that crazed brother's head!
See how this builded bounty stands,
With scenes of beauty all around it spread.

Yes, Love has planned thee, Love endowed; —
And blessings on each pitying heart,
That from the first its gifts bestowed,
Or bears in thee each day its helpful part!

Was e'er the Christ diviner seen,
Than when the wretch no force could bind —
The roving, raving Gadarene —
Sat at His blessed feet, and in his perfect mind?

N. L. F.

Art. VII. — A ROMAN BEATIFICATION.*

In addition to the regular religious festivals which make the closing months of the Roman year so brilliant, the authorities of the Church have for a few seasons past favored the Catholic public and the strangers in the Eternal City with extra spectacles called "Beatifications." *Sanctifications* are more rare. The calendar is already

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* *Ristretto della Vita del* B. Giovanni Grande, *dello Peccador, Religioso Professo dell' Ordine di S. Giovanni di Dio.* Roma: G. A. Bertinelli. 1853. 18mo. pp. 87.

too crowded to allow frequent admissions of new candidates; and the brothers of more than one holy order in Rome informed us, in pathetic and despairing tone, that they had waited long in vain for the votes of the Sacred Conclave to confirm what the voice of Heaven had decreed, and had about given up the hope of seeing their favorite names in the authorized list of the saints. A *Saint* has a day set apart for his special honor, and may have churches named after him. A *Beato*, on the contrary, — though sure of honor in the celestial world, though safe folded among the sheep, — is on the earth only consigned to that vast, nameless company who are remembered on the first day of November. His prayers may be then implored, and his intercession with the Judge and the Father will have weight. For this secondary honor there is always a large supply of claimants. The Church here is embarrassed by its riches. If its heavenly forces should at any time fall short, it can easily meet the demand without pressing any new recruits into its service. It has to impose hard conditions to keep down the zeal of its house in this direction. Without absolutely rejecting most who are offered, it holds them in suspense so long, that a beatification suit in the High Court of St. Peter is as just a synonyme for vexatious delays as a suit in the English Court of Chancery.

The spectacle of "Beatification" is very brilliant and magnificent. It contains all the usual feast-day attractions, — delicious music, gorgeous processions, candles innumerable, arranged into symbolic figures, — and has, besides, some peculiar shows and features. St. Peter's Church is the place where, and Sunday is the time when, the ceremony comes off. At the morning mass, in which a Cardinal Archbishop leads, the preliminary proceedings are briefly stated, a panegyric on the favored mortal thus decreed to be an angel is delivered by some brother of his monastic order, (for the candidate is almost always either a monk or a nun,) the Pope's bull is read in a sonorous voice to the assembled crowd, the cannon roar for half an hour from the Castle of St. Angelo, the answering choir roll forth their jubilant anthems, and to excited imaginations heaven seems opened to receive its new inhabitant. To the canons and staff of the cathedral, the official representatives of the various orders, and

the prelates of the Church, who attend in their appropriate costume, are handed copies of the life of the Beato and of the Pope's bull, engrossed on fine paper or on parchment and splendidly bound in vellum. To the monks, the inferior clergy, and strangers furnished with tickets who are able to get seats within the choir, a cheaper edition is distributed, and the multitude outside the rail may buy in the *piazza* in front of the church, for five *baiocchi*, an abridgment, containing, in a dozen pages or so, a concise account of all the miracles and other important facts of the authorized edition.

At vespers the service is still more imposing. The Pope, with a long train of cardinals, attends to ratify the acts of the morning, the illumination is doubled, the immense pictures painted for the occasion are exhibited in more intense light, and a regiment of soldiers lends the flash of its bayonets and the splendor of its uniform to the religious scene. In the choir of the church alone two thousand candles, of length varying from two to ten feet, are simultaneously burning, and a glittering garland of light is the frame to the portrait of the Beato, which is hung just above the chair of St. Peter. The parting view of that wondrous blaze, as you leave the church by the doors at the foot of the nave, is of unsurpassed grandeur, and never to be forgotten. The vesper service is all of chant and song; but the ancient chords of Pergolesi, borne up by the lighter operatic airs and cadences of the modern Italian music, fill all those solemn vaults, and shake the air with their tremulous sound. The crowd is greater than in the morning. On the two occasions when we witnessed the spectacle, it was estimated at not less than fifty thousand. The service is prolonged till nearly nightfall, when the unwilling throng slowly disperse, saluting as they pass the well-worn toe of the bronze Pagan image baptized St. Peter, and covered on this day with a robe of colors and gold. All who can afford it invest their coppers in small engravings and medallions of the new celestial intercessor, which, worn about the neck, shall retain him as their advocate in the courts above. The supply of special comfits is not small, and a brisk business is carried on through the day in the usual religious wares, in all the streets leading to the cathedral.

There are some wise advisers of his Holiness who doubt the policy of shows of this kind, and some prudent ones who are troubled by their cost. They are certainly too expensive an amusement to be often repeated with an exchequer so empty. But the people are accustomed to such shows, and the government will not disappoint them. If it may not give them bread, it will give them at least *games*, — half of the ancient imperial boon. Yankee festivals include always something for the palate; even of Thanksgiving, the dinner is more characteristic than the prayers; while, in Rome, the festival dinner of a beatification day is a handful of roasted chestnuts. If the peasant have enough of candles and colors and music, he is content with that spare diet. The actual cost of one of these spectacles, as we were informed by a Jesuit father, is not less than three thousand dollars. He thought it a grave question, whether the returns of faith and piety were adequate to such an outlay.

The first thing which a heretic will do, after rescuing himself from the excitement of such novel splendor, will be, of course, to investigate the causes which have led to it, and find what it means. He will remember how the pictures were garnished with mysterious inscriptions, hinting at some underlying prodigy. He will recall certain passing expressions in the sermon of the morning, which seemed to assert more boldly that miracles had not ceased from the Church, but were multiplied by God in its behalf. And if he have been able to take his attention from the scene around, and fasten it on the preacher's words, he will have gathered enough to know that miracle is the basis of this ecclesiastical act.

It was quaintly observed, in a dispute which we heard some years since, that there "had always been a demand for miracles." In Rome that demand is not speculative merely, but pressing and practical. The demand continues, and the supply seems equal to the demand. The Capuchin gossip deals in this as a regular article, and as you walk through the lone chapels beneath the Church of St. Mary on the Pincian Hill, the friars will regale you with new tales of wonderful works which these bones have done. All miracles, certainly, which are repeated as facts in Rome, are not alike canonical. The authority even of a priest cannot compel the faithful to receive

them as gospel. It is a pleasing proof of a believing heart that one accepts them, but one is not reckoned a heretic for listening impatiently to the stories of supernatural works which glorify the Bambino of the Ara Cœli. When, however, the verdict of the Church has settled the genuineness of these wonders by canonizing their author, they enter into the substance of faith, and it is scandalous, not to say blasphemous, to question them. An original Catholic, who has been brought up in familiarity with miracles, finds no difficulty in believing them. To him they are natural events of another kind, — merely the ordinary variations of law which set religion and religious men apart. Logical inconsistencies do not vex him in the matter. He quite rejects the traditional formula, that God will not interpose, unless for some dignified and extraordinary end. He is only amazed that the Protestant should be so amazed. The things which appear such palpable absurdities to the latter are credible enough, every-day affairs, to the former. We well remember the surprise of a Dominican friend at our incredulous reception of his statement that the Holy Cross had the power of *self-multiplication*. What we suggested as a pleasantry, he asserted as a fact. Converts, however, have a sore trial in being forced to consent to these miraculous facts, and get very nervous when you talk with them on the subject. The Church has a way provided of vanquishing their scruples, but they know that their Protestant friends must be laughing at them.

We detain our readers by these preliminary remarks too long from the life of John Grande, surnamed Peccador, or "the Sinner," who was solemnly beatified in St. Peter's Church on the second Sunday in November, 1853. Read with faith, that life is a remarkable one, for the catalogue of its marvels and its graces rivals in length the story of Jesus as the Evangelists give it. Read sceptically, it is a literary curiosity. Uncle Tom's Cabin in most parts of the world, even in Arabia, is so regarded. But the Romans, hindered by the ban of their literary censors from the reading of this famous book, have curiosities of literature as great, in the lives of their own saints, as the story of black Tom and little Eva. With one of the elements of the success of that tale, however, they are practically very familiar. Most of their modern

saints and missionaries are selected from the humbler classes, and come forth from obscurity to receive high religious honors. When John Grande was presented to the authorities in Rome as worthy to sit on the Saviour's right hand, it is not probable that a single cardinal or bishop knew of his existence. The excellence of his character, barely failing of perfection, and the abundant prodigies which justified it, could not surprise them, for in this matter they had ample precedent. It is antecedently probable that an unknown monk will exercise heavenly gifts to supply the lack of his earthly fame. The Pope and his prelates are conspicuous enough without such gifts, and may earn heaven by their ability or their eminent service.

Our notice of John Grande shall be short, and we will dwell only on the marvellous side of his life, only on those peculiarities which could to the public mind sanction the bull of Pius concerning him. His birth, which took place at Carmona, in Spain, on the 6th of March, 1546, scarcely a fortnight after the death of the heretic Luther, was sanctified by an act of humility which seemed to prophesy the wonders about to occur. Pressed with the agonies of parturition, his mother, after running for some time up and down, sought the stable, and in a manger gave birth to her son. Nothing is said about the visits of Magi or the songs of angels, but it is recorded that a supernatural light shone through the rude shed, and made them remember Bethlehem. The infant piety of John was consistent with the promise of his birth. For some months before this event his mother had been accustomed to fast every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. The instinct of the babe preserved these sacred days, and he refused upon them to take his natural nourishment, except for a few moments at the hour of noon. His parents, being very religious, confided him at an early period to the charge of the sacristan of the parish, that his first lessons might be of the offices of the altar. In these he became speedily distinguished. Masses were his favorite pastime, and when other boys, released from school, rushed to profane play, he hastened with equal zeal to the altar of the Virgin to pour out his prayers. The sacristan, finding him there one day with the candles lighted, reproved him for the waste of wax, and

suggested that rehearsals of piety ought to be economical. But the boy answered that the candles "burned without consuming," and proved visibly that all his sport in that kind did not impoverish the Church.

Conflicts with Satan are the lot of all saints, and John had his share of them. His victories were gained in the regular way, by mortifications, fastings, and liberal flagellations. Slightly scandalized by the second marriage of his pious mother, he turned to commerce, was bound apprentice to a merchant in Seville, and suffered the trials incident to mercantile life. But the Virgin objected to his so throwing himself away. In a vision, she appeared, holding a coat of sackcloth, and sweetly indicated the style of life which the youth should adopt. The Devil in the guise of avarice sought in vain to hinder her call, and John left his merchandise, home, and friends, to bury himself for a season in a secluded hermitage. Extreme austerities here attested his holiness. His humility rejected the family name of "Grande," or Great, and substituted that of "Peccador," or the Sinner. After a short sojourn in his hermitage, he was warned in a vision of the night to repair to Xeres, on the frontiers of Andalusia, and commence there a work of more active piety. With a commendable prudence, he took counsel of a friendly priest before he obeyed the heavenly vision. The Catholic biographies always take care that miracle shall not hinder or supersede the regular means of religious influence.

The first missionary work of the Peccador was done in the prisons of Xeres. It was zealous, and dangerous too; — the prisoners were at times obstreporous, and John suffered enough at their hands to dispense with private flagellations. After three years of this service, Jesus, in another vision, directed his servant to change his field of labor to the hospitals. His fidelity in this field met with a similar reward. He got few thanks from the poor whom he helped, and the envious officials in more than one instance succeeded in ousting him. His friends, however, at last procured him a special hospital, in which he was able to carry out unmolested all his plans. Public confidence increased. Others craved a share in the work. The Peccador became, almost before he knew it, the head of a new monastic order. The

name adopted was that of *Fatebene Fratelli*, or "the Benevolent Brotherlings," — the rule, that of St. John of God, which had recently been confirmed by the Pope. The special work of the order was charity. For twenty-one years the first head of the order was spared to preside over its enterprises and inspire it with his ardent love of souls, and instruct it by his consistent example. Amazing is the narrative of his "heroic humility," — his extraordinary penitence and patience, — his singular love of poverty, chastity, and obedience, — his burning devotion to God, — his toilsome devotion to his neighbor, — all illustrated by pleasing facts. In proof of his humility we have his haircloth raiment, his board bed and his stone pillow, his state of perpetual semi-starvation, his public acts of penance; in proof of his patience we have his conflicts with foes demoniac and human, who might torment, but could never weary or subdue him. The latter class, it may be remarked, were apt to die suddenly, as it is proper that all enemies of holy men should die.

The extravagant raptures of the Peccador on feast days were edifying to witness. It seemed that he would go mad with the love of God. Not less remarkable was it, that, giving away so much to the poor, he should always have something to give. One or a hundred, it made no difference, — he managed to feed them all. The Scripture story of the loaves and fishes seemed to be newly exemplified in his arrangements of charity. While he fed and clothed them, he brought to them also the bread of life, and dispensed portions of the Catechism at the daily meals. Now the promise of his birth-time was more than fulfilled, and signal miracles attested his worth. In consideration of the "brevity required in a compendium designed to give only an idea of the virtue of the Beato for the common edification of the faithful," the biographer limits himself to a "very few" out of the vast number of prodigies "proved and public" in the life of his subject. But even the number of these few we are compelled to abridge.

Transfiguration is a frequent and favorite Catholic miracle, and it was desirable of course that it should happen to the Peccador. In his case it was several times repeated. The places are especially mentioned, and the

circumstances minutely dwelt upon. The miracle took place usually in the churches and in Holy Week, when numbers were able to see the body of the good father "floating in the air," and radiating light so brilliantly from the face, that it seemed as if the whole church were on fire.

Inspiration is another needful gift for a Beato. The Peccador had abundance of it, and the best theologians of Xeres confessed that they had learned more, in a short conference with him, about the mysteries of faith, than in all the books and schools. He was particularly skilled in explaining the Trinity. He was great in prophecy, predicted deaths and births with exact mention of the day and hour, told what offices his friends would get, what accidents would happen to them, and was as brilliant a clairvoyant as any biologist could desire. He saw things miles away or years ahead, told Doña Beatrice de Vargas just what the English were doing and would do to her imprisoned husband, and how the wound on his head looked; and would, if he had been consulted, have told to King Philip II. the manner of the destruction of the Invincible Armada, all of which he distinctly foresaw before the expedition sailed. His own death, the time, the place, the disease, and the manner of burial, were elaborately foretold; and his "dear brother Peter Egiziaco" stood ready to affirm that the prediction corresponded exactly to the fact.

Visits of saints, angels, the Virgin, and Christ were very regular and numerous. Men were able to *see* the guardian angel which accompanied the Peccador to save him from temptation and insult. We are told of severe punishments which came to those who took advantage of his religious ecstasy to play practical jokes upon him; how a lady's hand, for instance, was withered, when she just sportively laid it across his opened mouth. In miraculous cures the saint's life was redundant. The most obstinate and desperate diseases yielded to the sign of the cross and the name of the Virgin. The voice of this monk was more effective in healing than the physician's dose or the surgeon's knife. Nor is the crowning miracle in this kind wanting. Lest we be thought to trifle with the credulity of our readers, we quote from the original; and, be it observed, we quote not from Le Roy Sun-

derland or Barnum's autobiography, but from an authorized document, which we received on a high feast day from the hands of a canon in St. Peter's.

"This theme will recall the way still more marvellous in which John consoled a mother desolate in the death of her only son. Moved by the sharp cries which he heard in passing the house, he went in; and when he saw the cause, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and, leaning over the little corpse and marking it with the sign of the cross, said, 'I command you in the name of Jesus and his Holy Mother, rise!'—and at these words the boy, as if awakened from a gentle sleep, drew breath again, lifted himself, sat, and stretched out his hands to his stupefied mother, amid the wonderings and the thanksgivings of a multitude of bystanders."

After the detail of these high prodigies, it is hardly fit to come down to those more obvious which accompanied and immediately followed the death of the Peccador. Various saints, and particularly St. Agnes the Martyr, who was a great friend of John, announced to him that his death was near. Songs of paradise invited him up to the celestial world. And when the plague came to Xeres, the good apostle trusted that his time had come. The infected found death very sweet and desirable, if he were at hand to close their eyes, and he longed to die with them. He was not disappointed. After assisting hundreds of others, he was struck down by the epidemic. The angels took care that in his case it should not be contagious, and preserved from harm all who approached him. It enters not into our plan to detail the singular coincidences of his last hours, and the violence of public grief when the loss was made known. These may be imagined easily, since they invariably happen in the lives of the saints. There is, however, a striking incongruity between what is related of this public grief and what is told of the actual burial of the Peccador. The style of this was vulgar in the extreme. Four street porters tied a rope round the feet, let the body down into a ditch, tumbled earth upon it and then trod it together with their feet. So the prophecy was fulfilled, but decency most grossly outraged. The excuse that the brethren gave for allowing it so to be buried was that they were all too frightened to attend to it.

It gave a chance, besides, for a "glorious translation

of the body," one of the most popular and profitable of Catholic religious customs. It is well enough for a saint's remains to be thrown at first into a ditch, but it will never do for them to lie there. A convenient prodigy enabled the brethren to discover the place. The earth of that ditch refused to contain the body and ejected it to the surface. The exercises of the translation were splendid: a great crowd of citizens and strangers came to witness them, moving orations were delivered, and the church of St. Sebastian became a shrine where penitence and gratitude vied in rendering honors to one whom God had visibly sealed. Time did not dim the lustre of the Peccador's fame, and the Archbishop of Seville had the delightful duty, under the sanction of Urban VIII., of collecting, sorting, and counting the miracles which had glorified so holy a life. He was embarrassed by their number, more especially when the divine efficacy of the relics began to be shown, and it appeared that in the dry bones even there was a sacred force. And the series of contemporary miracles, which lacked one variety to make it perfect, gracefully closes with an account of an escape from shipwreck in the Gulf of Lyons, in which, to the prayer of one of his former brethren, the blessed John in person responded, appeared on the top of one of the waves, stilled their fury by a menacing gesture, and enabled the bark which bore a cardinal to come safely into port.

These miracles happened long enough ago to be historic, not to say legendary. No contradiction to them was, or is, likely to appear. But to warrant a beatification, it is necessary that something more modern in that way should be offered; and the closing chapter in the book which we have noticed gives two of this description, which are recognized as sufficient reasons for the solemn decree. The first is the case of Anna Lucia Petrofanti, a poor peasant woman of Tivoli, — given over as hopeless by the physicians, with a complication of diseases, ague, fever, and dropsy, — cured by fervent prayers to an image of John Peccador, which the brethren of the convent of Fatebene Fratelli had given her. She was just dying at night, and she was quite well in the morning. This miracle took place in 1776. The second case, which happened in 1780, is still more striking, and

should be preserved in the records of surgical wonders. We regret that our limited space will not allow us to relate it minutely. We can only refer the curious to pages 79–82 of the volume. One Generoso Mariani, surnamed Anche Anche, got into a street fight at Tivoli, in which his throat was cut, trachea, œsophagus, and all, — with the addition, moreover, of a wound in the breast. The wound in the neck was considered mortal. Nothing that the surgeon could do would hold it together. In those days collodion was not known. But the fathers of the convent bethought themselves of the miraculous image, brought it to the sufferer, applied it to his neck, and the wound directly firmly and perfectly healed. No scar was visible and the man was as well as ever the next morning. "Such are the miracles" (we quote here from the book) "which, among so many presented to the discussions and the verdict of the Sacred College of Rites, were approved for the cause of the beatification." And this is the decree, dated September 27th, 1852, — that "the servant of God, John Grande, monk of the Order of St. John of God, shall be named hereafter with the title of Beato, and his body and sacred relics (not to be borne in public processions) may be publicly exposed to the veneration of the faithful."

We shall add no reflections, obvious as such are, on these almost grotesque facts of Catholic faith. The strangest thing about them is that they are facts, and specimens only of what is believed by the masses and authorized by the rules of the Roman Church. We make sport of the absurdities of the Apocryphal Testament. And occasionally we wonder at the report of some fanatic delusion like the worship of the Holy Coat at Treves, which has gross imposture for its basis. But when we get near to the acts of the Church, we find that the sale of Indulgences, which so shocked Luther, is but a mild form of falsehood compared with the most solemn ordinances which Pius IX. yearly signs. We have not written in a trifling spirit, but with a serious design of stating facts which may affect the judgment of our readers concerning the Church of Rome. To other points of the discipline and system of that Church we may hereafter recur. At present we can only say,

that no story of miracle can be invented, so preposterous that it may not be overmatched by what is received, sanctioned, and magnified in the Sacred City to-day.

C. H. B.

Art. VIII. — NORTON'S INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS.*

The late Mr. Andrews Norton — a name ever to be cherished in the grateful and respectful regards of all liberal Christians — sought in his life to be of service to the world when his own brief existence, which was further shortened by feeble health, should close. His natural gifts were of eminent value; his laborious attainments were solid and precious; his qualities of mind were those most desirable in a scholar; his taste and his circumstances alike fitted him for a life of retired study; and his profound convictions of the vital necessity of a well-grounded religious faith, and that God had given a revelation to the world by Jesus Christ, made him a profoundly serious and conscientious disciple and teacher of truth. The whole labor of his mature life was heartily and perseveringly devoted to the study of the Christian Scriptures. Probably no man on this continent, we might say even in Christendom, ever pursued a more thorough or deep examination into the foundations of the Christian faith than did he. He wished to search that sacred stream at its very spring. He would never receive anything from a secondary source of information when he could go to the original source. If any statement was presented to him in discussion or argument, through the medium of a translation or a quotation, he felt bound to verify it. As year after year he pursued the critical study of the text of the New Testament with successive classes of theological students, he would examine every valuable work that threw light upon

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* *Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels.* — Part I. *Remarks on Christianity and the Gospels, with Particular Reference to Strauss's "Life of Jesus."* — Part II. *On the Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels; being Portions of an unfinished Work.* By Andrews Norton. 8vo. pp. 309.

Biblical science, with the grammar and the lexicon to help, but not to supersede, his own investigations. He would sift testimonies and authorities, and practise a most painfully accurate and discriminating scrutiny, to secure himself from all influences that might impair the value of his results. His sense of responsibility in the expression or publication of opinions on matters affecting the interests of religion, and so involving the solemn relations of man and of society, guided him through all his works, and caused him to withhold them from the press for years after they had been apparently completed. Whenever we take in hand a volume from his pen, we feel that we have put ourselves under the instruction of one who will impart his views in the most intelligible language, and who believes that an unguarded assertion or an ill-considered argument on a religious subject is a heinous sin.

Mr. Norton left at his death the manuscripts of works on which he was known to have spent years of intense study. Two of these are now passing through the press, though neither of them will be in the hands of our readers as soon as this page is published. From copies of the works which we have enjoyed the great privilege of perusing, we can make an advanced report to our readers. Two volumes contain, respectively, a new Translation of the Gospels, and Notes upon them. These we hope to deal with in our next number. Of a third volume we have given the title as introducing these remarks. It embraces two parts, the first entitled "Remarks on Christianity and the Gospels, with Particular Reference to Strauss's 'Life of Jesus'"; the second, "On the Internal Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels; being Portions of an unfinished Work." Of this volume we proceed to offer a brief and imperfect sketch.

In his work on "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," Mr. Norton had labored to show that the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed, and that they were written by those whose names they bear. The argument then pursued dealt with matters outside of the Gospels themselves, with External Evidences, with facts which to a fair mind are indisputable, with reasonable inferences

from those facts, and, finally, with such objections as presented themselves in the development of the argument, which is in the main an argument from historical documents. In undertaking to present the "Internal Evidences" of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels, the method and the materials of argument are different. The author might have accomplished his purpose by a simple statement of the points which constitute those evidences, without dealing with the objections urged, because these objections are rather matters of opinion than of fact. Yet, as we all of us are glad to be informed how an argument that appears to us decisive may be or has been evaded, Mr. Norton has chosen to recognize these objections. While the External Evidences require an examination of historical facts and authorities, the Internal Evidences involve the principles and arguments of correct reasoning. If an objector proceeds on false principles, then, instead of meeting his specific objections one by one, the right course is to confute the general tenor of his reasoning. This consideration has led Mr. Norton to take particular notice of the theories advanced by some infidel theologians of Germany, and especially of that of Strauss, in his "Life of Jesus."

In a brief Introduction, left uncompleted by the author, we find a lucid statement of his plan, and cannot but regret that he did not fill out the line of thought there opened. After speaking of the operation of causes through the influence of which Christianity has ceased to be regarded by many as a subject of rational and manly investigation, and is passed by, perhaps with an air of respect, by a great portion even of intelligent men, as a matter with the truth or falsity of which they have no particular concern, Mr. Norton adds: —

"Gross ignorance and gross misconceptions of Christianity consequently prevail. Objections, cavils, and supposed difficulties, which would at once vanish in clear day, assume a portentous appearance amid the darkness and the perplexity of false lights. Explanation, thorough explanation, a readiness to view the subject on every side and in all its important relations, a total indisposition to fall back for support on authority or traditionary opinions or vulgar prejudices, and a freedom from all those motives of fear or interest which may bias the mind to

countenance the errors of any party, are especial requisites at the present day in a defender and expositor of Christianity. . . . . The character of our age is such that we are particularly called upon to consider the opinions of those by whom Christianity is rejected, — and by whom, as we shall hereafter see, all religion is rejected, — and to examine the foundations of their system of unbelief." — pp. 6, 7.

We have expressed our regret that the Introduction intended for this work by the author was left by him in a fragmentary state. Our disappointment is the more keen, because the interruption to the course of reasoning pursued by Mr. Norton occurs at a point of paramount importance. We do not know that he would have developed fully, or indeed a single step further, his views on the subject of Inspiration, had he completed his introduction, but this portion of his work terminates abruptly while that topic is before him. After stating that it is a main design of his work to remove the errors and objections which may counteract the proper influence of the internal proofs of the authenticity of the Gospels, the author adds: —

"In pursuing this design, we must begin with entirely setting aside one essential misapprehension concerning the intrinsic character of the Gospels. The traditionary doctrine has been, that they are not, properly speaking, the works of their reputed authors, but works written by the inspiration of God, or under his immediate suggestion and superintendence. On the one hand, this doctrine is an insuperable obstacle to all just appreciation of that vast amount of evidence for their truth which the Gospels carry with them when properly regarded and understood; and, on the other, it is from this doctrine that the objections with which their genuineness and authenticity have been assailed derive their chief strength.

"It having been assumed that they are infallible books, free from the imperfections and mistakes that belong to the works of merely human narrators, and especially to those of writers so uneducated as the Evangelists, when such imperfections and mistakes have been discovered in them, the unbeliever has thought himself to have found an argument against the reality of God's revelation by Christ, while in fact he had found only an argument against a false doctrine." — pp. 13, 14.

Here there is an interruption in the line of argument, of the intended conclusion of which we have but a fragment

that had not received the author's final revision. In this fragment Mr. Norton says, that in a book not intended for the confutation of popular errors, but containing reasoning addressed to intelligent men, who may be supposed to be acquainted with the facts necessary for forming a correct judgment on the matter in hand, it may seem out of place to attempt a confutation of the popular doctrine of Inspiration as applied to the Gospels. He assumes to defend their trustworthiness, not their infallibility. The most plausible attacks which have been made upon their credit have been directed against the doctrine of their infallibility, which many Christians have ventured to assert, and to pledge themselves to maintain, by affirming that the Gospels are free from error, and are to be referred to God as their author. As to this view of Inspiration, Mr. Norton says: —

"The objections to it — all which it is worth while to urge, since, if these are not considered as decisive, all others must be unavailing — may be stated in a few words. It supposes a miracle of which no proof can be afforded through the evidence of ocular witnesses. It is a miracle the first step in the proof of which is wanting; for the first step in proving such a miracle is to show that the supposed subject of it claims to write by the authority and under the guidance of God; and the Evangelists put forward no such pretension. There can, it would seem, be no rational ground for ascribing inspiration to a writer who himself does not claim to be inspired. But though the Evangelists do not claim it for themselves, it may be said that they are affirmed to have been inspired by an authority that cannot be questioned; for St. Paul says, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' (2 Timothy iii. 16.) This passage is the main argument for the supposition; and it affords a very striking example of the manner in which a few misunderstood but easily remembered words are often detached from the Bible, and employed in support of irrational doctrines, in opposition to all else that may be learned from it, and to the plainest dictates of common sense. In regard to those words, it is unnecessary to urge the considerations, that, before an argument in proof of a miracle can be founded upon them, it must be proved that St. Paul was inspired to write them; and that it must be further proved that the Gospels were in existence when he wrote them, which is very doubtful; or even the consideration, that, were they in existence, he could not have had them in mind, since it is clear from the context that he referred only to the books of the Old Testament. The words have their whole force, great as it has been upon the minds of

English readers, only from the improper use of the word 'inspiration' in our common English version, and the consequent false meaning which has been put upon them. Their true meaning may be thus expressed: 'The spirit of God is breathed into every book'; that is, of the Old Testament; and the only purpose of the Apostle was to assert generally, what no Christian will deny, that a religious spirit pervades the books of the Old Testament. Hence they are, and were especially to the early converts to our faith, 'profitable,' &c. I say especially to the early converts, because at the time when St. Paul wrote there was no collection of the books of the New Testament, there was no Christian literature, and certainly nothing in heathen literature, supposing them to have had any familiarity with it, which could supply the place of the books of the Old Testament as a source of religious instruction and religious feelings." — pp. 15 – 17.

The Introduction, again interrupted here, closes with the following sentence: —

"But the Gospels themselves afford evidence the most decisive of the question whether they bear the stamp of God's infallibility, or the impress of human minds." — p. 17.

Sorry are we that the discussion of this subject by Mr. Norton terminates here, and in this way. On no single point connected with the momentous themes to the study of which he consecrated a life of thorough and devoted scholarship, under the guidance of a most conscientious spirit of allegiance to the truth, should we have more gratefully received the full results of his clear reasoning and deliberate judgment, than upon the very one now before us. That there is a substantial truth presented in his statements no careful and candid student of the Gospels will deny. But on such a point we need something more than substantial truth, and without some very guarded and yet very obvious limitations and qualifications, some close restriction upon the premises assumed and the inferences drawn from them, we should be wholly unsatisfied to leave this matter where our author — not intentionally, but by the stern necessities of bodily weakness and the imperious summons which waits for no earthly work to be completed — was compelled to leave it. He would otherwise have given us views and statements conformable in their intrinsic value to the attainments and principles which guided his own convictions.

Not forgetting the dictates of modesty in criticizing the views of Mr. Norton, not at all with a purpose of challenging his opinion or the grounds of it, seeing that they are not fully set forth in these fragments, but simply to indicate some few of the points which to our minds seem essential to a correct judgment, and to the statement of a judicious principle, on this question of Inspiration, we will here add a few words of our own.

For ourselves, we believe in the Inspiration of the Gospels in an intelligible sense, which justifies the use of that word even under its prevailing signification; and we regard the value, the adaptedness, and the sufficiency of the Gospels for their uses as the authoritative vehicle of a revealed religion designed for reception by the whole world of men, as involving the necessity of that Inspiration. We should not allow that, in claiming Inspiration for them, we transferred the authorship of the Gospels as written compositions from human minds under a peculiar influence from God, to God himself; nor should we by any means admit that, in asserting that the Evangelists originally wrote by inspiration, we were bound to assume that the text of the Gospels now in our hands is "infallible." Neither do we suppose that the popular belief in their inspiration is to any great extent, certainly not entirely, dependent upon the common interpretation put upon the words of St. Paul, as above quoted. Readers are led antecedently to believe, that a revealed religion which did not draw from human sources, but involved heavenly agencies and miraculous methods, would have a similar pre-eminence and distinctiveness in its records, supposing it to have any records. The written word, like "the preached word," should be the wisdom of God and the power of God. The Saviour promised his Apostles, that, when they were called to the defence of their doctrine before opponents, they should not be left to speak their own words or to maintain their cause by their own unaided resources, but should be supplied with suggestions, with arguments, and with power, by the Spirit of God. St. Paul expressly affirms that he had help of that kind which amounted even to dictation. Now if the first and second generations of Christian believers were instructed in the faith and won to its allegiance by inspiration manifested through oral teachings,

have we not an antecedent reason for believing that a provision as like to this inspiration as the case admits of would be made for Christians of after generations, and that the records designed as the vehicle of the evangelical history would be something more than mere human compositions? The emergent necessities of the Church that was to be established for all ages appear to us to require that the writers of the Gospels should have been aided in such a way by the Spirit of God, that what they have written may be said, and may be proved, to have been *inspired.* Mr. Norton's elaborate and admirable reasoning in the work before us, and in his previous work, is directed to the proof of the fact that the Gospels were written by apostolic men. The intent of such an argument is to assure to the Gospels the authority and the value which they have as coming from those who had the best means of information upon the subjects on which they wrote. But a second result of that argument, — if it should not be put foremost, is, that it proves the Gospels to have been written by those to whom the Saviour gave the promise of divine aid in their Christian work.

It may be urged in objection to the view we have thus expressed, that, if God did inspire the Evangelists as *writers*, the inspiration of their original records has been nullified or impaired by the corruptions which time and accident and translation have introduced into them. But the same objection might be advanced against the claim of the Apostles to the help of inspiration as *preachers* of the Gospel, because the doctrines and the truths which they taught were subsequently corrupted or mingled with errors when left to repetition by their successors. Of course we grant that some abatements — very slight ones indeed, and not by any means in amount or character such as have been claimed or yielded — are to be made to the assumption of inspiration for the records as they are now in our hands. But we prefer to make those abatements from the documents themselves, as required by the chances of error to which they have been subjected in their transmission, their transcription, and their translation, rather than to make them from the *original endowments* of the Evangelists. If mistakes are found in the records, the question is certainly an open one whether they originated in the writers, or have been interpolated by

some other hands. We hold it to be of vital importance to our faith, to deny the former alternative and to admit the latter. It is necessary to limit at some point the existence and the amount of what is allowed to be error in the records, and some sound and generally admitted principle both of criticism and of faith must define that limit, without leaving it to the decision of each individual mind to place it anywhere within the bounds of truth or falsehood. Whatever can be traced by the fair principles of historic criticism to an apostolic pen, we hold to be true and authoritative. We cannot go behind it. If it offend or confound us, our duty is to discipline our own feelings or judgment, and not to tamper with the record, or to challenge the truthfulness of the writer. Indeed, the issue opened by the alternative we have suggested is simply this. If the errors supposed to exist in the text of the Gospels are referred to the chances of corruption through which it has passed, they may be left to the dealing of that noble scholarly skill, that conscientious and judicious toil of criticism, of which Mr. Norton was a pre-eminent and most honored example, — the man whom of all men we would follow, if we followed any man. But if these alleged errors in the text of the Gospels are to be referred to the ignorance, the imperfections, the misconceptions, or the prejudices of the Apostles, with what confidence, with what satisfaction, can we read anything they have written? If we must accompany our reading of the Gospels by a running commentary of our own for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of the *original* writers, we have a hopeless task before us. A field is opened not only for individual judgment, but for fancies, eccentricities, and vagaries of every sort and kind, wider than the wildest dreams of "liberty" ever offered even to speculation. The criticism of a Biblical or a classical text is a scholarly science of well-defined principles, and it has been rewarded and enriched by some proud results. But the criticism of Apostles, the sitting in judgment upon those who preached by inspiration, and to whom the Spirit of God brought "all things to remembrance," is a new science, one upon which we ourselves do not care to venture, and the results of which we should distrust more than we should dread.

There certainly is a practical difficulty of an exceed-

ingly embarrassing character in allowing large abatements upon the claims of the Apostles to intelligence and accuracy, while we still hold them as our chief authorities upon matters in which intelligent and accurate testimony is so vitally important. In a subsequent page of his work, in arguing with great power from the correspondence between the construction and the style of the Gospels and the character and circumstances of those to whom they are ascribed, Mr. Norton refers to the want of skill in the Evangelists as literary artists, and adds: —

"In regard to the criticism of the Gospels, it is constantly to be kept in mind, that this want of literary skill in their authors appears not merely in the construction of their histories, but equally in their use of language. Their vocabulary was very limited, and hence the action of their minds was constrained. They had no command and choice of expression, and, at the same time, were called upon to communicate ideas, sentiments, and modes of thought, with which the generality of their contemporaries had been wholly unacquainted. The difficulty they found in writing caused them to narrate briefly and imperfectly, omitting connecting thoughts and explanatory circumstances; and their want of familiarity with the use of language not unfrequently led them to employ forms of speech which are evidently not the precise logical expression of the meaning intended." — pp. 110, 111.

To us these sentences, from their vagueness and their unqualified or unrestricted application, open many questions. If they are applicable to the hard, and labored, and even ungrammatical style of Mark's Gospel, they do not appear to us to be warranted by any qualities in the Gospels of Luke and John. What desirable grace or fitness of style do we miss from those beautiful compositions? The inadequacy of language for dealing with Gospel themes is a suggestion often in our minds as we read the records; but any marked inability in the Evangelists to report the Saviour's words, or to rehearse the incidents of his life in appropriate and expressive terms, is a phenomenon which has never been obvious to us.

Returning from this digression of our own, we follow our author in his brief, but most exhaustive, trial of the theory of Strauss, which resolves the Gospels into mythical or legendary compositions. Strauss acquits the immediate disciples and followers of Jesus of the charge of

originating and propagating these alleged fictions, nor does he impute them even to their fabricators as intentional falsehoods. He regards them as unconscious exaggerations, spontaneous inventions of credulity. The exigencies of his theory require that these alleged fictions should be held to have originated chiefly in the interval of time between the Saviour's death and the destruction of Jerusalem. This, it will be observed, is the very period during which the contemporaries of the Saviour were living, and his Apostles were preaching his Gospel. It would seem as if the inventive credulity of an unbeliever and the fancies of a drivelling folly could devise no absurdity more absurd than is the mere bringing together of the terms of this theory. How Jesus ever obtained a single disciple; what motive or inducement led any one to "preach" him to any one else; how there should happen to be two sets of preachers of him at the same time, — the one set preaching something true, though we know not what that was, the other set preaching falsehoods, which were invented we know not how or by whom; by what means the true historic account of Jesus became supplanted by the fictitious account; how the Jews were made to believe false stories about what was said and done in their own streets before their own eyes; how the Gentiles, whose prejudices were all against, and not at all in favor of, a Jewish Messiah, were won to Christianity; how the title of a "legend" or a "myth" — a title which only the lapse of long time, with its mellowing, romantic, and shadow-deepening influences can win for an invention of the fancy — can justly be attached to a fresh falsehood, told to the very contemporaries of the events which it falsifies; — these and a hundred similar questions, either one of which would "pose" even Dr. Strauss, are very conveniently passed by in his exposition of his theory. That theory compels him to require us to admit that the martyr age and the age of falsehood were identical; that the fictions were invented at the very time and by the very persons when and by whom a faith in them as facts was most needed: that martyrs and sufferers, instead of being fortified by *convictions*, fed themselves upon *inventions*.

Our readers may well imagine what exposure and discomfiture Mr. Norton visits upon this theory, in his cool,

deliberate, cautious, and very simple statement of its own terms when examined by the principles of self-consistency, and in as simple a trial of them by indisputable facts. Withheld by the seriousness of his subject, and by the constraining dignity of his own intellectual and moral composition, from indulging in the ridicule of what is eminently ridiculous, he plies the theorist with logical knocks and with scholarly blows. Mr. Norton announces the direct and conclusive proposition, that, if the Gospels can be traced to their alleged authors, the theory of Strauss at once falls to the ground. All the show of means which Strauss offers for the practical working of his theory is this. The fictions which were connected with the life of Jesus were in neither their design nor substance pure fabrications. The original material of them existed in the supposed Jewish prophecies, and in the popular expectations of a Messiah. These were ingeniously wrought up and adapted to some simple facts in the life of Jesus, were first rehearsed in regions of the country which Jesus had frequented the least, were gradually related more boldly where he had been best known, until they were admitted to pass unchallenged, and to form portions of the Gospels, about the last quarter of the second century, — the point of time at which Strauss maintains our present Gospels are first proved to have had an historic existence. Mr. Norton, in his previous great work, has dealt with the question opened in the last clause of our preceding sentence, and has triumphantly proved that the Gospels are recognized as existing earlier than the date above specified, and that the credit with which they were received near the close of the second century can consist only with such a previous train of facts and evidences as will vindicate their full authority, and their origin from the writers to whom they are assigned. In the work before us he offers further suggestions bearing on the same point. He meets the consummate assurance of Strauss, — in offering us the misunderstood prophecies and the popular fancies concerning a Messiah as the facile materials for fictions to be attached to the life of Jesus of Nazareth, — by presenting with admirable power of reasoning the fact that the alleged fulfilment of these popular fancies drawn from prophecy was made sadly and appallingly in contrast with the expectations themselves.

"According to Strauss, it was the purpose of those who propagated the fabulous history of Jesus to evince that he was the Messiah through the correspondence of its fictions with the previous expectations of the Jews concerning the Messiah. This history actually shows one striking point of resemblance, in representing Jesus as the last great messenger of God to the Jewish nation, endued with miraculous powers. But the whole representation of the purpose and effects of his mission, of his personal character, of his humble condition in this world, of his determined repression of all hope of worldly aggrandizement for himself, his followers, or his countrymen, of his annunciation to his immediate disciples, that they must submit to poverty and suffering, and prepare themselves for the last outrage of persecution, together with the account of the apparent triumph of his enemies and of his cruel death, — this representation, if it were a fiction, might seem to have been devised in direct opposition to the expectations of the Jews respecting their Messiah. . . . . .

"Such being the case, it follows, that no attempt could be more hopeless or more foolish, than an attempt to persuade the Jews that the life and the death, the character, acts, and teachings of Jesus, corresponded to their previous expectations of the Messiah. So far, indeed, from their finding any such correspondence, we know that during his ministry, and after his death, he was rejected by a very great majority of the nation, as disappointing all their hopes from a Messiah, and exasperating their strongest prejudices.

"I have elsewhere spoken of the theory of Strauss as an outrage upon common sense. If the preceding account of it be correct, and no one, I trust, will pretend that it is not, the language which I have used cannot be objected to." — pp. 37 – 39.

Some forcible remarks follow, bearing upon these considerations: — How are we to account, by this theory, for the existence of a religion so pure as Christianity, so in contrast with all existing opinions and influences, and with such devoted adherents, near the close of the second century? What previous conditions must necessarily have been realized, to secure the footing on which the Gospels then stood? What explanation can we give of the conception of the Founder of this religion, and of his character? How was so strange a fraud imposed upon the Jews, — how upon the Gentiles? Mr. Norton devotes several pages to some reasoning on these points, in which, with exquisite beauty of language and with a penetrating skill in the use of solid and searching argument, he shows how unsatisfactory all the theories proposed by

German infidelity must be in attempting to set aside the facts of Christian history, or to account for the invention of such a conception as the character of Jesus.

The author then passes to an "Examination of Strauss's two fundamental Principles of Criticism." Strauss proposes two principles as tests to determine that "an account is not historical," that is, is not to be believed. The first of these tests is, that no account is historical if it involve miracles, as miracles are proved to be impossibilities. Mr. Norton disposes summarily of this principle, as passing out of the range of an inquiry into the historic evidences of Christianity, and as founded on the boldest assumptions of blank atheism. Strauss's second test is stated in these loose and vague terms: "An account which lays claim to any historical value must not be inconsistent with itself, nor contradict other accounts." Noting the absence of "any tenable meaning" in this indefinite principle, Mr. Norton submits it to his own "test," giving Strauss, however, the benefit of a subsequent admission of his own, that, "when two narratives mutually exclude each other, one only is thereby proved to be unhistorical." Our author's discussion of this point involves the very delicate matter of illustrating how the integrity of a narrative may consist with discrepances between its own statements and those of another narrative. Starting with the obvious and familiar truth, that a complete accordance in any two narratives would be an unexampled and a suspicious circumstance, when we consider how differently men see and are impressed by, and remember and describe, the same occurrences, Mr. Norton reminds us that in "proportion as any important fact is confirmed by a greater number of witnesses, so may we expect to find more discrepances and contradictions in the accounts of particular circumstances attending it." He then gives us an illustration, presented in a most scholarly and philosophical style, of the character of Strauss's criticism and reasoning, by applying them to the accounts extant in different heathen authors of an incident which they relate in common, namely, the assassination of Cæsar. Suetonius devotes to it twenty lines; Appian, Plutarch, Dion Cassius, and Seneca relate or refer to the incident. Yet when these separate accounts are carefully compared

together, though according in the main fact, they are found to present so many discrepances, that, according to Strauss's canon, the historic credibility of the event would be utterly disproved. Our readers will find rare intellectual enjoyment and a moral pleasure in following Mr. Norton in this keen trial of wits. He triumphantly concludes that this sort of criticism is inapplicable to human testimony, and cannot invalidate the substantial credit of any narrative subjected to it. He closes this section by a serious protest and censure, almost indignant, but abundantly justified, against that cold and heartless and contemptuous disregard which Strauss exhibits for the associations connected with his subject in the mind of a religious man, and for the bearing of the discussion on all that is of precious interest to humanity. The reader of Strauss can with difficulty resist the infection of its spirit. "If one were to submit to hear the character and conduct of his most intimate friend canvassed and questioned at great length, in the manner in which Strauss discusses the history of our Lord, he might find it difficult to feel for him the same confidence and respect as before." (p. 102.)

The author next presents to our notice some general facts, as expressing the marked characteristics of the Gospels. They are brief and incomplete histories, exhibiting the individual and the national peculiarities of their writers. They are ingenuously written, with an unsuspecting and a confident reliance upon the substantial matter of their contents as their recommendation to the perusal and interest of their readers. One is often amazed at this ingenuousness of the Evangelists, as they relate the most astounding and perplexing circumstances without the least attempt to explain or relieve them. They take for granted that the reader has some previous knowledge, or leave him to find from other sources the means for filling out and clearing up what they leave in a mist. From these characteristics of the Gospels spring the difficulties which they present to a reader, — difficulties aggravated to all but a few by existing popular prejudices, by misconceptions, by erroneous teaching, by a faulty translation. Were there intelligent and reasonable views prevalent in a community, such works as that of Strauss could hardly be produced.

"If produced, they would fall at once to their proper level. They would be classed with such writings as those of one of his countrymen (Professor Samuel Simon Witte), who, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, maintained that the Pyramids and the ruins of Persepolis, Palmyra, and Baalbec were natural productions, the result of volcanic agency." (p. 119.)

Some most eloquent pages of thoughtful wisdom and of profound earnestness are found in the closing sections of the first part of Mr. Norton's work. They are the result of meditations drawn from the very depths of his heart on the sense of its own wants, which the earth cannot supply, on the experiences of human life, the exigencies of society, and the intense conflicts which now convulse the world. These reflections bear directly upon the events and agitations which were transpiring as the author composed his pages, and they prove that he was no secluded dreamer, no unconcerned observer of the woes and trials, the struggles and the risks, which furrow the brows of early manhood, and find their way into the hearts and homes of men and women, and raise a storm over the troubled sea of human life. We know not where to find words and sentences of a more instructive and impressive wisdom than these pages offer. Mr. Norton attempts to answer the question, "What constitutes the value of Christianity and the Gospels?" He tells us that Christianity is our only source of satisfactory religious knowledge. He exposes to the heart of man its own deep need, its longing, its loneliness, its desolation, as a token of its craving for religion. He presents to us the gloom and darkness of heathenism, the poor and unsatisfying results which reason and natural religion could secure even to the few minds of highest culture and of the finest endowments in Greece and Rome. He makes our absolute dependence upon a revelation to furnish us with a test for estimating its value, and so for reposing a grateful trust on the Gospel which meets our want.

Mr. Norton enters into a brief examination of that infidel and atheistic philosophy of Germany which is Strauss's proposed substitute for religion. As may well be supposed, this examination is searching and caustic. Our author, with his conscientiousness about the use of

intelligible language and of simple honesty in statement, and with his holy loyalty to truth, was not a man to be deceived by the foggy speculations or the evasive subtilties of the German mind. In a note on a passage in which he substitutes his own translation of a sentence in Strauss, he says: "I give my own rendering above, because Strauss's English translator appears to me to have failed here, as elsewhere, I do not say in giving the sense of the original, for it would be hard to bring it as a charge against him, that he has not done what was impossible, &c." When the vague or meaningless phrases, or, to speak plainly, the sham philosophy and the utter nonsense of Strauss's Hegelianism, are set in contrast with Mr. Norton's admirable exposition of the value, the uses, and the conditions of truth, the reader feels as if he had turned away from a vain attempt to understand a Hottentot who would convert him, to listen to a man who in his own mother tongue offers him lessons of wholesome and holy wisdom.

Our limited space compels us to study brevity in our reference to the second part of the volume before us. The object aimed at, in proving that the Gospels are the works of apostolic men, is to establish the truth of their contents. The line of argument in support of their genuineness, that is, of their having been written by Apostles and the companions of Apostles, is in many respects distinct from the line of argument in support of their authenticity, that is, of their fidelity to fact. But in developing the internal evidences of the Gospels the proof of their genuineness becomes connected with the proof of their authenticity. Mr. Norton first argues from "The Consistency of the Narrative in the Gospels with itself, and with all our Knowledge bearing on the Subject." In this chapter some very forcible reasoning, but by no means intricate in its character, presents the reader with suggestions which open before him a most profitable and delightful method for following them out at any length he may please. The narratives constantly imply facts which are not expressly mentioned, but which must be supplied from other sources and taken into view by the reader. The Gospels abound in latent references to an existing state of things which is not described. By fitting in and matching together hints and informa-

tion gathered from different parts of one narrative, or from several narratives, or from other sources, some amazing coincidences and correspondences present themselves. These are not the result of study or artifice; they are the unmistakable signatures of truth. The adaptation of the teachings of Jesus, and the constant references in them to the state of things then existing in the world, to the opinions, customs, and prejudices our knowledge of which we derive from other channels, afford us means for tracing accordances the discovery of which is the most impressive kind of evidence. This is a *cumulative* argument; one that is heaped up by contributions from a multitude of its applications. Mr. Norton illustrates its force with a most delicate and skilful power, by taking two passages from a Gospel, and supplying from other sources what is needed to explain their allusions, and thus presenting their unstudied consistency. The inference is irresistible, that the Gospels were written at the time to which their narratives refer, and by those persons who were witnesses and actors in the events there related.

The second chapter considers the Objections against the Consistency of the Narratives. Objectors suggest that, supposing the history of Jesus in the Gospels to be true, his ministry would have produced quite a different effect on those to whom it was addressed; men's minds would certainly have yielded to his miraculous proofs, instead of rejecting him. To such objections it is fairly answered, that the conclusion that Jesus was a messenger from God by no means followed in his day from the fact that he wrought wonderful works. There is no token that these miracles were ever denied or controverted; on the contrary, they were admitted and were referred to an evil source. Instead of denying the miracles of Jesus, the Jews urged against him a different class of objections, as we learn from the Gospels and Epistles. Nor are miracles particularly adapted to convince a rude and superstitious people. Miracles are most craved after by the ignorant, but they are best appreciated only by the well-informed and considerate. A sufficient explanation of the rejection of Jesus by the Jews is found in the facts that he so bitterly disappointed their unwarranted hopes, and so boldly rebuked their vices, follies, and corruptions.

The last chapter is devoted to an exhibition of the evidences of the truthfulness of the Gospels drawn from their representation of the character of Jesus as delineated in his teachings and in his actions. Would that our contracted space allowed us to do any manner of justice, by analysis and quotation, to the impressive and affecting power of our author in treating this theme. The teachings of Jesus present to us a perfect system of religion; they are such as might come from a Divine Messenger; their views of God, and of man's relations and responsibility to God, of immortality, and of moral principles of duty, address themselves with a self-enforcing conviction of their truth to every sincere reader. These teachings, compared with those of the wisest and best of human teachers, — those of Socrates, — display their unapproached perfection. The personal character of Jesus consists with his teachings, and crowns their testimony to his heavenly mission. The Gospels which convey to us those teachings and the impress of that character thus assure to us their own authenticity and genuineness.

A brief Appendix to the volume treats of the adaptation of the discourses of Christ to the character and condition of the Jews, and to the circumstances in which he was placed.

As our readers will soon have this valuable work within their reach, we will leave to them the ratification of the high estimate which we have put upon it. We assure them that they will find a sacred pleasure in tracing through its luminous pages that self-recommending testimony which the Gospels offer to the truthfulness of their contents. If the volume served no other use, we should receive it as a precious legacy from one whose earnest and devout pen has treated a religious theme with that vigor of mind and that seriousness of spirit which are themselves evidences of the reality of religion and of its high objects. The author ceased from his fond labors on the earth, sustained by the hope of the Gospel's precious promise. May this legacy from his heart and spirit confirm that glorious hope to all who may read his book.

G. E. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A South Side View of Slavery: or, Three Months at the South in 1854. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D.

THE general object of this book seems to be to diminish the dislike which Northern people feel toward slavery; to show that, when well regulated, and properly managed, it is not so bad a thing after all; that there is nothing wrong in holding three millions of human beings in bondage; that in the abstract it is right, and in the concrete, beautiful; that, though there are some revolting things connected with it, these are all exceptional; and that on the whole the slaves are much better off as they are, than they would be if free. In accomplishing this laudable object, it gives us a collection of the same assertions and opinions which Abolitionists have been in the habit of hearing and answering, during the last twenty years. To produce a greater impression, Dr. Adams represents himself as being a thorough-going Abolitionist in feeling and sentiment last spring, and as having been entirely converted from those opinions by a three months' tour through the Southern States. He saw everything there *couleur de noir* before going, and found everything *couleur de rose* after he arrived. He represents himself, not only as having been violently antislavery in his feelings up to last June; but also as having been singularly green and innocent as regards the whole subject. You would suppose from his first chapter that he was an Abolitionist fresh from a constant reading of the Liberator. And yet he is so wholly ignorant in regard to slavery, that he parades through his book all the old arguments in its behalf, just as if they had not been refuted a hundred times over.

It will no doubt surprise Dr. Adams's acquaintances and friends not a little, to learn how inveterate have been his feelings hitherto against slavery; how he has "preached and prayed and conversed about it" (p. 13); how his time was occupied, up to the last moment of his leaving the North, in signing remonstrances against slavery, and in giving money to redeem slaves from Southern bondage. For, as it has happened, Dr. Adams has contrived to keep all these violent feelings singularly to himself. Profound silence has been with him the "flood-gate of the deeper heart"; and if there has been "a thaw in his mind," there has evidently been also "a frost of the mouth." Indeed, in this very book (p. 170), he is obliged to admit that he preached a sermon on Mr. Webster, which wound up with the moral, that the land was to "have a Sabbath on the subject of slavery"; and that he forgot to put in, that this Sabbath was to

refer only to the *mode* of discussing it. We therefore imagine that this account of the Doctor's previous antislavery sympathies will seem to most persons only the usual trick of controversy, by which a proselyte endeavors to increase the importance of his conversion, by representing himself as having been before very strong the other way.

The general substance of the book is this: Slavery is not so bad a thing, for I have spent three months at the South, and I have found that in some of the Southern cities slaves laugh, and are often well dressed, and have churches, and sing Methodist hymns. This I have seen with my own eyes. Besides this, a number of *Southern gentlemen* have told me capital things about slavery. They say that slave families are very seldom separated, that slaves never suffer from want, that they are very seldom ill-treated, and that they would be very sorry to be free. — The rest of the book is filled with the usual general reflections on the evils done to the slaves by speaking against slavery; on the wise purpose of God in permitting slavery; the usual assertions about the South being opposed to slavery, and having intended to abolish it, till it was prevented by hearing that some persons at the North were opposed to it too; the usual terrors concerning the dangers of emancipation; and the usual pious proofs out of the Bible, that slavery is a Divine institution; a good deal of talk about Onesimus; and some delicately hinted aspirations for the revival of the slave-trade, and for the extension of slavery in this country.

After this general survey of the book we will examine it chapter by chapter.

Chap. 1. Dr. Adams thinks that the discussion of slavery might have gone on for ever, without any good result, had not God providentially sent him to spend three months at the South, with an invalid; but that by means of this event and this book something is to be done to put a stop to such discussion. The North is hereafter to be silent, the South is to do as it chooses, and all is to go well.

Dr. Adams sets off for Georgia, with very gloomy feelings, expecting to see nothing there but wrongs and woe. He sails past Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, in a steamer, and as yet (apparently to his surprise) he sees no slave. At last he enters the Savannah River, and he is very much stirred up at the expectation of hearing the simultaneous groans of three millions of slaves, and the "confident expectation of seeing at the landing, or in passing through the Market Place, a figure like the common touching vignette, or the naked negro on one knee, with manacled hands raised imploringly, and saying, 'Am I not a man and a brother?'"

At last he saw a slave. It was on a steam-tug. He had two legs, and an old black hat, and he absolutely smiled. Dr. Adams was much moved, and felt impelled to speak to him, but had not the courage.

CHAP. 2. On arriving at the landing, Dr. Adams was surrounded with slaves, and observing them attentively like a natural philosopher, he noticed that they "lifted one leg in laughing." He now ventured to speak to one of them, and asked him to lift a trunk. The experiment succeeded. The trunk was lifted, and the slave said, "Anything more, please, sir?" Pursuing his observations, he saw some young women with turbans, and, beside the lifting of the leg, also saw "a rhetorical lifting of the arm." A great revolution takes place in the Doctor's feelings and opinions concerning slavery. The slaves laughed! They touched their hats!! The nurses wore turbans!!! There was a rhetorical lifting of the arms!!!! Ergo (such is the Doctor's conclusion) they cannot "be very much cowed down."

CHAP. 3. Dr. Adams sees a band of musicians, who are slaves, and one wore periscopic glasses.

He saw a cane made of the frigate Constitution, and a locomotive named New Hampshire, and was melted into tears (p. 21) at the thoughts of "the glorious Union."

He saw colored firemen; consequently his Abolition feelings were frost-bitten, and he conceived affection for the blacks and respect for their masters (p. 23).

CHAP. 4. Dr. Adams inquired why the streets were so quiet at night, and was told, that, if a slave was out after eight o'clock without a pass, he was sent to the watch-house, and his master must pay fifty cents for his release. Dr. Adams's informant forgot to add, that, in case the money was not forthcoming, the slave was flogged, and that masters sometimes prefer to have them flogged, rather than pay the money for their release. The Doctor thought this "theoretically a usurpation, but practically benevolent," as keeping them out of mischief, and would be glad to have a similar law for the clerks in Boston or New York. He indulged himself in thinking, "Here is strong government," which was "a tonic to his feelings."

Next, he sees the slaves singing at church. One starts off "with an explosive note." Another is "an elderly negro with white hair"; another, "an intensely black man, in a Petersham coat." And the Doctor's theory, that the slaves were perpetually unhappy, is overthrown. Better still, they did not go to sleep during the sermon, which to a Doctor of Divinity naturally appeared the highest virtue of which a human being is capable. But the best of all was to come; something which brought his surprise and pleasure to "a high tide"; something which he

thinks his readers will never believe; something which demands a section by itself in his book, and which demands a new paragraph in our abstract.

The slaves were well dressed!!! In the cities, on Sunday, he saw them with "broadcloth suits, well fitting and nicely ironed fine shirts, polished boots, gloves, umbrellas for sun-shades, the best of hats, their young men with their blue coats and bright buttons in the latest style, white Marseilles vests, white pantaloons, brooches in their shirt-bosoms, gold chains, elegant sticks, and some old men leaning on their ivory and silver-headed staffs." On this occasion the Doctor's feelings nearly overflowed into shaking hands with them, and he involuntarily lifted his hat, and came to the conclusion at once, that such well-dressed gentlemen could never be badly treated.

But the Doctor's conclusion was premature. The Doctor forgot that they were all slaves; that these clothes, bought with their savings, were not theirs, but their masters'; and that if their masters should die, or be unfortunate in business, any of these well-dressed gentlemen and ladies might be put on the auction-block on Monday morning, and sold, clothes and all, to the highest bidder. Mrs. Stowe, who has omitted no feature of slavery, has described all this fine dressing in the servants of St. Clair, and the loss of clothes, with everything else, at St. Clair's death.

The Doctor informs us that Southern mistresses take the same pride in dressing their servants, that Northern mothers take in dressing their children (p. 32). These elegantly dressed slaves were not city, but plantation slaves. The Doctor, therefore, would have us believe that slaves through the South, house servants and field hands, are dressed as well as Northern free people. It does not appear, however, from anything in his book, that he went anywhere beyond the immediate vicinity of Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, and the remaining cities on the railroad route from Savannah to the North. Those who have spent not three months in Savannah and Charleston, but three years and more in travelling through the interior of every Southern State, tell us quite a different story. Our Northern manufacturers know very well what kind of cloths they make for the slaves. Any one who has lived at the South knows perfectly well that he will see on Sunday, in the streets of the cities and large towns, numbers of well-dressed colored people. But he also knows that it is only the few thousands in the cities who can dress thus, while the millions on the plantations go in a costume which no Boston beggar would condescend to wear.

As regards labor, the Doctor makes some, for him, remarkable concessions. He admits that "life on the cotton plantations is, in general, as severe, with the colored people, *as agricultural*

life at the North." He grants that in the rice swamps there is disease, and that in the sugar districts men must work at certain seasons night and day; and that even in the cotton region "plantation life is severe." He goes so far as to tell us, that the negro cabins seem at first sight a little disagreeable, and as if they might be made more comfortable.

Of course, however, there is a *per contra* to these concessions; and he tells us some wonderful things, by way of showing that there is no such great harm after all in slave labor. For example, "by the common law" of the South, the slaves have a "long rest in the middle of the day," and "early dismission from the field at night," and "the largest liberty" in celebrating all the festivals of the Episcopal Church. He brings up in our mind images of Spaniards taking comfortable siestas, and of Italians lounging in their market-places on their festas. He tells us that "some slaves are owners of bank and railroad shares." How this can be, when, by the laws of the State, everything they have is their master's, he does not condescend to inform us. He brings us a picture of a master in the market-place of a city by the side of his slave, with disinterested kindness helping his servant to dispose of honey-combs, melons, mops, husk-mats, — the property of the slave; and then, on the way home, going into the savings bank to enter "nine or ten dollars more in Joe's pass-book, which already shows several hundred dollars." "All this," he exclaims, "has not been so much as named on the platform of any society devoted to the welfare of the slaves!" Most extraordinary neglect, say we. And if Dr. Adams will furnish us with the address of this benevolent gentleman, and at the same time explain how it is that Joe can be the legal owner of a single dollar, we will engage to have it mentioned in as many anti-slavery meetings as possible. We are sorry, we confess, that Dr. Adams does not in some few instances take the trouble to authenticate his wonderful stories, by giving names, places, and dates. But this is nowhere done. All the facts in this book float in the air, which very much impairs their effect upon the mind. Dr. Adams tells stories, which, to those who like ourselves have been familiar with the South for years, seem like the narrations of Munchausen or the experiences of Gulliver. But he never condescends to give us any means of verifying them. No doubt he heard these stories, or something like them, but on what authority they came to him no man can learn from his book. When Abolitionists tell a story bearing *against* the institution of slavery, they almost invariably give the name of the individual, the town, county, and State where it occurred, and the date of the event. Dr. Adams never does anything of the kind, and you cannot even tell, after he landed at Savannah, where he went, or where he spent his three months.

Pursuing his subject, he informs us that the person of the slave is protected by public sentiment against annoyances and injuries (p. 38). In Georgia, he tells us, "it is safer to kill a white man than a negro." He considers it well that the blacks are not allowed to give testimony against the whites (p. 40.) All this is easy to say, but very hard to prove. We have lived many years in a slave State, and have repeatedly known of slaves being killed, and never knew an instance of a white man being punished for doing so. He mentions a case in which two white men were sentenced to death for the murder of a negro, but does not inform us whether or no they were hung.

He thinks that crime is prevented among the lower class of society, by means of slavery, and thinks "it would be a benefit (p. 41) to some of our immigrants at the North, and to society, if government could thus prevent or reach disturbances of the peace through masters, overseers, or guardians. But we cannot rival, in our police measures, the beneficial system of the South, in its distributive agencies, to prevent burglaries and arson."

That is to say, Dr. Adams would like to see the Irish enslaved, in order to keep them from getting into rows. This is logical and consistent, and we like him for it. If slavery is good for blacks, of course it is equally good for the whites. But as regards *arson*, has Dr. Adams never heard the reason why factories cannot be established in the Southern States? If he had asked his Southern friends, they might have told him that, sooner or later, they are always burnt down by the slaves. Nor was he informed of the fact which we know to be universally true, that Southern households live in the constant terror of fire and of poison, the two weapons by which the slave revenges himself on the whites. Arsenic is universally in the possession of the negroes, but it is considered the part of wisdom, when families are poisoned, that the fact should be kept as secret as possible.

Dr. Adams describes the meekness and spirit of submission which characterize the slaves; and hence derives an argument in favor of slavery which has produced such excellent results. Either way, therefore, he can prove that they ought to be slaves. If they behave well, then of course slavery is doing them good, and it will be a cruelty to them to set them free. If they behave badly, then it is evident that they are unfit for freedom, and ought not to be set free. Poor creatures! Your virtues and your vices equally furnish this Northern Christian minister with arguments against the breaking of your yoke.

Chapter fifth continues to give us favorable views of slavery; and in the first place we are told that it prevents "mobs" (p. 44). This is a striking fact, and an important discovery, if true. But,

inasmuch as we remember a great multitude of transactions which very much resembled mobs, we must season for a while our admiration of this new beauty of slavery. We seem to remember something of persons being tarred and feathered, and driven out of Southern States, on the suspicion of being Abolitionists; of the South Carolina mob which drove away Mr. Hoar; of the other which broke into the Post-Office, and destroyed Abolition papers; of the Vicksburg mob which hung the gamblers; of the St. Louis mob which burned Mackintosh; of Regulators, and other organizations of mob-law; of Lynching and Lynch law (a Southern invention), and of the Baltimore mobs, which broke into the jail and murdered a Revolutionary soldier during the last war with Great Britain; and those which, a few years since, continued for three days in the same city, when the houses of Reverdy Johnson, of the Mayor, and others, were gutted and set on fire. We happened to be ourselves present on this latter occasion, and mingled with the mob, and saw the work of destruction carried on.

The slaves have a great deal of personal liberty, and come and go at pleasure, — so the Doctor informs us (p. 45). He assures us that the masters do not wish to keep a servant who runs away, but "they are suffered to find other masters," — a euphemism we suppose, for selling them South. They are pursued, when they run away, he says, merely as property, — and we have no doubt that he is quite right in this latter statement.

Dr. Adams thinks that there are few popular delusions at the South, but "far more faith" there "than with us." "There is more faith, less infidelity," at the South than at the North; so he says. We presume that he has heard of Mr. Jefferson and his college in Virginia, of Dr. Thomas Cooper, President of South Carolina College, of Professor Charles Caldwell, of Lexington, Kentucky, and of the Types of Mankind, lately published in Mobile. The difference between the South and the North is this; that at the South educated men are very frequently Deists, and at the same time indifferent to the whole subject of religion, and the women are often uneducated, trusting mostly in the doctrines of their own sect and preacher. At the North, all are interested in questions of religion and morals, and therefore differences of opinion are openly expressed. Dr. Adams says that "the white population of the South are readers of books, perhaps more generally than we." This is curious, since, by the census, there is in the slave States one white person in every eleven who cannot read and write, while in the free States there is only one in forty-three. By the last census it appears that one fourth of the native white population of North Carolina over twenty years are unable to read and write. Comparing together

a few of the Northern and Southern States, the results on this point are curious. Maine and North Carolina have each about 550,000 native white inhabitants. Of these there are in Maine 2,000 who cannot read and write, — in North Carolina 73,000. Massachusetts has a larger native white population than Tennessee; in the former State there are 1,055 who cannot read and write, — in the latter there are 77,017 in the same predicament. Connecticut has 324,095 native white inhabitants, and 726 who cannot read and write. Maryland has 366,650 native white inhabitants, of whom 17,364 cannot read and write. It is therefore certainly a little remarkable, *if true*, that "the white population of the South are readers of books, perhaps more generally than we."

Thus far, we have examined the statements of the book consecutively, and have given its contents in their own order. We have thus considered the first five chapters. But as it would take more room than we can spare to go through the whole book in this way, we shall give the results of our study of what remains, in a more general way, giving first what strikes us favorably, and then stating our principal objections.

All that can be said in favor of this book will be soon written down. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, like his distinguished prototype, Parson Adams, appears to be a sincere man, honest and truthful, with kindly feelings toward his neighbors and friends. It is not his fault, that he is incapable of comprehending a principle, — that he is wholly inadequate to the discussion of such a subject as slavery, — that he never, even by accident, reaches a high moral tone, or treats the question as one of principle, — that his sympathy with the slaves is wholly outward, and that his notions of religion are of "the letter which killeth." This is not his fault, but his misfortune. He is naturally a man of dogmas, and by training an Orthodox New England minister, and is a fair specimen of the limitations of that type of mankind.

Moreover, his book is a good book, as showing what dogmatic Christianity can come to. Here is an Orthodox divine of the first water, who knows every difference between tweedledum and tweedle-dee in theology, and yet thinks it right to hold a man as a slave; a divine who says that Unitarians are no better than Judas Iscariot, and who keeps all his soft words and bland excuses for those who whip women and steal babies; a divine who will not let a Christian Union of young men enter his church, because among them there may be Unitarians and Universalists, but who grows sentimental to the last degree over divisions between the North and the South. We think such a book is useful as another example of the evils, not of Orthodoxy, but of Orthodoxism. It shows how hard, narrow, and cold

even a kindly heart can become, after wearing for years that iron armor.

We object to this book, first, that its facts are erroneous; secondly, that its reasonings are false; and thirdly, that its spirit is extremely low and ungenerous.

1. Its facts are erroneous.

When Dr. Adams asserts (p. 46), that the white population of the South are perhaps more generally readers of books than we, — that there is more faith and less infidelity (p. 46) at the South than at the North, — that there is an absence of mobs at the South (p. 44), — that there is less crime there (p. 41), — that abusing and killing a negro by a white man are usually punished there (p. 38), — that slaves are generally allowed long rest in the day, and plenty of holidays (p. 35), — that they generally, even on plantations, have handsome dresses (p. 32), — that slavery prevents pauperism (p. 37), (the paupers are distributed on plantations, instead of being collected in poor-houses,) — that they generally have religious instruction (p. 38), — that the people of the South wish to be free from slavery (p. 97), and that slavery agitation at the North has prevented it (pp. 107, 115), — he says what all well-informed men know to be false, and which can be easily proved so, by facts and statistics. Travelling for a few months, principally in Southern cities, seeing what slaveholders choose to show him, and taking their stories for gospel, he gives us a book in which every page conveys either a false fact or a false impression.

We will quote one single story to illustrate the combined ignorance and innocence of our travelling Doctor. On page 22 he tells us of a military commander in Georgia, "who led the Georgia detachment of troops to our Northeastern frontier, during our trouble respecting the Boundary Question." This ludicrous error, which no man of average information could have committed, knowing as he would that no Georgia troops ever went to Maine or could have gone there, lets a strong light into the state of his mind. Any man in Maine could have told him, that Maine was compelled to give up a piece of her territory to Great Britain on that occasion, mainly by the influence of the South, which was determined not to go to war with Great Britain for a Northern quarrel.

On page 98, Mr. Adams states, as a well-known fact, that several slave States have been upon the borders of emancipation. No State ever came nearer to it, or was supposed to be nearer to it, than Kentucky was at the last revision of her constitution. At that time Mr. Clay was in favor of inserting a provision for gradual prospective emancipation, and some leading men, like R. J. Breckinridge, spoke eloquently on the same side. But the re-

sult showed that the people of the State were opposed to it by a large majority, and the constitution adopted was more pro-slavery than the former.

Dr. Adams asserts as a fact that antislavery agitation at the North has prevented emancipation at the South, which assertion is constantly repeated. We have heard the same assertion a hundred times from Southerners and Northerners. But it will not bear a moment's examination. If the people of a great State like Kentucky or Virginia really thought that their duty or their interest required them to emancipate, can any one suppose that they would refrain from doing it, because some people at the North thought so too? What do the people of the South generally care about the Abolitionists? We might as well say that the sneers against Great Britain by Mrs. Tyler, Dr. Nehemiah Adams, the New York Herald, and other proslavery writers, have prevented the British from abolishing *their* social evils. Suppose a British writer should declare that the people in the coal mines, and the children in the factories, would have been protected by Parliament, had it not been for Dr. Adams and his compeers in America, — what should we think of such a statement?

2. All sorts of false reasoning in defence of slavery are to be found in this book. We can give only a few examples of these errors of reasoning. The most common fallacy in the book is reasoning from a single fact to a general result. Thus, under the section of slave-auctions, we have a story told through eight pages, the amount of which is that a girl was put up at auction, and bought in by her master, and so was *not* separated from her mother. And from this fact the doctor argues that it is very unjust for the people of the North to complain of slave-auctions as they do. Now the simple question is, Are the slaves who are sold at auction *usually* bought in and kept together in families, or are they not? Of course they are not, since they are usually sold, because their owner is either unable or unwilling to keep them. Moreover, by the last census, it appears that 168,589 slaves must have been sold in ten years from the three States of Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, into the more Southern States. What a vast amount of separation of families does not this involve, — of children torn from their parents, husbands from their wives, — and what a perversion of reasoning in Dr. Adams to parade his one fact through eight pages, and to omit altogether the consideration of this enormous mass of instances the other way!

By way of an offset to such separations, he tells us (p. 88) how many divorces are applied for, and granted, in New England. The course of thought seems to be, that, because there

are married people in New England who *wish* to be separated and who are sometimes separated by a *legal* process, therefore it is not so bad a thing for husbands and wives at the South, who wish to be together, to be torn apart, — or for them to separate voluntarily, as often as they choose, without law at all.

Dr. Adams excuses and defends the return of fugitives into slavery. He tells a story (p. 129) of a slave who ran away from his master while at the North, and then begged to be allowed to go back into slavery, and who was reluctantly allowed to do so. Of course no names nor places are given. But supposing the story true, what does it prove? If anything, we should suppose it would prove that no fugitive slave law is necessary. If slaves who escape become tired of freedom, and wish to go back into bondage, what need of a fugitive slave law in order to send them back? And if it be possible that a man may become so degraded by slavery as not to desire freedom, how does that prove that another man who does desire it should be deprived of it?

One chapter in the book is of course devoted to the British, and is filled with the usual sneers at British philanthropists, for being distressed about our slavery while they have other evils at home. Here the reasoning is, "You have evils and abuses which are practised in your own country, and which are not yet removed; therefore you must not say a word about any evils which exist among us." On the same ground the heathen might say to the American missionary, "You have heathenism and infidelity at home, Mormonism and atheism at home; therefore you ought not to say anything about our heathenism till that is cured." So the Roman Catholics in Europe might say to our associations for sending Bibles and Protestantism to them, "Have you not one or two millions of Catholics in the United States? Wait till you have converted them before you come to us." In these cases Dr. Adams would speedily find an answer. He would say, Christian sympathy is in its nature expansive; its rule is that of the good Samaritan; its neighbor is the suffering man everywhere; it works at home and abroad too, and those who do the most abroad are those who also do the most at home. And just so is it with the British Abolitionists, who are also the most active in exposing and reforming their own social evils. Take any one of the wrongs and evils in Great Britain of which Dr. Adams speaks, he will find that he never would have heard of it had it not been for some of those British philanthropists at whom he sneers. The same men who rebuke our slavery, rebuke and expose their own social wrongs, and labor for their extermination.

Again, Dr. Adams argues that, because the Northern moral

sense was silent in 1787, it ought to be silent now. (p. 134.) According to this view, there is never to be such a thing as national repentance or improvement. If our fathers did wrong, we are to continue doing so. Because our fathers consented that fugitives should be returned, we must consent too.

Dr. Adams assumes that the South insisted, in the Convention of 1787, on the provision for returning fugitives, and that the Constitution could not have been adopted without it. He also asserts that "the North protracted the slave-trade eight years longer than the South wished to endure it." Both these assertions are erroneous. Southern men submitted many plans of a Constitution, in which no such proviso for returning fugitives was included. Finally, the Convention agreed to this proviso unanimously, August 29th, 1787, with scarcely any debate or discussion. And what the Southern men *did* insist on, as a *sine qua non*, was the continuance of the African slave-trade.

3. But the heaviest charge against the book, considering that it is written by a Christian clergyman, is its low moral sense. The spirit of the book is a bad one. If one is influenced by it, he must become more selfish and mean after reading it. It takes part with the strong against the weak, it seeks to fasten the yoke more tightly. Everything which generous souls in all time have contended for is the object of its sarcasm. Everything which they have abhorred, it seeks to justify. Of absolute justice, of human rights, it has no word to say. Its whole tendency is to confound moral distinctions; to put evil for good, and good for evil; to justify the wicked and to condemn the righteous. Incapable wholly of understanding the noble spirit of Mrs. Stowe, it attempts to pick her work to pieces, and yet has not the courage to do it manfully. It "hints a fault and hesitates dislike." It seizes on something in Uncle Tom, which it calls "an imposition and cruel injustice," in the account of Mr. Shelby's relation to the slave-trader. But this injustice is not the sale of Uncle Tom, or of Eliza's child, but merely *the manner in which they talk together* while doing it. And then Dr. Adams talks patronizingly to Mrs. Stowe, and professes "to comfort her, in view of the harm she has done," and is good enough to promise her, that, notwithstanding her sins, "she shall not forfeit fair renown." Mrs. Stowe must be exceedingly obliged to him.

Dr. Adams reserves his tenderest sympathies, not for the miseries of the slave, but for the discomforts of the master. He thinks our interest in a fugitive, who in the love of liberty has taken his life in his hand and escaped from bondage, is likely to be "misplaced philanthropy, and the sheerest of romancing." (p. 132.) But there is one terrible form of hardship,

one act of injustice and unkindness, which touches him more deeply. This is the suffering of Southern masters and mistresses, in not being able to take their servants with them to the North during their summer excursions. He wails most tenderly and plaintively through two pages, because "their colored nurse" or "their skilful driver" may be persuaded to leave them, and, finding that they may be free, to "use it rather." In a similar state of mind, a Jew of the upper classes, on hearing of Christ's trial, might have commiserated Caiaphas, for having to get up so early, to the imminent peril of his health, and in a very cold morning, in order to examine Jesus. And no doubt the feeling in the minds of some noble Romans, on hearing of Christ's crucifixion, may have been mainly of indignation against the Jews, for having given their friend Pilate so much annoyance.

The Doctor is much pleased whenever he can hear a story of a slave who prefers slavery to freedom. These stories, we know, are usually quite apocryphal, and we can imagine how the merry dogs laughed among themselves after having persuaded the reverend Doctor that they liked to be slaves. "Master may die, and then I shall have to be free, said one." (p. 92.) No doubt he had more fun made out of his travels in this way, than he knew of. But suppose that all these stories are true, of those who prefer slavery, with enough to eat and drink provided for them by their masters, to liberty, with the necessity of care and greater labor. Such things would only prove how much slavery had already degraded them. Dr. Adams thinks that it is better for a man to be a slave, than to be poor; that it is better to be a slave, than to be hungry; better to be a slave, than to be obliged to exercise those habits of foresight and self-reliance which change the child into a man. The starved wolf in Æsop's fable, who declined accepting the privileges of the full-fed house-dog when accompanied by the badge of bondage, might give Dr. Adams a lesson in true magnanimity.

Of the religion of this book, what shall we say? Of course, there is in it plenty of that kind of piety and orthodoxy which makes much of sound opinions in theology and emotions in worship. That the slaves shout and sing, and listen to preaching, "though the white people are not excluded," and that they are all church-members, delights his Christian heart. But that these church-members may be bought and sold on the auction block, — that they have no legal marriages, — that they have no legal rights at all, — that they are at the mercy of wicked, licentious, and infidel masters or overseers, — that their condition makes falsehood, theft, and licentiousness a matter of course, — and that any one who teaches them to read the Bible is sent

to prison for doing so, — these are the facts which it is the object of Dr. Adams's book to palliate and make palatable to Northern Christians.

We have spoken strongly, we are aware, in censure of this remarkable production, but not more strongly than the case demands. That a *Southern* man, accustomed from childhood to this institution, and entangled in its meshes, should sometimes excuse or defend it, we know how to bear. But when a Northerner, enjoying the blessings of freedom and educated in the knowledge of its privileges, — when a minister of the Gospel, which was sent to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, — goes South to find excuses for slavery, and comes home in order to publish them, we think the case demands plain speaking. Either slavery is what he represents it to be, — a Christian and a blessed institution, — and then it should be upheld and extended; or it is a bitter evil, a cruel injustice, and a social curse, — and in that case there are no words too strong to use for its condemnation, and for that of its defenders.

Ida May; a Story of Things Actual and Possible. By Mary Langdon. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 478.

It was written, say some, by the same pen that gave Uncle Tom's Cabin to all the world. However this may be, Mrs. Stowe is in some sense the author of all the books, that, since the appearance of "Uncle Tom," have sought to engage sympathy for the slave and picture forth the lights and shadows of Southern life in the United States. Mary Langdon (we can employ no prefix, not knowing whether she is matron or maid) claims to write from personal observation, and to have endeavored to keep the middle way between extreme cases. Ida May, the suffering and triumphant heroine of the story, is brought to our notice, first, as the beautiful, delicately organized, gifted, and only child of doting parents, one of whom is soon removed by death, leaving the little daughter as the only earthly solace of a bereaved husband. This little child, in all the radiance of her beauty and tenderness of her youth, is stolen away by kidnappers to be sold into slavery. The fearful, heart-rending tale of the seizure and flight is told with great power, only it is so sad that one is almost tempted to lay down the book and go no further; but the child draws us after her, and we sympathize with her in all her sufferings from the brutal treatment of her

captors, and are somewhat relieved at last when she is bought by a kind-hearted planter and placed in charge of Aunt Venus, an old colored woman, whom sorrows have been as efficacious in Christianizing as they have been efficacious in diabolifying Aunt Chloe, a kind of ogress who keeps guard over the children that are collected from time to time by the kidnappers. Poor little Ida has met with such cruel treatment that for a time the remembrance of the past is mercifully obscured, and happily she falls into kind hands, and under a good Providence, through a succession of adventures, which, we suppose, the novel-reader will not reckon improbable, is established upon a pleasant plantation in one of the more Southern States, under the patronage of friends who soon discovered her real name and mournful history. Not to dwell upon the plot, we must hasten to say that the father, who has grown gray in his agonizing search after his lost child, is at last united to her again, and that the whole ends most satisfactorily in the marriage of Ida with a noble young man, her patron and defender in her misfortunes. We may add, that many of the scenes and incidents of the narrative are placed in the residence of a planter of culture and honor, in whom the author intends to give us a picture of a large class at the South, who, although they mean to be just, are yet so warped and blinded by the disastrous influences of their position that they lose sight of the claims of mercy, and, in doing what they will with what they call their own, sometimes become cruel tyrants.

The book, though not equal in power to "Uncle Tom," and suffering undoubtedly from coming after that striking production, is nevertheless the work of no unskilful hand. The author gives proof of deep and pure sensibility, united with excellent judgment and no small measure of artistic power. She is keenly alive to the beauties of nature and the sanctities of human life. We are almost ready to swear that she is a genuine lover of children, and we are satisfied that she ought to be a mother if she is not one. At her word pity or indignation overmasters the reader, and yet her book is far from being a mere play upon the emotions or the passions, for the writer reasons calmly and well, and recognizes the obstacles in the path whilst she steadily keeps before our eyes the grand aim. It will be easy to criticize the book, and say that its instances, besides being extreme, exceptional, and the like, may be paralleled amongst the degraded and unfortunate in communities where slavery is illegal and unknown. But the reply is just as near at hand, that the evils and sorrows delineated may be more general than we suppose, and are incidental not merely to inevitable social appointments, under Providence, but to arbitrary human arrangements which may be gradually reformed, and should not, in any case, be extended over any new ground. A word, too, as to the alleged

tendency of such works to irritate our fellow-citizens at the South. We would do everything consistent with a pre-eminent regard for Christianity to avoid any effect of this kind; we should be ready to leave our Southern brethren to deal with this fearful subject in their own way, if they, on their part, would discharge us, with our conscience upon the subject, from affording them any aid or comfort in the matter of slavery, or from being in any way a party to its extension. If we think it wrong to hold slaves who have never thought of escaping from slavery, how can we, without degrading ourselves, be parties any longer to a covenant which binds us to restore slaves who have been moved to peril their lives for liberty? Our brethren at the South ought not to press against us so fearful a contract, and one made obsolete by the world's moral progress in seventy years, after we have sought an honorable discharge. Moreover, in the book before us, the worst sins against freedom are committed, not by Southerners, but, for anything that appears to the contrary, by men of the North, and surely we have a right to plead with these; such pleading cannot be stigmatized as meddlesome.

We are satisfied that, as in the case of "Uncle Tom," documentary evidence might be produced to authenticate the *materiel* of Ida May. We confidently anticipate for our heroine a speedy and wide introduction to the great world of readers, and we are sure that the book will profit as well as delight, and especially will serve to check the reaction in favor of slavery, which, according to some, threatens New England. We can only say, Read, mark, and digest the book, and whilst you mourn over the evils inseparable from slavery, remember also the dangerous and wretched classes thus far inseparable even from the civilization of free states.

Faggots for the Fireside; or, Fact and Fancy. By PETER PARLEY. Illustrated by Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 320.

BEFORE this pleasant book for children can receive any notice from us, it will have been put into the hands of hundreds of children, and will have been pronounced by them a most attractive and satisfactory Christmas gift. Peter Parley, however, does not need that any one should sound a trumpet before him. His praise is in all the nurseries, and every one who has found rest in his dwelling whilst one of his books kept a restless little mortal for the space of a whole hour in one place, will be ready to say to him, *Serus in cælum!* Besides "The Children of the

Sun," a tale of some hundred and thirty pages long, the book contains ten shorter stories, which are instructive in matter and agreeable in manner, with prologue and epilogue in rhyme. The illustrations are spirited and well executed, the type and paper of a sort that can do no harm to eyes that may have a service of threescore years before them, and the binding very tasteful, all of which was to be looked for as a matter of course from D. Appleton & Co.

Sabbath Evening Readings on the New Testament. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D., F. R. S. E., Minister of the Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, London. *St. Mark.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 288.

WE thought we had disposed of Dr. Cumming in our last number, and we had registered a vow never to read a word of his beyond the few passages which had caught our eyes in the newspapers, and which, unless our memory fails us, were aimed in what seemed a rather bigoted way at the Romish Church. But somehow we have been led along in this volume from page to page, and have found a vast deal of sensible, practical religious information, conveyed in a plain, straightforward style; in fact, just the easy, pleasant commentary upon Scripture which congregations ask for when they express a desire for "expository preaching." If their demand could be met with this kind of material, they would find, in common with the preacher, a very satisfactory relief from the monotone which is so often to be lamented in pulpit exercises.

The American Fugitive in Europe. Sketches of Places and People abroad. By WILLIAM WELLS BROWN. *With a Memoir of the Author.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 315.

AN exceedingly intelligent and amiable mulatto face prefixed to this volume bespeaks for it a friendly perusal. With the exception of a dozen additional chapters, it is the reprint of a work issued by the author two years since in England. Amongst the multitude of books of travel, it would probably, in and of itself, command no great attention; but when we consider that it is the production of a fugitive from slavery, who never in all his life

passed so much as a day in a school, its claims upon our notice are manifest enough. We are glad that it has been allowed to go forth just as it was written, with its slight inaccuracies and inelegancies, the genuine product of the writer's brain. Mr. Brown's opportunities were good, and his sketches of persons and things are very lively. Many a graduate of our colleges would not make half so entertaining a volume.

The World in the Middle Ages, an Historical Geography, with Accounts of the Origin and Development, the Institutions and Literature, the Manners and Customs, of the Nations in Europe, Western Asia, and Northern Africa, from the Close of the Fourth to the Middle of the Fifteenth Century. By ADOLPHUS LOUIS KOEPPEN, Professor of History and German Literature in Franklin and Marshall College, Pennsylvania. *Accompanied by complete Historical and Geographical Indexes, and six colored Maps from the Historical Atlas of* CHARLES SPRUNER, LL. D., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1854. 2 vols. pp. 440, 401.

HISTORY and geography ought always to be studied in connection. If any one questions this statement, we recommend him to read the tidings from the seat of war in Europe, first without the illustrations supplied by a reliable atlas, and then with the help which such a picture of the surface of the earth affords. One who has never tried it can have no idea of the fresh interest that is imparted to a newspaper column by the map always ready for consultation. We are sure that this work of Professor Koeppen, including both the letter-press and the atlas, will clear up from many minds the somewhat intricate study of mediæval history. No one, of course, will think of reading through the volumes either at a heat or in any considerable portions; they are for reference, for the instruction and entertainment of the student, not to fill up the leisure moments of the mere reader. If any fancy that they have no literary wants which are not met by the ancient and modern atlases with which we became familiar in our school days, a glance at this work will convict them of shallowness and error. Professor Koeppen has executed his laborious task with an industry and fidelity worthy we should say of a German, if we did not know that Denmark has the honorable title to so accomplished a scholar. We heartily commend his treatise to all who are really ambitious of a generous historical culture.

Stories from the History of the Reformation, for the Entertainment and Instruction of the Young. With Illustrations from Original Designs, by Anna Mary Howitt. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 202.

The Children's Year. By Mary Howitt. *With Plates, from Original Designs, by* Anna Mary Howitt. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 257.

The Young Islanders; or, The School-Boy Crusoes. A Tale of the Last Century. By Jefferys Taylor. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 316.

The first of these books fully satisfies the terms of the title, and cannot fail to engage the young reader in the stirring history of that great movement in which Luther stands forth as the prominent figure. It belongs to a class of works which is especially valuable, and tells a tale that should sink into the hearts of our youth.

"The Children's Year" is a kind of journal of the experience of the author's children, and is exceedingly rich in matter, and attractive in style, besides being no fiction.

With most young readers, the last of our list will probably be the first, though its claims are by no means superior to those of others. It will be found a very pleasant book of adventure.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth, D. C. L., *Poet Laureate, etc., etc.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1854. 7 vols. 16mo. pp. xl. and 384, 406, 342, 367, 366, 371, 414.

This is the first complete edition of Wordsworth's Poems, we believe, that has been published since his death. In its arrangement the distribution adopted by him in his later editions has been followed; and the posthumous poem entitled The Prelude has been added in a seventh volume. The Prefaces and Appendices are given at the end of the fifth volume; and in the last volume there are some new illustrative notes and letters, drawn from the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth's Memoirs of his uncle. The Biographical Sketch prefixed to the first volume is understood to be from the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell, and constitutes another and perhaps the most attractive feature in this edition, which is in every respect so creditable to the publishers. To the preparation of this memoir Mr. Lowell has brought a highly cultivated taste, a large and accurate acquaintance with English literature,

a mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of poetry, and a perfect mastery of the art of easy and polished composition. The style is terse, flowing, and exquisitely modulated; and the few and uneventful incidents of Wordsworth's life are strikingly exhibited. Throughout, the narrative is studded with felicitous expressions. Thus, in speaking of Wordsworth's sister, Mr. Lowell says: "It was she who called forth the shier sensibilities of his nature, and taught an originally harsh and austere imagination to surround itself with fancy and feeling, as the rock fringes itself with ferns." In another place he remarks, that "The sympathy and appreciation of an intellect like Coleridge's supplied him with that external motive to activity which is the chief use of popularity, and justified to him his opinion of his own powers." Again, in referring to Raisley Calvert's well-timed legacy, he says: "By the death of Calvert, in 1795, this timely help came to Wordsworth at the turning-point of his life, and made it honest for him to write poems that will never die, instead of theatrical critiques as ephemeral as play-bills, or leaders that led only to oblivion." His criticism of Wordsworth's poetry is sound and judicious, though we should be inclined to abate somewhat from the high praise accorded to the poet.

It has been happily remarked by some one, that Wordsworth was a great poet, not in consequence of his perverse theories, but in spite of them. The more widely he departed from his own preconceived opinions in regard to the true nature and office of poetry, the nearer he approached to a realization of the measure of poetical excellence imposed by his own genius. Many of his subjects were badly chosen, and his treatment of them extremely infelicitous. Yet there is so much of beauty and sublimity in his poetry, that one almost forgets the dreary wastes in the Excursion and the Prelude, and the platitudes of many of the Lyrical Ballads. As in so many other instances, it will doubtless prove true in the case of Wordsworth, that the middle course is the true way. In the settled judgment of a remote posterity he will probably neither be depreciated to the level which some have been disposed to assign him, nor elevated to the height which his more extravagant admirers claim for him.

The Complete Poetical Works of WILLIAM COLLINS, THOMAS GRAY, *and* OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *With Biographical Sketches and Notes.* Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 98, 139, and 166.

THE success which has attended the different editions of the British poets now in course of publication in this city and in New

York, is one of many indications of the improved state of the public taste in regard to literary matters. In each case, the enterprise of the publishers and the judgment and taste of the editors have been rewarded by an extensive sale, showing that there is an increasing demand for good editions of works of a high character. Undoubtedly, many works of a merely frivolous or even pernicious tone are still printed and extensively circulated; but we think it is not too much to say, that five or ten years since there would have been little inducement for attempting the publication of a complete series of the modern British poets. The works of different poets were, indeed, printed in various forms, and with more or less regard to editorial illustration; but for many years no publisher ventured beyond the works of a few of the more popular poets, and no one attempted anything like a complete collection. Now we have three different editions, issued in a style of great typographical beauty, and carefully edited by persons of competent ability.

The volume now on our table is the third in the series edited by Mr. Sargent, and, like the previous volumes in the same collection, possesses some special claims on the popular favor. The typographical execution reflects much credit on the publishers, and the price at which it is sold is sufficiently low to place it within the reach of every person of moderate means. The biographical memoirs prefixed to the works of the different poets, though brief, are polished and graceful essays, exhibiting much critical acumen, and an intimate acquaintance with the literary history of the last century. But a chief feature in it is a translation of Vida's Scacchiæ Ludus, or The Game of Chess, — a poem containing nearly seven hundred lines, which has lately been discovered in manuscript in Goldsmith's handwriting, and is supposed to have been translated by him. It was first published by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his recent elegant edition of Goldsmith's Complete Works, and is now for the first time reprinted in this country. Of its authenticity as an actual translation by Goldsmith we have no means of judging in the absence of any positive knowledge on the subject, as it is quite improbable that Goldsmith should have transcribed so long a poem without being concerned in its translation, and almost equally improbable that he should have translated it without publishing it. Judging merely from the internal evidence of the poem itself, we should be inclined, in common with Mr. Sargent and the English critics, to ascribe the translation to Goldsmith. But in any case the translation is a highly meritorious and successful effort by some skilful hand.

The three poets whose works Mr. Sargent has here collected in a single volume wrote but little, and do not rise to the first

rank among English poets. But among the secondary poets we know few who are equal, and none who are superior, to them. Their best pieces will probably be read as long as the language shall last. The Elegy in a Country Churchyard, the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, The Traveller, The Deserted Village, and The Passions, are unsurpassed in their respective kinds. Nor is it probable that any similar productions will ever supplant them in the estimation of scholars and critics.

Poems of the Orient. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 203.

THIS volume is among the first fruits of Mr. Taylor's Eastern wanderings, and is characterized by the same general peculiarities observable in the previous volumes of his poetry. The poems comprised in it are distributed under two separate heads. Under the first we have a collection of poems chiefly on Eastern themes, and abounding in Oriental imagery expressed in warm and passionate language. Many of them are exceedingly chaste and beautiful productions, and in nearly all there are finely turned lines and noble sentiments. The more elaborate pieces, however, are less successful than the simpler poems and ballads. It is in the last, perhaps, that our poet's powers are most happily exercised; and in each of his volumes he has given us some very spirited ballads, which would in themselves show that he possesses the true poetic fire. In his new volume there are fewer of these animated and picturesque ballads than we could wish; but in the few instances in which he has thus given freedom to his verse he has achieved a marked success. The other short and simple pieces are also pleasing and genial productions, marked by an easy and natural versification, and considerable fancy. In the more ambitious poems there is an air of constraint and an apparent aiming after effect which mar their beauty and injure the harmonious flow of the verse. Akin to this is another and not less obvious defect, which we think is more apparent in this than in Mr. Taylor's previous volumes, and which consists in an occasional similarity between his verse and some other familiar poem. Whatever falls from his pen bears, indeed, the impress of his own mind, but he is occasionally betrayed into an imitation of some favorite metre or striking thought. It is to be regretted that a poet with so much freshness and power should fall into this defect, for it is one that is fatal to all high poetical success. The second part consists of miscellaneous poems, many of which possess great

talent, unlimited enterprise, has spent the best of his days beyond the comforts of civilization, and in utmost perils of life by storms at sea and fevers ashore, by black and white assassins and conspirators, only to be "a stranded wreck in the prime of manhood." No legitimate business but would have rewarded his self-devotion with comfort and independence. The twenty-years gambler in human flesh is visited no doubt with dark memories of the murders in which he has taken part, with physical infirmities resulting from his prolonged hardships, and unavailing remorse for the life-long suffering inflicted upon so many of his victims. Of the few friends who cheered his voluntary loneliness, some perished for his sake, others died in misery, and the rest turned against him with a maniac hatred. Though there is hardly a word of sympathy for the crushed native through these seventy-three chapters, — though there is much secret exultation over his piratical expeditions, his escapes from the British cruisers, his revenges upon even the pettiest enemy, his ingenuity at multiplying candidates for the "Middle Passage," — the effect of the whole is so sad, that no one will be in danger of becoming a slaver in consequence. But, while the Captain bears most favorable testimony to the Liberia colony, the impression which he gives is, that its existence would be problematical if left to itself, — that the natural indolence of African character would readily sink back into superstition and sensuality, — that the same degradation which stamps the black man upon the ancient monuments of Egypt will not cease on his native soil for ages to come, — that the vices of our civilization have got the start of its virtues, especially rum and slavery, — and that the last problem which humanity will undertake to settle will be the redemption of those Central African tribes who seem to wear the faintest possible semblance of man. At the end of the fifty-first chapter an awful anecdote is given of the slaver, Don Pedro, — that he made one night a bet of a slave to repeat the whole Lord's Prayer in Latin, and won his wager, going through the petition without faltering, and taking the poor negro as his prize at the end.

Still, the practical experiences of the traffic in "human sinews bought and sold" have never been thoroughly exposed before; the domestic customs of some interior tribes have never been exhibited; and though adventure seems to crowd upon adventure as novelists would hardly invent, there is an apparent truthfulness about the narrative, and the assurance of Brantz Mayer that the romantic history is no fiction.

Life of John Chrysostom, based on the Investigations of Neander, Böhringer, and others. By FREDERIC M. PERTHES. Translated from the German, by ALVAH HOVEY and DAVID B. FORD. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1854. 16mo. pp. 239.

THIS biographical sketch of "the Golden-Mouthed Preacher" and "Neander's Christian Hero," with its incidental review of the more important ecclesiastical movements of the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, is suited for popular use as well as for scholars. The subject-matter of the volume is interesting, and in portions painfully so. It embraces that mingling of good and evil, that combination of things to be rejoiced over and to be mourned over, which will be found in any truthful representation of what is called the "History of the Christian Church," at any period of time. How strange it is that the moral which presses itself upon the notice of every thoughtful reader of such pages should ever be lost sight of, or made secondary to any purpose of party triumph! The more of such volumes as this before us, faithfully and candidly constructed, are put within the reach of right-minded readers, the more just and intelligent will popular opinions become in reference to matters which now suggest perplexities only, or serve as grievous stumbling-blocks.

Spenser and The Fairy Queen. By JOHN S. HART, LL. D. Philadelphia: Hayes and Zell. 1854. 12mo. pp. 434.

DR. HART has here executed most felicitously an undertaking for which many readers, male and female, have been waiting during late years. Not a few persons who love to yield to the attractions of the wide field of literature without all the furnishings of a thorough culture, have known that there was such a poet as Spenser, and have taken up his charming poem; but only to lay it down without reading it. Its antiquated legendary and emblematical cast has made them apprehend that the perusal of it would suffer many abatements of its pleasure because of the perplexities which invest it. Dr. Hart has purposed to smooth their way for them, and he has succeeded wonderfully. The ingenious skill with which he has made the biography and the intimacies of Spenser, with much illustrative matter of a personal and historical character, to serve as a running commentary on the whole poem, answers his desired end. The writer is content to call his work an Essay. The choicer portions of the poem are given, and the portions omitted are represented by a summary in prose. The antiquated spelling is changed, while the rhythm and metre are preserved.

Mile-Stones in our Life-Journey. By SAMUEL OSGOOD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 307.

THIS is one of that most valuable class of books on sacred subjects which harmonize the serious and the cheerful elements of religion. Mr. Osgood in his style of writing combines a scholar's learning with the direct and practical instruction which meets the wants of common men; and in his mode of treating his chosen themes he passes naturally from a solemn to a pleasing strain. In his volumes we discern, as the basis of his intellectual culture, a wide catholicity and a generous purpose which make him an eclectic of the safest and most useful kind. The marked periods and incidents of human life form the themes of this volume, and so it leads us forth into more public scenes of experience and conflict, and deals with larger realities, than are those presented in the household volume by the same writer, entitled "The Hearth-Stone." In both volumes we find the same rich results of thought, after it has accepted its materials from the bright or sad, the manifest or the mysterious, elements of human existence, and has earnestly wrought them over in the spirit's own depths, asking meanwhile the help of God and of the wise and the good who have meditated on the same materials since the world began. The true test of the practical value of such essays as are contained in the volume before us depends upon their healthfulness of spirit, their freedom from every tinge of personal disappointment or individual eccentricity, and their fidelity to life's great lessons as they are presented to those who live under much the same common influences. Tried by this test, we must pronounce a warm encomium on this volume. Its spirit is sedate, but genial. Some exquisite thoughts and some delicate fancies gleam over the pages, and continually remind us that its themes, though the oldest, are still the least exhausted, and need only the mining tools of an able and earnest mind to be made to give up their precious treasures. Not the least interesting portion of the volume is an Introductory Chapter, the fruit of leisure during a summer vacation, which the writer gives his readers the privilege of omitting. They will be unwise if they do so. Those numerous friends of the author who can follow these preliminary pages with the comments of their own memory and observation, have some of them already found enjoyment in their perusal. They touch delicately upon a few characters whose influence the writer felt in his youth, they glance at his school days and college days, and at his experiences in a village and in a city where the first years of his ministry were spent. Then follow seventeen essays, with their well-chosen mottoes in prose or poetry, written in a tone and spirit which we have already char-

acterized. Our readers may depend upon it that, if they begin the volume, they will finish it, and then will turn to it again, and be conscious of having received an impulse and a blessing from it. One of the pieces we regret because of its title, — that of "Old Age." We have no fault to find with the treatment of the theme, for that is excellent; but the writer has no personal concern with that subject for the present, and his meddling with it is too ominous to please us.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"Lyteria, A Dramatic Poem," (16mo, pp. 123,) is the title of one of Ticknor and Fields's recent publications. Founded upon a classic story, with the incidents of which, however, it takes liberties not unauthorized by the license of the art, the poem is designed to exhibit the heroic devotion of woman when her soul is engaged in a sacrifice demanded by duty. The story is told in rhythmical numbers of chaste and beautiful diction, and while the language is rich and highly expressive, it is wholly free from affectation. We have been charmed in its perusal by its constant utterance of just and sweet sentiments from the respective characters in whom such sentiments are becoming. One might indeed suggest that a Christian culture in the author has occasionally led him to attribute a finer tone of piety to the worshippers at a heathen shrine, than our classic records will warrant: but we will not turn the suggestion into a censure. There are sentences and lines in the poem which express in terse and felicitous terms compressed precepts, maxims, and solemn verities worthy of being used as mottoes for moral essays. There is in the poem not only promise of great and good things yet to come from the author, but a proof of present power and ability indicating real genius.

Redfield of New York has published, in an elegant volume, (8vo, pp. 649,) a continuation of the History of Louisiana, by Charles Gayarré. This volume covers the period of the Spanish domination in that colony, a period embracing thirty-three years, beginning with the complete establishment of the power of Spain after its protracted strife with France, and ending with the transference of the Colony to the United States. The period is rich in incidents of a most exciting and interesting character, while it is not lacking either in painful or amusing elements. The historian is well qualified for his task, and he has thrown into it his zeal and devoted effort, thus insuring success.

Redfield has also published a volume of very pleasant matter for easy reading, under the title, "You have heard of them, by Q." (12mo, pp. 353.) The inference being, "You may be glad to hear more of them," the writer proceeds to give us biographical and critical sketches

of all sorts of persons of recent or present notoriety in the world, — of musicians and artists male and female, statesmen, story-tellers, poets, and *literati* in general.

D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published a volume, entitled "The World a Workshop; or, The Physical Relation of Man to the Earth. By Thomas Ewbank." (12mo, pp. 197.) The reputation of the author as a popular writer upon science is already established. In this volume, avoiding all abstruse and technical discussions, he reviews some of the most engaging matters involved in his general theme, simplifies and condenses a vast deal of valuable information, and invests the parts and the whole of his subject with the healthful and grateful spirit of religion. The book deserves high encomiums, and can be read by no one without leaving an elevating and pleasing impression.

Charles B. Norton, of New York, has published a small volume, entitled "Discoveries in Chinese, or the Symbolism of the Primitive Characters of the Chinese System of Writing." (16mo, pp. 137.) Some of our readers may remember that an account appeared in the New York Tribune, some five years ago, of the theory advanced and illustrated by Mr. Stephen P. Andrews, the author of this volume, and which is further developed in the pages before us. His subject is the most difficult one which philology now offers. Had we space, we should gladly enlarge upon the contents of the volume, and endeavor to do some justice to the ingenuity, skill, and perseverance of Mr. Andrews. As it is, we must commend the book, for the present, to the notice of our readers, assuring them of its great value and interest.

The same publisher has issued "An Epitome of English Grammar, by the Rev. Dr. Mylne, of England, with important Alterations and Additions, adapted to the Use of American Schools, by J. F. Gibson." (32mo, pp. 159.) There seems now to be a commendable rivalry as to who shall construct the briefest and simplest manual of English Grammar. The little book before us may dispute the palm with all others.

While mentioning the publications of Mr. Norton, we desire again to commend his elegant and valuable journal, the Literary Gazette, which is published on the first and the fifteenth of each month. To literary men and readers in general it is a most convenient paper, exhibiting proofs of great labor in its preparation, and offering in the course of a year a wonderful amount of bibliographical information.

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. have published a Second Series of "Thoughts to Help and to Cheer." (16mo, pp. 229.) Arranged under each day of each of the last six months of the year, the volume offers us a Scriptural quotation, with brief reflections and suggestions in prose and in poetry, designed to feed the religious life and to influence for good each passing day. The plan of the volume is judiciously chosen to suit a devotional purpose, and the contents, besides being unexceptionable, are edifying and invigorating.

ERRATA.

In our last No., p. 385, line 2, *dele* day.
" " " 465, " 26, *for* cared *read* dared.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1855.

Art. I. — AUGUSTE DE GERANDO.*

We resume our memorial of De Gerando with his visit to Paris, where he remained nearly two years. It was here that, in February, 1844, his first child was born, a little girl, to whom her parents gave the name of Antonine, in memory of a beloved sister of M. De Gerando who had died early.

Early in the spring of 1845, he left France for Hungary. He announced his arrival in Pest to M. Dumesnil by the following letter, dated March 25th, 1845.

"I did not write to you, my friend, before our arrival

* In departing from a rule very rarely relaxed in this journal, — which disallows a fragmentary publication of articles in successive numbers, — it is enough for us to inform our readers that only by withholding the application of that rule could we avoid the loss of these papers upon De Gerando. Our readers may have noticed that in our last number (p. 4), the writer of the papers assumes the modest title of "a stranger." But as all of them might not in this instance appreciate the modesty of that title, and as many might draw a wrong inference concerning the opportunities and means of information possessed by the writer for fulness and accuracy in the treatment of the subject, the word ought not to have passed without an editorial comment. We are indebted for these memorials of De Gerando to one who, from a close intimacy with his nearest friends, and from an unrestricted liberty in the use of his private manuscripts, possesses means for a full and authentic narrative which are rarely at the service of a biographer. — Eds.

in Pest, because I wished the sight of the postmark to reassure you, and let you know at once that our journey had been successfully accomplished. We set off the day after the late visit we made you, and, following the recommendations of M. Michelet, were very prudent, passing as many nights at the inn as in the carriage. The cold in Germany was keen, very keen. In passing through Wurtemberg the hot water which I had at my feet froze completely. Even near Vienna the road was literally cut through the snow, which, thrown up on each side of the way, formed walls that completely hid the carriage.

"I remained in Vienna only long enough to have my passport examined. In my eagerness to see Hungary, eagerness that you will easily understand, I arrived at Presburg at two o'clock in the morning, crossing the Danube on the ice, after the thaw had begun. You will smile if I tell you that I knew beforehand the journey would not even cost me a cold. It is true, however; and the day after our arrival I would have set off on a new journey, if Hungary had been yet farther off. As for Emma, I need hardly say she is not sensible of any fatigue. Wednesday and Thursday, at the appointed hours, we do not fail to speak of the Collége de France and of the words that are pronounced there. These are the only moments in which we regret Paris. You cannot realize how much we feel the want of this weekly bread. We have in our hearts chords that our two Professors have revealed to us and they alone know how to make vibrate. I have not seen the *Siècle*, which would without doubt have given me news of M. Michelet and M. Quinet..... I have found my Hungary still discussing and laboring for the future. The project of paying the impost has already been put into practice by some of the nobles. In each county are found nobles who have subjected themselves to the contribution. Their example leads on others, and, in a few years, it is to be believed that the whole nobility will take the same course, for the people will distinguish between those who come to their aid and those who do not, and these last will be reprobated by public opinion. ..... When shall I see the volume upon Charles VIII.? There are on Italy and the Renaissance things that no one can say but M.

Michelet. Tell me if I shall read it soon. Give me news of everybody."

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to Madame Dumesnil, by Madame De Gerando, soon after her arrival at Pest.

"Our reception here has consoled us for what we have lost in quitting France. We have found here, in especial, a kind friend in my cousin the Countess. ..... She is still young, with a noble Hungarian face, and a generous heart. She is patriotic, and tries to advance the good cause. Her family is one of the most ancient and of the most unfortunate. ..... She was one of the first persons here who received the volumes of Auguste. She read them with lively interest, and communicated them to all the men of note of her acquaintance. At a public banquet which has recently been given to the members of the Diet, a toast was given to the author and to France. Auguste was at first embarrassed; but when he found all eyes turned towards him, and heard the *éljens* that were uttered on his account, he was suddenly inspired, and pronounced, as if by enchantment, in Hungarian, without any mistake, a discourse which made all hearts beat. He ended with: 'In the name of France and of all free countries, long live the noble and generous Hungarian nation.' This was related to me by one of my cousins who was present.

"I should have a great many things to tell you on the actual state of Hungary and of a recent measure of the Austrian government which has thrown every one into consternation, but Auguste will relate all this to your husband in his next letter. I have only, then, to ask news of your health. As for us, we are all well. The little Antonine gives us a great deal of delight with her sweet little ways. Adieu, dear Madame, keep us in your memory, as we shall all our lives remember the good days of Paris and of Rouen."

De Gerando was present, soon after his return to Hungary, at a very remarkable festival, held by the Iazyges and Cumans, inhabitants of certain privileged districts, who celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the restoration of their rights and liberties, of which they had been deprived by Leopold I., and which they regained, in 1745, under Maria Theresia. The Iazyges are the rem-

nant of an ancient tribe once numerous in the East of Europe. They occupy a small territory lying between the counties of Pest and Heves. The Cumans are the descendants of the followers of Kuthen, king of the Cumans, who, after his defeat by Batu-Kahn, asked (1238) a refuge in Hungary. Bela IV., then king of Hungary, received him, with his followers, to the number of forty thousand, and assigned them two separate territories which afterwards bore the name of Great and Little Cumania. The inhabitants of these territories, together with the Iazyges, enjoyed great privileges, bestowed upon them by the earlier Hungarian kings. They were placed under the superintendence of the Palatine, who bore the title of their Count and Judge. But they themselves elected their inferior magistrates. In 1702 the Emperor Leopold, being in want of money to carry on the war of the Spanish succession, bethought himself of a new expedient for drawing supplies from his kingdom of Hungary, already exhausted by his exactions. He sold the districts belonging to the Cumans and Iazyges to the Knights of the Teutonic Order, giving over the inhabitants to be subjects of the order. The Palatine remonstrated; the Diet would not concur in this illegal and monstrous measure, but the sale was accomplished. The people of the districts thus saw the liberties they had enjoyed for many centuries annihilated at a single blow. They were no longer permitted to elect their own magistrates. To supply the place of these, a numerous body of officials was sent among them, against whose tyranny they had no protection, and whose salaries they were obliged to pay, in addition to the heavy tribute exacted by the Teutonic knights. The consequence of this state of things was, that, when Francis Rákóczy proclaimed the war of independence, the Iazyges and Cumans were among the first who hailed his standard. When the insurrection was terminated by the peace of Szathmár, one of the articles of the treaty then concluded between the king and the Hungarian nation secured the restoration of the rights of the inhabitants of the Iazygian and Cumanian districts. The Teutonic knights were induced to consent to the annulling of the bargain, on condition that the five hundred thousand guldens which they had paid for the territory should be returned. As some difficulty

was found in raising the money, a loan was taken of the House of Invalids at Pest, which was very wealthy, having been richly endowed by the Hungarian prelates and magnates. The districts in question were pledged to the House of Invalids as security for the repayment of the loan. The unfortunate inhabitants now passed under the jurisdiction of the administrators of the hospital. Their condition was little ameliorated by this change. Their privileges were not restored. They were not permitted to hold their assemblies or elect their officers. They were obliged to pay a tribute in addition to the interest on the loan. John Palffy, who bore the title of their Judge, repeatedly urged on the queen the redress of the wrongs of these unhappy people. After many fruitless attempts to interest her in their favor, he at length succeeded in persuading her to permit them to redeem themselves by the payment of the loan. He promised, in the name of the people of the district, that, in proof of their gratitude, they would immediately equip one thousand horsemen and send them to the royal army. The Iazyges and Cumans succeeded in getting together the sum required, and thus redeemed themselves. They then re-entered into the possession of their former liberties and privileges by the consent of Maria Theresia. It was to commemorate this act of generosity on the part of the "great queen," that the Iazyges and Cumans assembled on the 19th of May, 1845, at Iászberény, the chief town of the district of the Iazyges. Many invitations were issued by the authorities of the district to the inhabitants of the neighboring counties, and their friends. De Gerando was one of the invited guests.

"When we entered the city of Iászberény," he writes, "on the evening of the 18th of May, the principal street was filled with carriages arriving from all directions. Each of them stopped before the district-house. Hussars presented themselves at the carriage door, inquired the name of the stranger who arrived, and furnished him with a guide who conducted him to the lodging prepared for him. Everything in the city announced a festival. All the world was out of doors. The people poured forth into the country to look at the triumphal arches erected on the road from Pest, and which were adorned with inscriptions suggested by the occasion.

"The next day at sunrise, horsemen were seen arriving at a gallop, one by one, and soon three squadrons were formed in front of the town-house. They were composed of the representatives of the districts, that is to say, peasants from the three territories. Each was commanded by his captain, and the supreme captain of the districts was at the head of the whole troop, which consisted of about four hundred men. The Iazyges came first. They wore in their caps broad ribands of the Hungarian colors, and, over their dolmans, a short blue pelisse trimmed with fox-skin. The costume of the Cumans was more grave. They wore the close-fitting dolman, of a dark color, with rows of brilliant buttons. From their caps of fox-skin floated white plumes. The captains wore the same dress with their men, but embroidered with silver. The supreme captain had over his shoulders a panther-skin, and over this was passed round his neck the horn of Lehel.

"The day of the festival was opened by a religious service, celebrated in the great church of the city. Then followed the blessing of the standards, which took place in the open air. Each territory has a standard under which the inhabitants march when the summons to arms is proclaimed. The squadron of the Iazyges and that of Little Cumania were grouped around their banner. But the horsemen of Great Cumania had come without a banner, for the old standard was to be replaced by a new one, the gift of the Archduchess-Palatine. When this standard was presented, M. Török, a minister of the Reformed Church, pronounced a patriotic discourse, which moved the hearts of all present. After the standard had been received, the cavaliers defiled, and went forward to meet the Palatine, manœuvring with the precision of disciplined troops.

"When the horsemen were gone, the streets of the city were occupied only by some hundreds of peasants, who, to do honor to the festival, had put on their long pelisses of sheep-skin under a tropical heat. With their wide-brimmed hats on their heads, and wrapped in their sheep-skin pelisses which descended to the ground, these athletic men resembled so many walking towers. They moved in a crowd towards the place where the Palatine was to appear, followed by their wives and daughters,

who had put on their finest red boots. They wore round their heads a kerchief of the same color, and attached to their shoulders their fox-skin pelisses. The inhabitants of Iászberény thus arrayed, and ranged in front of the houses, resembled a wall, whose stones are alternately white and red. There was a moment when this wall sank suddenly to half its first height. The spectators, weary of waiting, had seated themselves on their heels after the Tatar fashion. Then came the schools of the girls and boys, with their banners displayed, and formed themselves in ranks.

" At length the discharge of musketry and the distant sound of music announced the approach of the Palatine. The carriage of the prince came in view, surrounded by the *élite* of the youth of Iászberény, on horseback, richly dressed. This escort of honor had for uniform the attila, embroidered with silver, and the fur kalpag, trimmed with red velvet. The carriage was preceded by a part of the Cuman cavaliers, while the others closed the *cortége.*

" On his entrance into the city the Palatine was met and harangued by the principal magistrates on horseback. When he arrived at the district-house, he was again received with a discourse. The Hungarians, like all the Orientals, are very lavish of ceremonies and polite attentions. The harangues were therefore multiplied. Even the schools of the boys and girls had their little orators. When all the ecclesiastic and lay dignitaries had been presented, the Palatine made a progress through the city. He had the good sense to refuse the services of the Austrian light-horse, who wished to surround his person, and had for his escort only the peasants. The Cumanian horsemen, when they had carried their horses to the stable, mingled with the crowd. 'After such a reception,' said one of them to his neighbor, 'the Palatine can descend happy to the tomb.' 'And so much the more that he has deserved this reception,' added I. 'That is true,' replied he; 'he is a good judge, and our affairs are always well treated when they get so far as him.' I remembered having heard the Palatine, a short time before, express an equally favorable opinion of the peasants of Cumania. 'The village judges,' he said to me, 'render, generally, very good decisions, and, when I have made my way through the

labyrinth of papers of the intermediate courts, I have, in general, only to confirm the decisions that the first have made with the aid of their simple good sense.'

"In the evening the town was illuminated. The fronts of all the public buildings were ornamented with brilliant garlands. Each window of the district-house bore a device and an inscription. Under the arms of Hungary was written: 'For thee we sacrifice our lives and our wealth.' Under the arms of Iászberény: 'When the horn of Lehel sounded, our ancestors took up arms for their faith, their country, and liberty.'

"The morning of the 20th, like the preceding, was ushered in by religious services. At noon there was a meeting held at the town-hall, after which the persons composing it repaired to the district-house to present their thanks to the Palatine. Then followed a banquet offered by the town to its guests. Eight hundred persons took their places at the tables which had been prepared for them. At the table of the Palatine, the supreme captain of the three districts drank to his health in the horn of Lehel. Then entered sixteen young men, and as many young women, from Cumania, who, in the name of the rural population, offered the Palatine a loaf, a cake of wheat-flour, a cheese, and a black lamb. One of them, in presenting these gifts, addressed the Palatine in a discourse which was much applauded. After the banquet, a horse-race took place on the plain without the city. Thirty horsemen had been inscribed to take part in it. They were worth seeing, these hardy peasants, as they darted along the plain, on their fiery horses, without stirrup or saddle..... The victor was received with enthusiastic felicitations. The Palatine in the mean time had been visiting in detail the establishments of public utility. Those who accompanied him and those who attended the races united in the evening at the animated ball, where national dances concluded the festival. Their celebration was peculiar in this, that it was not conducted according to the ordinary programmes, but was originated and carried out by the people. In this age everything original and distinctive is rapidly passing away, and it is very probable that the sun of the Puszta will never look down upon such another."

De Gerando spent several months in travelling in

Hungary, and then returned to Hosszufalva. A letter addressed by Madame De Gerando, in the month of September, to an intimate friend at Paris, announces their arrival, and gives some details in regard to the celebration at Iászberény.

"Behold us at length in the port where a good fairy effaces from the brow of our young author all cares, all fatigues, leaving him only limpid thoughts that flow over the paper without effort. Since my last letter we have passed our time in making excursions in the country, and Auguste has collected materials for future chapters. We have been present at a national fête, which will probably be the last of the kind, since it is held but once in a hundred years. It was among the Iazyges that it took place. They commemorated the acquisition of certain privileges. They are under the jurisdiction of the Palatine, who celebrated at the same time his fiftieth year of vice-regency. We arrived the evening before the great day. Our windows looked out on the immense square, such as are found in all these free cities of the plains. It was now covered with dark-complexioned cavaliers, mounted on half-tamed Tatar horses, whose harness was loaded with long straps covered with copper ornaments. . . . . On the day of the festival the horsemen assembled at break of day, waiting the consecration of their standard, after which they were to go to meet the Palatine. One of my aunts, the Countess T——, had been appointed to attach the knot to the standard that the wife of the Palatine had sent. She therefore appeared among the horsemen, escorted by her husband, her children, by ourselves, and many Hungarian Magnates. A table was placed in the midst of the square, at which a pastor, himself a Iazyge, held a touching discourse, asking God to preserve this poor people, as he had hitherto done through so many centuries of war and blood. . . . . When the sermon was ended, the Countess T—— fastened the knot to the standard, in the name of the wife of the Palatine, by driving in a silver nail. The horsemen then went to meet their guest. . . . . At length the carriage of the Palatine arrived, surrounded by horsemen. A shout arose, 'Long live the Palatine!' to which we added, 'Long live the Cumans and Iazyges.' . . . . . Pardon

my long recital. My pen has led me on because my heart was with it. I fear I have fatigued you, yet I must tell you that the name of your father was more than once pronounced at Iászberény. I should have much more to say, but this letter is already long. I will only tell you, then, that the joy of my father was great when he pressed in his arms his little granddaughter, whom he loves tenderly, and who rewards him by a thousand caresses. You are right in supposing that she walks. She attained this happiness at Pest, under the charge of my sister, while we were attending the centennial festival. She understands and pronounces a great many French and Hungarian words, and shows, in general, almost too great an intellectual development, so that the physician has pronounced upon her that she will not be stout, unless she leads the life of a little plant. We keep her in the garden from morning till night."

De Gerando writes, November 10, to M. Dumesnil: —

"We shall soon have a Diet in Transylvania. It is announced for the first days of March. The committees which, in the interval between the meetings of the Diet, prepare the projects of law, have already finished their labors. . . . . I will tell you in two words to what the efforts of the present Diets tend. They wish to make the power which formerly belonged to the lords pass into the hands of the municipalities, inasmuch as it is better to obey an administration than one man. At each Diet some progress is made. The nobles speed the movement, having been themselves the first to set the wheel in motion. My father-in-law, for example, now retired, was one of the first to demand this substitution in the name of justice. Until the time comes for doing something more important, I content myself with casting, from time to time, when I feel I have something to say, a pamphlet, written in the language of the country, into this strife of words and writings. These are, however, only secondary matters. I am now occupying myself with Hungary, very much in the same way I did with Transylvania."

On the 9th of January, 1846, he writes to the same friend: —

"A thousand thanks, dear friend, for your letter. . . . . I knew already, through the German journals, that the

lectures of M. Quinet had been suspended, but I had no details, and you may judge whether your letter has been read and re-read with eagerness. I feared this blow, after what had already taken place..... All these things are connected. But it is time for our ministers to remember that they govern France in the name of 1830.

"Here, too, grave things are taking place. The antagonism between Hungary and Austria continues. You know that the rampart of the country is found in the municipalities, fifty-two in number, administered by the nobles, that is to say, by six hundred thousand individuals, of whom ninety-five hundredths cultivate the soil with their own hands. These nobles come in crowds to the municipal assemblies, and are represented at the Diets by deputies, who vote according to their instructions. The house is, therefore, incorruptible. How gain or terrify so large a number? The court has devised a mode of breaking the strength of the Hungarian opposition, by placing by the side of this municipal administration, composed of men chosen by the nobles, and renewed every two years, a body of officials, named at Vienna, who annul the power of the county administration. This measure has occasioned a great excitement. The nobles protest against the authority of the new officials, and, as these are surrounded by soldiers who march with fixed bayonets, they themselves sometimes draw their sabres, and blood is shed. I cannot see these things without great regret. I am Hungarian by sympathy; as a matter of judgment I desire the continuance of the Austrian connection. I must then deplore the dissensions which arise between the government and the people.

"We live in still greater retirement than in the summer. We go out but little, and pass the greater part of the day in our own rooms. The day here is divided with as much regularity as in a convent. This aids work wonderfully. Every day was a new stone added to my edifice. Twice a week a man is despatched on horseback to the town whose post-mark is on this letter, to bring us letters and journals. He opens for us a window into the outer world. He is well received when he brings us news of you. Our little Antonine gives animation to the house. Her grandfather, whose heart is broken since the death of his wife, loves her more every day. She re-

cited to him, on New Year's day, six little verses in Hungarian, which Emma wrote for her and taught her. She acquitted herself admirably, although she is not yet two years old."

De Gerando passed the year 1846 chiefly at Hosszufalva, employed in the preparation of his new work upon Hungary. He quitted that place only for occasional excursions, until the month of November, when he removed with his family to Pest. Soon after his arrival in that city, he writes to his friend M. Dumesnil: —

"Your letter, dear friend, found us at Pest, at the moment of our arrival. It caused us, as you will believe, a lively pleasure. I congratulate you on your good and fortifying journey into Belgium, to which we shall owe a new book, since it has so well restored the health of M. Michelet. At that time we were also on a journey, an excursion into the Carpathians, along the frontier of Poland. We have seen a wild, grand country. We have visited fine salt-mines that resemble temples. We have traversed virgin forests, and sailed upon primitive rafts amidst Alpine scenery. We have lodged in bare cabins, we have met highway robbers, we have seen the track of bears on our path; nothing was wanting to the picturesque conditions of our journey. A month after, we quitted Transylvania to come to Pest. This was not a journey, but merely a drive; a drive across the green prairie, in the midst of the mirage. In Hungary the roads are detestable during great part of the year; but when they take the trouble to be good, they are perfect.

"We have found Pest, as usual, full of life and intellectual movement. The next Diet, which will open in a year, will be very stormy, for the government has taken advantage of the interval since the last, to carry into execution the most unconstitutional measures. I have already mentioned some of these to you. The Hungarians, therefore, show themselves more determined than ever. They have recently performed an act of vigor, which your journals, according to their custom, will take care to misrepresent. You know that, in Hungary, there are no custom-houses, and that the law does not permit Austria to put hers upon the Hungarian soil. Recently, the administration of the railroad from Vienna to Styria has thought proper to place a custom-house on the terri-

tory of the Hungarian county of Mosony, a frontier county which borders on Austria. There travellers were stopped and searched, after the Austrian fashion, a thing which had never been seen before in 'free Hungary,' as they like to say here. The county assembly met immediately, called to mind that the law expressly recommends to the frontier counties to guard intact the independence and privileges of the kingdom, and, after some deliberation, decreed the suppression of the custom-house. The county sent an armed force to the spot. The buildings were demolished and the custom-house officers escorted beyond the frontier. This act may appear somewhat vigorous in a country of centralization, but it is perfectly legal in Hungary, where each county exerts within its own sphere the powers that belong to the whole country. You may judge by this occurrence whether your *Revue des Deux Mondes*, ill informed as it always is, is right when it says that Hungary '*fait la morte*.'

"Austria is now making every effort to recruit a majority, and carries corruption to a scandalous height. There has never yet been a government that gave such an example of immorality. It is said that it wishes now to put itself at the head of the movement, after having done so much to arrest it. You know that, up to this time, it is the opposition which has been laboring for the development of the constitution; it is the nobility which has emancipated the people in spite of the government. Henceforth, it seems, Austria intends to take a contrary attitude; at least she has said this by her journals and agents. If it were so, it would be a great benefit for the country, for things would only advance the faster; but it would not give the government a better position; for the opposition having the majority, having in its ranks almost all the men of talent, the orators, the writers, the opposition would always appear to do everything, and would do everything in fact, since all that would be done would be to apply its principles. I shall relate all this to you in a work I am now finishing, and which I shall soon send to Paris. I have already had it announced..... What is written in France on the subject of Hungary is not readable for me, who live in the country and follow what is passing day by day.....

When I think of the errors that are read by hundreds of subscribers to these periodicals, and that I have not the means of making myself heard so widely, I feel almost discouraged..... With regard to our return to France, it is still distant, I believe. I cannot fix on any certain date for this journey. Sometimes I long to be on my way, especially when you write to me of your life and of your *Rue des Postes.* When I talk of the Collége de France to my Hungarian friends, who like to question me about it, I feel a real home-sickness. Have I told you that the Book of the People has been so much read here that the government has thought necessary to attack it through one of its journals at Pest? If I have not replied, it is because it is not worth the trouble. The attack was equivalent to a eulogium in the eyes of all honest men..... Tell M. Quinet I forgive him his eternal silence in consideration of his 'Spain.' I know by heart his description of the Alhambra."

De Gerando's second child, a son, was born at Pest in December, 1846. He received the name of Emeric Auguste. De Gerando says, in one of his letters, written some months after: "Antonine has now had for some time a little brother, a vigorous little fellow. We have called him Emeric Auguste, but he has acquired the name of Attila from his marshal bearing and his imperative voice. He is made to command armies."

De Gerando writes from Pest in March, 1847, to M. Dumesnil: —

"We live here very agreeably in the midst of kind friends, who do their best to prevent us from regretting France too much. An interval of repose, which I have been forced to allow myself, after severe labor too long continued, has delayed the appearance of the volume of which I spoke to you, but I hope to finish it in the course of this month. We shall have a Diet in the month of November at Presburg. It will be very stormy; the decisive battle will take place then. It seems to me that the Austrian government will be the weakest, but it is taking its measures energetically. For some months corruption has been practised on an extensive scale, and the patriots are dismayed by the poisoned weapons which are employed against them. Until now the government has used threats. I like this better. It seeks to

corrupt only because it has given up the hope of intimidating. This is a good sign. I have too much faith in the future of Hungary to share the discouragement of some of my friends. But all this will be related to you in detail before long, and I prefer to leave this letter an innocent complexion, that it may be more sure to reach you."

On the 13th of May he writes from Pest to the same friend: —

"My dear friend, — I have been made very uneasy by your silence. We have written three times within the last two months, and have received no answer. This has made me anxious on more than one account. I fear that one of you may be ill, or that our correspondence is intercepted, which would be very disagreeable. I venture this fourth letter, taking advantage of the departure of an Englishman, who will put it into the post-office at Ratisbon. When you answer, address your letter simply to my sister-in-law, without putting my name on it at all. Give me news of all of you, of the Collége de France, of all that interests me so much. Put yourself in my place, think of my thirst, and give me a drop of dew.

"I send you an article that I should like to have appear in the *Siècle* if it be possible. You will understand why I have written it when I tell you that a shameful article has appeared in the *Constitutionnel* of the 19th of May, on the same subject. I have often told you that the cabinets of Germany have given their journals orders to attack the national party in Hungary. It is usually by ridiculing the Hungarians that these poor gazettes earn their subsistence. Up to this time our journals have hardly occupied themselves with Hungary. But now here is the *Constitutionnel* coming out with an article written in the tone of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. It would be deplorable if this should become the custom with us. It is only supportable under a despotic government; but, in the name of Heaven, let not such a thing come in vogue where there is a free press. The *Siècle* will do a good action in publishing this article, which I have tried to make very short.

"There is nothing new in our mode of life. From time to time I am present at one of those original scenes that are only found here, such as an election, &c. For the rest, I live on the souvenirs of the Collége de France."

On the 23d of June he writes, still from Pest: —

"My dear friend, — You have been long without news of us. We returned, day before yesterday, from an excursion into the country, where we had been to see an election. You know that these elections have a very democratic character in Hungary, where the greater part of the nobles cultivate their own fields. There were 6,000 electors of this sort, assembled in a great square, and divided into two opposite camps. The liberal party carried the day, — the party that desires reform, and that levels, one by one, the privileges of the aristocracy. Yet everything seemed to promise the victory to the opposite party. I do not know what has made the liberals triumph, — that unknown, hidden force that the right gives.

"I am just reading the 'Revolution.' I received the two volumes only yesterday. The imperial and royal police had detained them until then, but at length decided to let me have them, on the consideration that they are only sent to an individual for his private use, and are not to be offered for sale. You will say it was not necessary to reflect three months in order to arrive at this conclusion, but the apostolic police has a way of its own.

"Write me word what you are doing, and whether you sometimes think of Hungary. What are your projects for this year? I should like to know you were at Rouen or at Vascueil, 'in the midst of nature,' as your amusing German Professor used to say. I really neglect to tell you about ourselves, because we all enjoy a barbarian health. The little Antonine, who already knows how to read, — she is not yet four years old, — and who has learned it playing, asking for her lessons herself, is perfectly well, and so is her little brother, who justifies his name of Attila."

He writes on the 3d of August, 1847, to M. Dumesnil: —

"I have followed you, my dear friend, in the journey of which you give me the details. I forgive you this direction towards the north in consideration of the good it has done M. Michelet. On our part we have been through all that part of Hungary which lies between the Danube, the Austrian frontier, and the Drave. I have seen again those brave Hungarian peasants that I had almost forgotten in the streets of Pest. I have been among hardy shepherds who have never been under a roof, who

live alone in virgin forests, with their flocks and their dogs, and have not an idea that the whole world is not inhabited by beings like themselves. They were much surprised at seeing me, and at hearing me speak a strange language, but did not understand that they could excite surprise in me. One of them had not seen a human face for a long time. He played on his bagpipes with a delight which was explained by his isolation. I asked him if he were not weary of playing there alone. He answered, very gravely, that his flock listened to him and understood him. . . . . .

"We are now in a wild, mountainous place, surrounded by woods, remote from any travelled road. We are living in an old castle, built on a rock, and which, seen from without, has the air of still expecting the Turks. Within blooms a garden which rises to the second story. Add to this, massive walls, old weapons, old portraits, vaults and subterranean passages without end, and you have an idea of our residence.

"I have received Lamartine's 'Girondins.' I am very glad to find him breaking with the prejudices of education and family, and to see him become so democratic and republican. I have not yet received M. Quinet's pamphlet. But you know the perceptions of the apostolic police are not rapid. It took, for example, three months to consider whether it ought to let me have the 'Revolution,' while all the while it was for sale in the bookstores in Hungary."

De Gerando returned to Pest in the autumn, and was present at the election of the deputies from that county to the Diet of 1847.

"In the county of Pest, the centre of Hungarian intelligence, the elections are conducted with exemplary order. Without losing anything of their national physiognomy or of their popular character, the *congregations* have there a more European aspect. The crowds of citizens that throng the streets, the number of persons, not noble, but of the liberal professions, who are mingled with the rustic nobility, give these assemblies a more modern air. You see in them the civilization of the nineteenth century modifying the institutions planted a thousand years ago by the Conquest. The elections which have just taken place in Pest had entirely the

character of which I speak. A great number of individuals who could not claim to be members of the nobility took part in the elections, simply by right of their capacity. The deputies of the nobility arrived from all parts of the county and united in the great square on the outskirts of the city. Leaving their horses and carriages there, they traversed the streets of Pest on foot, and stopped before the county-house. Above this dark and compact crowd waved tricolored plumes and splendid banners. In front, mounted on horses caparisoned in the Oriental manner, came the liberal Magnates, some dressed in the habit of their order, others wearing the peasant costume with aristocratic elegance. When the crowd had stationed itself in front of the county-house, the music was silent, the acclamations ceased; a single shout arose: Halljuk! Hear! For the Hungarians, who, in general, are sober of words and gestures, are, on the contrary, lavish of formalities and harangues on days of ceremony, and in times of political contest. The rustic nobles knew they had a right to hear some good words concerning the country and the ancient constitution, and prepared themselves to listen. A platform was immediately raised on the pavement. The two opposition candidates, M. Kossuth and M. Szentkirályi ascended it, as also the Baron Joseph Eötvös, the orator of the liberal party. Eötvös made an address to the future deputies in the name of the electors of the county, and drew from them a reply which was received with great applause by the audience. They explained how they understood the commission which was to be intrusted to them, a commission to the execution of which all the citizens must give their support, in order that Hungary should again become free, happy, and powerful. This language was perfectly understood by the people. It went directly to their hearts. The peasants pressed round the speakers, each, by a gesture or by a brief word, expressing his satisfaction.

"The county-house was crowded the next morning at break of day. The entrance court and the hall of sessions were occupied by the liberals. The opposite party stationed themselves in the court behind the building. At length the administrator appeared to preside at the election. He announced at once the election of M.

Szentkirályi, who had been nominated by both parties. He then declared his intention of proceeding to the election of the second candidate, by taking the votes of the electors individually. In the county of Pest, where the liberals have a large majority, the conservatives could not hope to elect one of their own party. All they aimed at was to prevent the election of Kossuth, the most dreaded of their adversaries, and to elect another member of the opposition in his place. They cast their eyes on M. Balla, who had been one of the candidates of the opposition, but who had renounced his candidateship in favor of Kossuth. It was in vain that M. Balla protested against the tactics of the conservatives. He was obliged to submit to receive their votes. He was the first to applaud the result of the election, when, after a suspense of twelve hours, Kossuth was proclaimed deputy."

The new work of M. De Gerando, *De l'Esprit Public en Hongrie depuis la Révolution Française*, was not published until the close of the year 1847. It contains a sketch of the political history of Hungary from 1790 to the assembling of the Diet which met in the month of November, 1847. This work, the result of careful and conscientious research, is of inestimable value. De Gerando, in preparing it, was led by a high impulse and fulfilled a sacred mission. Providence seems to have intended to raise up in this young man an unimpeachable witness to the justice of the Hungarian cause, by sending him to make his abode in Hungary, and laying it upon him to prepare a faithful record of those years of courageous effort which preceded the last armed struggle for independence, and during which the Hungarians strove to attain the peaceful development of their institutions and to endow their country with a higher civilization. That inscrutable Wisdom which so often, in the case of nations as of individuals, chastens those whom it loves, elected Hungary to martyrdom, but did not condemn her to disgrace. She has fallen, but she has fallen mourned and honored. In vain her enemies have tried to withdraw from her the sympathy of the world, and, practising the old device of tyrants, have sought to throw on their victim the odium of their own crimes. The shade they would have cast upon her fame could not

rest upon it. Her name has become, with the generous hearts of all lands, the watchword of liberty. The world of progress and hope waits for her resurrection, as for the first signal of the advent of a new era. Let not the mourners over Hungary reproach the justice of Providence. It has assigned to her a great and noble part. Through her it has instructed the nations. It has rebuked the homage too readily offered to success, and has raised the dignity of misfortune. It has given to her oppressors the triumph and the shame; to her, defeat and glory.

It is indeed a severe trial to faith, to see stagnation and torpor settling down on the lands which, only a few years ago, seemed, infused with new and youthful life, to be tending to a rich and vigorous future. It is disheartening to turn from the neglected grave of the patriot, to meet the splendid palace of the selfish, reckless adventurer; to see the wasted form and failing eye of the man whose eloquent words stirred the youth of his country to noble aspirations, contrasted with the portly mien of the versatile man of profligate pen, the servant of success, however gained. But this rootless prosperity shall pass away from sight, and shall have no monument in the memory of men; this noble adversity, consecrated in their hearts, shall become the shrine before which vows of self-devotion shall be offered up. You pass onward to your graves, venerated men! The ardent applause, the eager sympathy, that once cheered you on, is silent, held down by an iron hand. You pass onward to the grave, alone with your disappointments. No; believe it not. An intense though silent sympathy surrounds you. The chords of the thousands of hearts which once responded to the master touch still vibrate under that potent and undying influence. Go to your repose; go to your reward. That reward is not laid up for you only in heaven. This earth which you have loved, for which you have labored, shall yet enjoy the fruit whose seeds you have planted in her bosom. And the reapers in those fields whose wealth you have prepared, shall they not bear your names in their hearts, and on the burden of their cheerful harvest-songs?

De Gerando lay down broken-hearted in his last resting-place. Yet was his life fortunate above most lives,

for he obtained the boon he had asked of Heaven. He was permitted to serve the country he had loved. He will yet serve her even from the grave.

The new work of De Gerando appeared in France, in Germany, and in Hungary, in the languages of those countries. If our space permitted, we should be glad to extract from this work the account given by De Gerando of the state of parties in Hungary before the revolution of 1848. This sketch is not the less interesting, that portions of it are addressed rather to the Hungarian than to the foreign reader. The words of encouragement given to the friends of progress, the remonstrances addressed to the conservatives, afford the best exposition of the state of opinion and feeling in the separate camps, and introduce the reader into the very midst of the contending parties.

After the publication of *De l'Esprit Public*, De Gerando returned to Hosszufalva. He received, however, constant intelligence of all that was passing in the Hungarian Diet, where the party of the opposition, whose leaders were now Kossuth in the lower house, and Count Louis Batthyány in the Chamber of Magnates, still continued its struggle with absolutism and bigotry. The news of the revolution of February, 1848, in France, and of the complete triumph of the liberal cause at Pest which immediately followed it, reached him in his retreat. He could not remain at a distance from the scene of events that so deeply interested him. He took leave of his wife and children, whom he consigned to the charge of his father-in-law, and, little foreboding the length of the separation or the bitter circumstances under which the reunion was to take place, set off with a light heart for Pest, with the intention of passing a few weeks there, and then proceeding to Paris. He relates his arrival in Pest, and the scenes he found passing there, in a letter addressed to M. Dumesnil, on the 22d of April.

"Dear, and very dear friend, — What a long silence we have kept! but our hearts have conversed during this glorious time. Is it not true that we have thought together, and that, notwithstanding the distance between us, our minds have been constantly in communication? Three months ago you probably received our letters making inquiries in regard to a French tutor. At that

time I was much worn down by hard work. I left Pest for Transylvania with my family early in the winter. The quiet life, the intermission of labor, regular exercise on horseback, had begun to restore me, when the revolutions broke out. The profound calm in which I lived, contrasted with the exciting scenes by which my mind was occupied, caused me a new and insupportable sensation. I suffered as if a famine of soul and heart. I was devoured by inaction. I found it intolerable, and set off for Pest, the centre of another French movement. Here, listening, speaking, asking, answering, writing, feeling, I live again; I live again, dear friends, and I write to you. How many things I have to write to you about! Where shall I begin? With France? But it is for you to write to me of France. Dear France, how the soil must resound there now! Of Hungary? Ah! you will soon know what this country is. You have loved it for the sake of your Hungarian friends; you will love it henceforth for itself, as a Frenchman, as a lover of freedom. Let me collect a few facts that are yet wanting to me, and I will hasten to you to press your hand. How can I remain absent from Paris at such a time? Have you received the volume I have recently written, which gives the history of French ideas in Hungary since '89? With all its faults, receive it as the voice of Hungary. Only Hungary has advanced a century within two months. I am no longer perfectly the interpreter of the emancipated and quasi-republican Hungary of March, 1848. But the reader has only to anticipate the *dénouement.* This book was thought and written under the *grosses pattes* of which you spoke to me when you bade me adieu. Some of my friends advised me to quit the country before its publication. Now our cause has triumphed. We are the masters. I will tell you of the immense sympathy the revolution has excited here. How can France be ignorant — alas! I read your newspapers — of a country where her banner has been raised with such enthusiasm? . . . . . Inspire then some of your writers with a few sympathetic words for this France of the Danube, which pursues its career neglected and unknown. The words of M. Lamartine to the Hungarian deputation made an impression here which I cannot describe to you. Now that Hungary has a re-

sponsible ministry resident in the country, now that she is separated from Austria, she will have relations with foreign countries. England will send a consul here soon. France ought to have one also, and I should like to be at Paris, in order to make this country known to him who shall give instructions to our representative. ..... I do not know whether you can read what I write. My pen runs, my ideas press upon each other with such rapidity, that I cannot go over the paper fast enough. We read here the *National.* It is the paper which has the greatest circulation here, and which excites the most sympathy. The others are the *Siècle* and the *Débats.* The Hungarian press is free also. Unknown men of talents spring up everywhere. Young men of twenty years become orators, speak on the steps of the public buildings, and carry the people with them. The three words of France, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' are on all the banners and in all hearts. I walk, therefore, as if on soil that belongs to us, soil won by the most glorious of all conquests. At last, at last I see Hungary following France and coming near to her. Judge whether I see this with joy,—I who have been cherishing this idea for eight years.

"I send you a sheet that I beg you to have inserted in the *National.* I see in the columns of your journals news much less important than this, much false news; this is true, and is worth being known in Paris. In France we have finished. The other states are to begin. You will see the sovereigns of Germany set up boldly the standard of reaction, as soon as they feel themselves strong enough. The same thing will take place here. It is certain that great events are preparing, and what I can assure you is, that this brave nation will not fail in its duty. Will you read to the end of this rambling letter, interrupted ten times by shouts in the street, by visitors with beaming faces, who come to announce some good piece of news? Write to me soon, I entreat you, my dear Alfred. Make haste; in two or three weeks I am in Paris. Communicate my letter to our dear Quinet. I pray him, less in the name of our friendship than in that of his own heart, to make himself the representative of Hungary in that Assembly, which will be not only the Assembly of France but that of the world. Adieu, dear

friends. Send me two words; and in reply to the sentiments of Hungary, let a mark of sympathy come to us here from Paris."

The following is an extract from the article sent to the *National*, and which appeared in that journal on the 8th of May. It is dated at Pest, 21 April, 1848.

"But, whatever dangers threaten it, we have the conviction that Hungary will triumph over its enemies. The patriotism and the intrepidity of the Hungarian people are the pledges of its salvation. A universal enthusiasm seizes this ardent population. It is like a return to the heroic times of John Hunyadi. The Hungarian counties, summoned by the ministry to furnish forty thousand men, have offered a hundred and twenty thousand. Rich and poor wish to take their voluntary part of the charges that the danger imposes on the country. The nobility send their plate to the Minister of Finance; the peasant women offer their hereditary ornaments, the necklaces of coins that they wear round their necks, while their husbands bring the chased silver buttons which ornament their dolmans.

"The Constituent Assembly which is to sanction the new institutions of Hungary has been assembled since the 2d of July. We shall make it our duty to call the attention of our country to its debates. The details we have given in regard to the actual situation will sufficiently explain the events which are about to take place. We believe it is important that France should follow the movement of Hungary, of this country of freemen and of soldiers, which announces itself as her advanced guard and natural ally, and which touches the sea on one side and Poland on the other."

After his return to France, De Gerando continued to receive exact intelligence from Hungary and Austria, and to exert himself to diffuse among his countrymen correct information in regard to the state of affairs in those countries.

After the publication of the decree by which Hungary was placed under the unlimited control of Jellachich, De Gerando writes: —

"The Hungarian resistance begins at the very frontiers of Hungary. A commissioner extraordinary, Ujházy, commands at Presburg, and stops all the Austrian ves-

sels. The important fortress of Komárom is occupied by six thousand Hungarian national guards and regular troops. Madarasz, who exercises the functions of commissary there, has sent away all the doubtful officers, so that the garrison inspires full confidence. The Danube is thus closed to the Austrians. In Southern Hungary Peterwardein is likewise in the hands of the Hungarians.....

"It is especially by revolutionary means that Hungary will resist Austria. But it already disposes of regular forces..... While the Hungarian generals prepare the resistance, the insurrection is spreading throughout the country. Kossuth is going throughout the counties neighboring to Pest, and they rise at his word. The Hungarian nobles having despoiled themselves to give their lands to the peasant and to make him a citizen, the peasantry understand admirably the words of liberty that are addressed to them. They feel that it is their own cause they are defending when they defend the institutions and the independence of Hungary. Thus Kossuth, whose eloquence is so well adapted to move the masses, sows insurrection on his passage.

"Volunteers and insurgent peasants are incessantly flocking into Pest. They arrive with cries of 'Live Hungary! Let us live independent or die.' The government having declared that provisions were wanting in the camp, the inhabitants came forward eagerly to contribute to the provisioning of the troops. There were to be seen poor old women emptying into the military wagons bags of flour, of pease, of beans, their provision for the winter. The committee of public safety has made arrangements for the prevention of disorders."

The order given to the Austrian troops to march against the Hungarians called forth an outbreak at Vienna. A strong sympathy united the liberals of Vienna with those of Hungary. The publication of the correspondence of Jellachich with the Austrian minister had excited a vehement indignation; for, only a short time before, Latour had solemnly denied his complicity with Jellachich. It was besides perfectly understood that the proclamation of martial law in Hungary, and the reestablishment of the ancient order of things there, was only preparatory to taking the same course in Austria.

The timely co-operation of the Hungarians with the

Viennese was prevented by the scruples of the Austrian Diet on the one hand, which could not resolve to invite a foreign force to enter upon Austrian soil, and those of the Hungarian generals on the other, who hesitated to make what might have appeared a hostile inroad into a friendly state. The instruments of despotism have always this immense advantage over the defenders of the rights of the people: they are perplexed by no scruples, whether of legality or of humanity, and can always take the shortest and most effective means to the attainment of their ends.

During the month of October, while the issue of events at Vienna was still doubtful, an article from the pen of De Gerando appeared almost daily in the *National*. From one of these, which treats of the condition of the Austrian empire, and which appeared in the *National* of the 21st of October, we give the following extract.

"The Magyar population is agglomerated in the centre of the country. The soil is fertile and thinly peopled. Thus the tribes which surround it are perpetually swelling the ranks of that nation by partial migrations. By the situation they occupy, the Magyars are in contact with all the peoples of Hungary, whom they separate from each other, so that these peoples communicate with each other by means of the Magyar language. Thus this language is that which is the most spoken in the country. The language of the Magyars being that of the administration and of the intelligent classes, their numbers are constantly recruited by men of all the other races. If we should name all the men, who, for the past twenty-five years, have influenced the destinies of Hungary, we should show that all the races have furnished these men in equal proportion. But they are all Hungarians, speak Hungarian, and know only one country, — Hungary."

De Gerando not only labored to furnish the public with correct information, and to enlighten it by seriously prepared historical articles; he also found himself often called upon to come forward to defend the cause of the people against the insidious attacks of the partisans of the reaction, already too numerous in France. There is a class of persons, who can hear with indifference or complacency of the massacre of thousands upon thousands of men, in wars excited by the ambition or caprice of princes; who regard it as a matter of course

that cities should be bombarded, that provinces should be laid waste, when it is a question of re-establishing the authority of a sovereign whose deposition the people have pronounced; who view it only as a necessary severity, when, after a nation has failed in the struggle for justice, the noblest heads are delivered up to the executioner; but who yet can scarcely find words to express their horror if a single life, however guilty, is sacrificed without premeditation, by unknown and unauthorized hands, in the first outburst of the storm, when an injured and insulted people rises to vindicate its rights. The guilt or the frenzy of a few nameless men is imputed to the defenders of popular rights, and the cause of freedom is assumed to be that of murder and license.

Success alone can silence or efface calumnies like those combated by De Gerando. A people grown strong and great through liberty lives down the slanders that accompanied its advent into the society of nations; it forgets them, or records them as the prosperous man recalls the hardships and slights of his opening career, to heighten by contrast the successes and honors of his maturity. But the people that has failed in the contest for freedom must too commonly bear, in addition to the burden of misfortune, that of contumely. The heroes of a fallen cause too often rest in unhonored graves, until the time comes when their happier successors, vindicating the same cause, not with greater courage perhaps, nor with more self-devotion, but with better fortune, redeem their memory, and at length the monument rises where the scaffold stood.

Again De Gerando writes: —

"The Machiavellian policy of Austria has not a little contributed to rally all the Hungarians around one standard. For can it be denied that there is unanimity among them, when on one side the peasants are seen rising in a mass, and on the other the rich citizens of the country consecrating what remains of their fortune to the arming of volunteers? when the bishops, who have always been reproached with a want of patriotism, and a boundless devotion to Catholic Austria, preach, in their pastoral letters, the war against Austria? It is not surely to these prelates that the epithet of demagogues will be applied. It is thus they express themselves: —

"'We exhort you, very dear brothers in Christ, to be of in-

flexible fidelity to your country, of a courageous devotion in its defence, of a sincere obedience to the authorities, who, in this time of peril, are forced to ask of you greater sacrifices than formerly. Fortify yourselves with the thought that you are fighting for liberty. Regard it as your most sacred duty to live together in concord and in love, to succor one another mutually, to support the weak, to encourage the timid, to punish the enemies of order. Have patience and courage, and hope for the grace of God, who, far from letting you sink under the burden of the combat, will recompense your patriotism and your perseverance by the blessings of peace.' "

The assiduity with which De Gerando labored, as one of the editors of the *National*, the exciting nature of the subjects he discussed, and the anxiety which he suffered in regard to the prospects of the liberal cause in Europe, impaired his health. In February, 1849, he found himself obliged to suspend his labors, and leave Paris for a time, in the hope of restoring his strength by rest and change of air. Before his departure he wrote an article for the *National*, calling the public attention to the manifesto published at Paris by Count Ladislaus Teleki, with the title, "The Hungarians to the Civilized Nations." This article, which was not published until after De Gerando had left Paris, was the last which appeared from his pen for many weeks. He writes: —

"We have shown from the beginning what was the interest of liberty and civilization in this European question. We saw on which side was justice, and we have defended it, as we shall always defend it, without asking on which side the force might happen momentarily to be. The adorers of success may weave crowns for the bombarders. It is a possible thing that Hungary, alone, absolutely alone in the world, surrounded by enemies, attacked on all sides, may succumb at length under the number of its foes. But it will be the eternal glory of this people, which might have purchased repose by accepting shameful conditions, that it believed to the end in the sanctity of right!"

De Gerando selected Nancy, the town in which his elder brother resided, as the place of his temporary retirement. The tranquillity and regularity of provincial life, with the absence of fatiguing occupation, soon exerted a beneficial influence upon his health. He condemned himself as far as possible to a life of mental repose. One of the chief pleasures of his retirement

was found in reading the abstracts, which, by his request, were forwarded to him every week, of the lectures which his friend, M. Dumesnil, was then delivering at the Collége de France.

Notwithstanding his desire to repair his strength as rapidly as possible by a life of calm and repose, De Gerando could not wholly abstract himself from the outer world, nor detach his thoughts from the great interests which were then in question in the South and East of Europe. He writes on the first of March to a friend in Paris: —

"Dear friend, — Your kind and sympathetic letters do me great good. They make me imagine myself with you, and render the distance between us less painful..... Like you, my friend, I am waiting for the waking of France. I wrote to N. exactly what you wrote to me at the same moment, that the nations are giving us back the life that we have communicated to them. We will wait. Yes. But, O God! do not let the waiting be too long!

"I am anxious about Italy. What will our poor government do? I am prepared for anything on its part. What makes me blush at this moment is the impudence of our sophists, pleading, as under Louis Philippe, the cause of falsehood and wrong.

I am happy to be able to tell you that the spirit of the departments is not so bad as they suppose at Paris. You know what instincts and what a fund of good sense reside in the masses. They return from their errors much sooner than our enemies had counted upon. The adorers of the past deceive themselves greatly, if they believe that the mass of the nation will follow them in a crusade for the monarchy. I learn with regret your recent indisposition. Take care of yourself. It is only on this condition that I approve of your resolution of taking refuge in study. I know well we cannot die for some time yet, that we were born for something, and that, until this something has been accomplished, we must necessarily live. But do not let this thought render you as imprudent as it has me, for it tends to the enfeebling of the human machine, which we leave out of the account and which revenges itself terribly."

To the anxiety which De Gerando felt on account of

the state of public affairs was added a yet nearer solicitude. For several months he had no news of his wife and children. In consequence of the disturbed state of the country, none of the letters addressed to him from Transylvania reached their destination. In the middle of March, he had the satisfaction of learning, through an indirect channel, that those dearest to him were in health and safety; but he received at the same time the announcement of a new calamity which had befallen the home of his wife, and which increased his solicitude on her account.

M. L. P.

Art. II. — A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BEATI QUI LUGENT: OR, HERMAN'S VIGILS.

"Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." — *Psalm* xlii. 8.

"L'on y apprend qu'une affliction bien endurée est un trésor pour l'éternité, et que souffrir avec Jesus Christ doit être l'ambition d'une âme qui veut s'approcher de sa glorieuse conformité."

Thou who didst cheer with melodies of heaven
Israel's crowned shepherd in his vigils long,
To the long midnight of my woe hast given
At last a faint, low song.

While Rest and Childhood press their quiet pillows,
By Thy dear presence' pitying pleadings won
From hoarse-grown silence, I from wind-swung willows
Take my unstrung harp down.

Too faint to climb, no more with burning hands
I strain for gadding bays its frame to deck,
But, kneeling, where the cross forsaken stands
The ensanguined flowers I seek.

Sad passion-flowers, pansies dark and sweet,
And love-lies-bleeding, drowned in heaven-wept dew,
And herb of grace, for broken spirit meet,
The Serpent-baffling rue.

As the pleased mother marks, an unmarked warden,
Her children's merry sports from window high,
But, if or fright or pain invade her garden,
Doth breathless to them fly,—

Clasp them with kisses in her felt embraces,
And with her unexpected voice them cheer,
And look into their upturned crying faces,
That straight begin to clear;—

So Thou, who, o'er our mazy life presiding,
An ever-tender mindful watch dost keep
O'er all our joys, those thoughtless joys providing,
Art nearest when we weep.

O that to all this world of grieving mortals
I of the solace could one tithe impart,
With which Thou knockest at the unlatched portals
Of my void, desolate heart!

With tears Thou deign'st to purge my dust-dimmed vision,
So of the ends of fleeting earthly woe,
In the high councils of Thy state Elysian,
Some little me to show.

Much, much Thy mercy takes, that Thou mayst give
Gifts which Thy wisdom sees worth all besides.
Our life decays to teach our souls to live
Where deathless life abides.

Thou for our heavenly thwart'st our earthly ends;
For the true riches chang'st our sordid pelf;
And callest up to Thee our human friends,
To substitute Thyself.

Thou, firm yet kindly Nurse, dost put away
The fading, poisonous laurels; then, to calm
Our idle rage, our blessed loss dost pay
With fair immortal palm.

Art's brightest pages into blackness turn
In the grim noontide of our darkened eyes,
But that from Thine own lessons we may learn
The lore that angels prize.

E'en though Thou suffered those to smite us sore
Whom erst Thou didst ordain to soothe and bless,

'T were through their wounds the oil and wine to pour
Of mightier tenderness.

Borne on a bed of soft, inglorious roses
Thou wouldst not, Father, that Thy child should be,
To those calm halls where, lapped in peace, reposes
Christ's host from victory.

From heaven's steep ramparts when some watchman bright
Shows the dim sunken point that gave him birth,
Through deeps of surging suns and tossing light,
The recollected earth, —

Looks through the woes did cloud its tiny ball,
Smiles at the phantasms that befooled him then,
Straining a spirit's memory to recall
How once he walked with men,

And modest of the mighty wars will tell,
In its clay cradle's infancy and age,
Strangling the writhing, snaky brood of Hell,
His infant soul did wage,

And boasts with grateful pride the arm that gave
Its aid in every peril that befell, —
Thou wouldst not that one craven child should have
No answering tale to tell.

For crowns of thorns, that gall Thy saints below,
Are crowns of glory worn by saints above;
The hand that weaves one for my shrinking brow
Is weaving it in love.

For the last time, perchance, 't is profferéd;
O bear with me, and I will now endure,
Lest 'mid Thy shining ones I hang my head,
Undiademed, obscure!

Thou bidst me to the table where, on waters
Of bitterness and sorrow's hardest bread,
Earth's noblest sons, and purest, holiest daughters,
Their growing souls have fed.

In the heart's upper, large, hushed chamber sitting,
Their working brows by angels' pinions fanned,
By high Thoughts waited on with service fitting,
I see the awful band.

The bloodlike beads of sweat big on his forehead,
Lo! at their head, most sad, most blest, sits he
Who knelt, upon the night of nights most horrid,
In dank Gethsemane.

To share the Passover of agony,
As lay of yore the loved Apostle John,
In his own heaving bosom bids me lie
My Saviour and Thy Son.

And "If Thou mayst not pass from me this cup,"—
So round the board the half-choked pledge doth run,—
"O Father, to its dregs I drink it up;
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

It is enough! With them and Thee in union,
Though all my days be spent in travail sore,
Make me but worthy of this dread communion,
And I will ask no more.

Make me but worthy, Lord, lest I, as they
Who in despair and wrath their spirits sink,
Tasting this cup and bread unworthily,
Damnation eat and drink.

Drawn nearer Thee, not chased, in each affliction,
O let me own, with faith that cannot rove,
A father's earnest hand in benediction,
Heavy with weight of love!

No more I yield to doubtings or dejections,
But meekly offer up to God and man
A pierced heart's blood and crucified affections,
The little all I can.

And when, as sudden glooms and darkness dun
Sweep from my life's short road the flying light,
Spreads her grim veil to shroud me from the sun
The frowning, awful night,

I will not shudder at its black expansion,
But, darkling led by Thee, will trusting say,
Some rising turret of my heavenly mansion
Doth shadow o'er my way.

My soul is strengthened. He who ever liveth
To those who at His midnight footstool weep,

Shall give unto me, even as "He giveth
To his belovéd, sleep."

And, as the priceless boon in peace I take,
Beneath Thy brooding wings my bed shall be;
And I will lay me down, sure "when I wake"
Of being "still with Thee."

E. F.

ART. III. — AN ECCLESIASTICAL CRISIS IN GERMANY.*

THE following review appeared in July, 1854, in Numbers 26 and 27 of the "German Periodical for Christian Science and Christian Life." The notes from Schleiermacher, which have been appended by the translator, are taken from the celebrated essay "On the Peculiar Value and the Binding Authority of Symbolical Books" (Sämmtl. Werke, Abt. I., Bd. V., S. 423–455), and they indicate to what extent the eminent author of "The Christian Doctrine of Sin" and the members of the Göttingen Faculty, on this subject, follow that great theologian. We have given such extracts from the Memorial as have a general interest to our readers. A detailed account of the present Lutheran reaction in Germany, which we had prepared to accompany this translation, we are compelled, by reason of its length, to reserve for the next number. E. J. Y.

Review by Professor Müller.

This Memorial has had its immediate occasion in an attack, directed, in the previous year, by a conference of pastors from the Duchy of Bremen and Verden, against the Theological Faculty of the University of Göttingen, on account of its relation to the "Lutheran Creed." As

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* *Upon the Present Ecclesiastical Crisis, particularly the Relation of the Evangelical Theological Faculties to Science and the Church. A Memorial from the Theological Faculty of the George Augustus University to the Royal Curatorium of the same, in Defence of the Evangelical Liberty of Instruction against Recent Assaults.* Göttingen: Published by Dietrich. 1854.

we learn from the Memorial itself, a paper had been presented to the Ministry for Spiritual Affairs in Hanover, which is likewise Curatorium of the University, designating the ecclesiastical position of the Theological Faculty as a "crying incongruity," complaining that it was composed entirely or chiefly of theologians who were in favor of the union of the two churches, and that the Lutheran Confession was not represented in it. In reply, the Faculty has deemed a public declaration necessary. The causes, however, that have led to the composition of this Memorial, and to its publication by the press, lie far deeper. They are involved in the position, which the contenders for the re-establishment of *strictly Lutheran Orthodoxy* in doctrine and of Lutheran ordinances in the Church have assumed almost throughout Northern Germany in relation to *Scientific Theology* (because it does not follow absolutely their current), and in relation to the institutions dedicated to its service, the *Theological Faculties.*

The questions which thereby have been called up are so very vital, affecting the existence or non-existence of genuine theological science, that not only it, but the Evangelical Church in general, which without a scientific theology can never have a healthy existence, is bound in gratitude to the Faculty for its noble and able defence of the Evangelical liberty of instruction.

German theology has undergone, in the course of the present century, a transformation of the deepest significance. From the prevailing naturalistic views, which degraded Christ to a mere teacher of law and example of virtue, she has turned to the historical revelation of God, in order to learn from it to believe on Christ as the only begotten Son of God, and to love him as the Saviour of a sinful world, — who is likewise the only Saviour for science when it has gone astray. This transformation has been brought about solely by the power of inward impulses. It has not come to pass by the church government and the clergy having demanded of scientific theology an agreement with the creeds; on the contrary, this internal change in the literature and institutions of theological science took place first, and so gave the Church a clergy who then penetrated deeper into the doctrines of the Evangelical Confession. Only the directors

of the Universities in the principal states of Northern Germany have accelerated the process, by preferring for new appointments, when they had a choice among approved scientific men, theologians who believed in revelation to rationalists. And now these Lutheran associations and conferences demand, that the directors of the Universities should adopt measures which will establish an Orthodox Lutheranism in the Theological Faculties. Before, it was a new stream, which in the depths of life and in the depths of theological science, in its exegetical, historical, dogmatical departments, as well as in speculative theology, broke a pathway for itself; and now the governments are called upon to give theology a form, by means of outward measures, which it will not naturally develop by the action of its own internal energies.* Strange metamorphosis of positions! It is scarcely ten or twelve years ago, that an Antichristian Pantheism showered upon the Theological Faculties a profusion of scorn and abuse because of their antiquated faith in revelation, which really no longer kept pace with the stormy progress of the age; and now, an overstrained confessionalism is angry with them because they do not suffer themselves to be drawn away in its rapid course to an opposite extreme. What appearance will these matters have ten or twelve years hence?

In the discussion of its subject, the Memorial first exhibits in the light of history the importance of the present crisis in the Church, and the dangers that are connected with it. With brief but impressive characters it sketches the "history of the passion" of German Lutheran theology down to the beginning of the present

* "Infidelity, or, to say the least, a poor, unsatisfactory, inoperative opinion with regard to matters of faith, had become prevalent in the Church. We now see that it is giving way. But is this because the binding authority of the creed still here and there exists? Is that the citadel into which the Evangelical spirit has retreated, from which it has made victorious sallies upon the foe, and now, after he has retired, again rushes forth to pursue him? Certainly not! Or is it because it has constructed elsewhere something similar to this binding authority? Quite as little! It is simply because the activity of those who had firmly kept the faith without being bound by any rule in all things became more free, and the susceptibility of those who were yet unbiased was more aroused. What, therefore, can be a more natural means of averting in future a similar dominion of infidelity, than by a closer union to elevate and protect this activity, and to keep this susceptibility inclined towards it?" — *Schleiermacher.*

century, keeping constantly in view its relation to the Church and to the requisites for its own divine success. It then dwells for a moment upon the internal regeneration of the Evangelical Church and theology since the second decennium of this century, and discloses the hidden causes from which has arisen, within the last ten years, partly by favoring and partly by opposing this regeneration, the false importance now given to the creed, as if every blessing were secured to the Church when this was held firm and unshaken. It then shows, that, if "the pure doctrine and the confession of it are to be made all-important, the idea of the Church must be modified accordingly." A purely clerical government of the Church, and the degradation of the congregation to a mere *ecclesia audiens et obediens*, then become essentially requisite. The Memorial demonstrates what very discordant views respecting the positive ideal of the Church prevail in this party, and that it is only continuing the schismatic work of a one-sided subjectivity under a new name, since every one of these views is wont to call itself the bloom of Lutheranism. But it designates, as common to them all, an opposition to all non-Lutheran Evangelical Christians, extending even to hostility; and this hostility they would fain make the ruling principle of every true Lutheran, as well as of science. A marked characteristic is also said to be their reliance upon tradition and the law, fancying that it goes well with the Church when only the legal establishment of the "pure doctrine" is in all places guaranteed, — thus perverting the confession of faith into a means of domination and might, wishing to convert the same into an outward law of mechanical uniformity, and desiring to make the repetition of the sentences of the creed "the substitute for scientific investigation." — p. 10.

Accordingly, while readily acknowledging the not insignificant number of worthy and pious men among the advocates of this movement, the protest exhibits the miserable fruits which it has borne, or threatens yet to bear. Those arising from an exaggeration of the idea of the pastoral office are chiefly of a local character; for nowhere has this exaggeration been so widely extended, and carried to such an extreme, as has been done by

a large fraction of the established Church of Hanover.* Others are of a more general significance; such as the dissolution of the Evangelical union in beneficent ecclesiastical undertakings, the invectives against the United and the Reformed Churches,† the encroachments upon the rights of the church government, and especially the widening of the breach which separates the so-called cultivated portion of our people, not only from the pastor, but also from the Church.

The Memorial then passes to the second division of its theme, and sets forth the necessity of continuing as heretofore to maintain the principles of the Evangelical freedom in the teaching of the Theological Faculties. It points out the limits to this freedom which necessarily result from the relation of every Evangelical Theological Faculty to the Evangelical Church, and unfolds how the free exercise of scientific investigation and instruction within these limits is a condition essential to the life of Protestant theology, and the highest institutions dedicated to it. Very truly and aptly is here demonstrated, that, in the department of religion, not only what a man believes is of consequence, but also and chiefly how and why he believes it, — which those who know no other standard in questions relating to the creed than the mere quantitative and material, would do well to lay to heart. The Memorial proves, that, according to the principles of the Reformation, that faith only is really Evangelical which is based, not upon a pretended authority of the Church over the conscience, but upon that authority which is truly divine. From this naturally follows the duty of the Theological Faculties to defend with energy *the idea of the Church as held by the Reformers* against such ideas of ecclesiastical and clerical authority, which falsify the doctrine in its very sources. Then comes a

* The refusal of a young Lutheran minister in Rissingen to allow Dr. Tholuck to preach in his pulpit, — though many guests at this fashionable watering place desired it, and the church had been built mainly through his exertions, — because he was not Lutheran enough, is justified by Dr. Kahnis in his "Cause of the Lutheran Church." — p. 74.

† So Krummacher's furious sermon upon the "false prophets," at the anniversary festival of the Home Missions in Halle, and his diatribe — so the Genevan *Semaine Religieuse*, No. 40, terms it — against the revolutionists in 1848, delivered within the walls where the Frankfort Parliament had held its sessions.

brief statement of the position of universality held by the Evangelical Universities of Germany, in which the Theological Faculties, as integral members of the same, necessarily participate. "Should these be restricted by the circle of thought of a province, a county, or even a tendency of the age, they would be transformed into seminaries, such as the Romish Church possesses and wishes them to be, and thus everything like what they now are would be destroyed; they would become special ecclesiastical schools. . . . . A Theological Faculty which should undergo such a transformation, however much well-meaning narrowness and short-sightedness might demand it, would thereby at once have to withdraw from the circle of its sisters, as no longer equally privileged with them." — pp. 21, 22.

In conclusion, the Memorial enters somewhat more at length into *the peculiar historical relations of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen.* As already remarked, this had been designated by the Conference as consisting entirely or chiefly of "Union theologians"; yet as its members manifestly do not belong to a "Union" Church, but to the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Hanover, two points only remain to constitute the substance and ground of this complaint: first, that the Faculty does not defend that idea of the pastoral office which this party some years ago established; and second, that, when it controverts the Reformed doctrine, it does so in no odious or hostile tone, but with the utmost possible fairness, acknowledging the peculiar excellences of the Reformed Confession. Here perhaps might be added, by way of supplement, though it does not alter in the least the state of the case, that its teachers of dogmatic theology do not certainly oppose the Reformed doctrine on all the points which the Lutheran theologians of the seventeenth century controverted. In reply to the first charge, the decidedly un-Lutheran character of this idea of the pastoral office is briefly proved from the Smalcaldic treatise *De Potestate et Primatu Papæ,* and from the constant teaching of the Lutheran Church. In reply to the second one, attention is called to the difference between the doctrine of Zwingli and Calvin, and to the milder position, which even the old Lutheran creeds assume, towards the doctrine of Zwingli. — But, it will be said, the Formula of

Agreement, as is well known, treats the difference between Zwingli's and Calvin's doctrine as of no consequence, putting both under the same severe sentence of condemnation, and not merely under the *improbant secus docentes* of the tenth article of the Augustana. — With regard to this, the Memorial proves historically that the Formula of Agreement is no universal symbolum of the Lutheran established Church of Hanover, and still less can it be such for the Theological Faculty in Göttingen.* But here the tactics of the opponents are easy to be foreseen. They will search the writings of the members of the Theological Faculty, and bring their assertions to the test of the *older* Lutheran creeds, and so discover here and there a difference in doctrine. For at the present day many have become so ensnared in an altogether mechanical view of this question of confession, that they know not what to think, when, in the writings and lectures of the members of a Theological Faculty which belongs to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, *the doctrinal system* at least of those older symbolical books is not accurately reflected. And yet only when it is necessary for them to defend their own position to the creeds, and their many variations from them, do they surprise us with vigorous ideas and a very free-thinking discussion of the question. Against this the Memorial defends its position by proving, that the Theological Faculty in Göttingen, according to the Doctor's oath and the general purport of its statutes, is only bound to teach the *veritates sacræ ad salutem eternam necessariæ* in general, the *doctrinæ fundamentales.* But it adds, with the most perfect justice, that it by no means lays the main stress upon this historical state of the matter, but that this is involved in the very nature of Evangelical science and the Evangelical Church.

The Memorial closes with the petition to the Curatorium "to stand unshaken, in the future, by the tried and

* "For this reason," (because the Formula of Agreement was composed not to instruct, but only to settle internal controversies,) "I think that the name of a symbolical book cannot belong to it, in the same sense as to the other confessions of faith; and I hold it for a perfectly correct instinct, that so large a portion of the Lutheran Church has not been willing to place it in the same rank with those; and I think the same of the Reformed Church with respect to the Synod of Dortrecht." — *Schleiermacher.*

salutary principles which have been implanted in this University ever since its foundation; in order that the spirit of a pure love to the Church, which is a spirit of Evangelical faithfulness and freedom, the spirit of thorough investigation, of wise reflection, and true scientific aims, the spirit of concord among ourselves, of mildness and justice toward others, may yet longer keep among us their divinely blessed abode, in the struggles of the present and in those which are to come."

We are far from apprehending that the Hanover Ministry for Spiritual Affairs, with whom the high regard for the rights of science and the conditions essential to the life of the University has been traditional for more than a hundred years, will direct in future the affairs of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen at all otherwise than in the spirit of this dignified exposition. But supposing that this high authority was inclined to accede to the requisitions of that Pastoral Conference, must it not take for granted that the movers of those requisitions, if questioned, would be able to name a number of representatives of strict Lutheran Orthodoxy, learned and experienced in teaching, from whom one or a few might be selected to be professors? When an assembly of earnest and worthy men resolve on definite requisitions from such magistrates, and especially in a matter so important, and lying beyond the sphere of their proper calling, they must surely have presupposed at least the possibility of their being executed. But whoever is acquainted with the scientific theological literature of the day cannot deny that, in fact, it is not even possible to answer these requisitions. If we take the Lutheran creeds as a standard, and apply them strictly and closely to the theological works of the present day, among all the theologians who have unfolded their dogmatical convictions in any extended and connected manner, we look in vain for one who can stand before this test. Mere names, or the stronger emphasis upon certain names, cannot be of consequence to us, but only actual agreement as a matter of fact.

And are we astonished that it is so? So long as the thread of an unbroken tradition connected the Lutheran theology with the doctrinal system of the Formula of Agreement, not only the religious thoughts of this system, but its scientific forms of expression also, remained,

so to say, incorporated with the flesh and blood of their theologians, and they continued to think and reason in its ideas. This thread is now broken. The manner in which this occurred was unjustifiable, not because the theology of the period of free-thinking broke loose entirely from those forms of expression, but because it broke loose also from the religious thoughts. Nevertheless, through the secret providence of God, who knows how to lead man back to the truth from the by-ways of his farthest wanderings, this apostasy was made to contribute to the emancipation of Biblical criticism and interpretation, as well as of historical investigation in general, from the yoke of doctrinal systems; and this is a gain which Evangelical theology, in her love for truth, should never allow a second time to be snatched from her. Hence the system of ideas in which we, as theologians, scientifically think, has gradually become altered; it has let many ideas fall which stood in the dogmatic dictionary of the old Protestant theology, and has adopted into its own a multitude of new ones. Therewith, also, the methods of stating theological ideas have been changed. Moreover, that boundless movement in the department of speculative theology, in addition to a multitude of questions which from the beginning were falsely put, brought up a number of genuine theological problems, which we must solve in a very different manner from that employed by the deistic and pantheistic rationalists; but to ignore them or wish by force to suppress them, by means of prescriptions emanating from the doctrinal system of the Church, is tyranny and folly. When now a theologian, who stands in connection with the culture of the day, has learned in the school of the Holy Spirit again to believe on Christ as the fathers of the Reformation believed on him, we might surely suppose that he would not be lacking in that chaste sense of truth, to which all sophistical artifices and pretexes are an abomination. If such a one also had at first the persuasion, that this doctrinal system of Lutheran Orthodoxy was, in its entire compass, a more adequate expression of the truth revealed in the Scriptures, and had accordingly the earnest purpose to adopt it altogether, what would be the result? Certainly not a literal reestablishment of all the old ideas and links in this sys-

tem, in which there was nothing scientific, and not the least power to qualify one for the doctrines of science. This adoption will lead rather to a living reproduction of the religious thoughts of that system, which will apply these consciously or unconsciously to present theological questions and problems, adapting itself to the certain results of Biblical criticism, interpretation, and historical research, and clothing itself in the scientific methods and forms of expression which are now employed, as far as they are not essentially inappropriate to the character of Divine revelation. But how can this reproduction take place, unless the doctrinal opinions themselves undergo manifold alterations? Or is it imagined that the metaphysics also of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can be raised to life again, and, in return, that the Biblical criticism and historical inquiries of modern times can be struck dead?* Shall we again learn to think theologically in the scholastic formation of that age, and abandon as erroneous all striving after organic development of thought?

We can therefore only lament requisitions of this character, which have recently been passed also by other pastoral conferences, as acts of precipitation arising from the fact that these men of practical talent and action do not consider properly the conditions which are essential to the existence and success of theological science.

It is a very plausible opinion, that an exact and perfect agreement in doctrine with the Lutheran creed must be demanded from the members of a scientific institution, which has to educate in theology the future pastors of an established Church of the Lutheran confession. And yet only the simplest reflection upon the laws of all scientific knowledge is necessary in order to perceive that then Protestantism must renounce the possession

* "But something else has surprised me, and, I am sure, many others also; namely, this, that some are acting as if they could blot out a long, well-known, and not unimportant period, obliterate as with a sponge the characters it has engraved into our table of history, and thus, in a much easier way than can usually be done with the old signatures of a *codex rescriptus*, conjure forth the writing of the seventeenth century, and then apply it to us as our own. This surely must astonish us, when we recollect the great influence which was exercised not long since by so many honorable and memorable men, who resisted all coercion to the symbolical books, and in their own views quite notoriously differed from them." — *Schleiermacher.*

of a real theology, and of a scientific preparation of its candidates for the pastoral office. New thoughts and new knowledge can now flow into the minds of men from the spring of the Divine revelation, and create for themselves new modes and forms of theological thought, as at the time of the Reformation. If, however, a theologically developed system of doctrines is prescribed as a fixed, unquestionable authority, neither a new theology, which is really worthy of the name, can be constructed, nor an old one called to life again. There might then be indeed institutions of instruction for the future pastors of the Lutheran Church, yet no scientific ones, but mere schools of tradition and drilling, like the Catholic seminaries for the priests. And if these schools should continue as before members of the Universities, and be called Theological Faculties, is it believed that the other Faculties, which are dedicated to free scientific inquiry, would still recognize them as equally privileged? *

To appreciate the worth of scientific knowledge and research is, from the nature of the case, given to but few, and to still fewer is it given to feel and discern in its fundamental principles, and not merely to repeat as a current phrase, that it is an essential, vital condition for the Protestant Church. It cannot therefore surprise us, that at the present day many voices are heard in pastoral conferences and in literature, recommending the application of such means as sooner or later will result in offering up scientific theology at the Universities as an acceptable sacrifice to the practical character of theological institutions; indeed, we might wonder that those who are striving for the entire re-establishment of symbolical Orthodoxy have not long since directed their at-

* "Is everything that occurs in the symbolical books regarded as equally sacred, — is, for example, the figurative description of the last judgment a doctrine in the same sense as that concerning the Son of God, and the magical working of the Devil upon the soul just as much so as the influence of the Holy Spirit through the word of Scripture, — there is then nothing left in the character of these books which it is worth the trouble to explain away. — At last nothing remains but that theology should separate itself from the other branches of culture as a department of pure tradition, and so die out. Or if the interest for speculation as well as for history and criticism cannot be extirpated, there is nothing left but to construct private doctrines beside or behind the public ones; and this would be the greatest evil that could befall us, until the former should vanquish the latter." — *Schleiermacher.*

tacks against this point, with more unanimity and decision. These means are, *the subordination of the Theological Faculties to the government of the Church.* The government of the Church, from its very position, has as its chief duty to uphold and protect the authority of what now exists. Should the institutions, therefore, in which the progressive elements in the development of ecclesiastical knowledge find their place and culture by the side of the conservative tendencies, be placed under the control of such a body, this would deprive the party of progress of special institutions. For no one would respect theological literature, after he had once considered clearly the consequences of the proposal, that the Theological Faculties shall be occupied exclusively in repeating, explaining, and exegetically and historically defending the received system of doctrines. It has been of the highest importance, especially in protecting the Evangelical Church against severe injuries, that the state governments have given no ear to the demands to transfer the direction of the Universities in part from their own to other hands.* It is according to the spirit of Rome to substitute the mechanical in place of the organic relation, to make Science the absolute slave of ecclesiastical authorities, compelling her to prove the doctrines of the Church and justify its institutions. Protestant theological science should also serve the Church, but it can do so as science only, under the condition that it is not made servile to it, and that it does not receive the rule and law of its action from the ecclesiastical authorities. As the existence of theology as a science depends upon this, so Protestantism can only under this condition really maintain itself against Romish Catholicism. If it makes historical tradition, that which has grown up and been established in the Church, its basis in the same sense as that does, its position

* So likewise Dr. Lücke judged, in an article last year in this periodical, p. 52. The state governments can with full right refuse a hearing to legal requisitions of this nature from bodies within the Church only so long as our states cease not to be Christian states, and thereby pledge themselves to the Christian Church to care for its interests wherever these are intrusted to its officials. Here also we see how in our day the efforts of political radicalism with its atheistical estate, and the efforts of the opposite party to fetter the Protestant Church and theology by the unchangeable letter of their creeds, play reciprocally into each others' hands.

against that is utterly untenable. In such a case, not only can it never justify the fundamental act of the Reformation, the refusal to obey the legitimate government of the Church on the ground of the right of private judgment as to the true teachings of Holy Writ, but also in respect to the individual doctrines it then has a decided disadvantage in comparison with that Church. For impartial historical investigation must openly admit, what the Reformers concealed from themselves, that not merely the Church theology of the Middle Ages, but also the patristic theology of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, in most of the questions of controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism, stands more on the side of the former than of the latter. The pillar of the Evangelical Church is and remains the Word of God, which judges and purifies without ceasing all the traditions of the Church. And hence the Evangelical Church needs a department within itself, in which this inexhausted, creative, and criticizing power of Divine revelation may work freely and unhindered, so that the springs from which the Evangelical Church drew the origin of its own life may ever remain open. This department is that of *Scientific Theology.*

It is true, that cases of fundamental contradiction to the office of introducing the ministers of the Evangelical Church to Evangelical science may here arise, against which the officers of the Church have an unquestionable right to come forth and complain. An abstract freedom of theological science, severed from all historical conditions, and claiming the right to destroy even the subject from which alone it has its worth, and for which it in fact exists, we will in no respect defend. In order to justify theological science, it must be shown that its idea is rooted in the nature of Christianity and of Protestantism; but from these we can never derive for the thoughts of a self-sufficient human wisdom such an abstract, independent, and unquestionable character. Yet the freedom of motion which Evangelical science must have in its peculiar sphere, and the boldness of scientific inquiry, without which the right to this free motion is a *titulus sine re*, are easily impaired; they need careful treatment, and they can be injured far more easily and deeply by rashly going too far, than by not going far

enough. The interest taken by the Evangelical Church (in the positive and historical sense of the term) in the scientific study of doctrines at the Universities, rightly understood, can be no higher, than that the substance of the doctrines laid down in its confessions, together with the knowledge which has been transmitted concerning them, shall be made truly living in the youth who prepare themselves for its service. To attain this end, however, it will certainly derive most profit, under the circumstances occasioned by the state of our general culture, if the directors of the theological studies particularly endeavor to keep away all unhallowed spirits, be they orthodox or heterodox, and all unwashed hands, from the profession of a theological teacher. Yes, I will not conceal it, I hold these unconsecrated spirits for a more pernicious pest to the youth, when they acknowledge Christ and his word as God's revelation, than when they are rationalists.* For then the holiest ideas of Divine teaching, the Holy Spirit, Regeneration, Sonship to God, Union with Christ, flow over their lips in streams of anointed words, while they give free rein to their old man, with his vain, haughty, contentious, and deceitful lusts. And this sort of theology, which unfortunately meets us so frequently in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which it is extremely easy to revive by preposterously insisting on a strict orthodoxy according to the creed, is altogether calculated to destroy, in the youth who prepare themselves for the service of the Church, that which is the essential requisite to all true progress towards Chistianity and in Christianity, namely, that chaste sense of truth and the serious and conscientious application of religious truth to one's own soul; it is altogether calculated to mislead young theologians to the impious opinion, that a formal acceptance of the orthodox system of doctrine, which is purely an

* "Let all who confess that such a union of believers does not attract them, remain as honorably without as their character gives them claims to be honored. Let us take care, by a thorough Christian education, that wicked men in general may become fewer, in order that fewer of them may creep into the teacher's office. For such must always cause harm, even if they refrain most conscientiously from departing in the least from the doctrines of the Church. But the earnest and pious man will ever be a blessing, even if he differs in many points from our common doctrines."—*Schleiermacher.*

exercise of the understanding, is the justifying and saving faith.

We must here touch upon a dark side of this whole question, which is rightly made prominent also in the Memorial. It is a notorious fact, that the Lutheran reaction of the present day, in many of its branches, does not hesitate to accept various elements which have their origin in the Roman Catholic doctrine and church organization. In the established Church of Hanover, it is the idea of the clerical office in particular which many advocates of this fraction exaggerate in the strongest manner. We shall be able to understand and fairly estimate this remarkable phenomenon, when we consider it in its historical connection. The present state of German Protestantism has left behind it a period, in which a one-sided subjectivity and individualism had not only lost all understanding and just appreciation of those fundamental religious views upon which the Catholic system rests, but was accustomed also to oppose many of the elements of religious knowledge and life, which have their ground in the common Christian doctrine, as the remnants of Catholicism in the Protestant Church, or as dangerous germs of Catholic corruptions. We need only call to mind to what judgments the liturgy of the religious service was subjected thirty years ago, how jealously every recognition of mystery in the Sacrament was regarded, with what distrust the efforts of Schleiermacher and Marheinecke to restore to the doctrine of the Church its great importance in the Evangelical system of divinity were received, and how even Augustine's doctrine of original sin, which had been adopted by the Reformers, was said to have originated in hierarchical tendencies. From the oscillating course of the development of history, can we not perfectly explain that German Protestantism and Protestantism out of Germany, while reacting against this movement and re-establishing doctrines and ordinances common to it and Catholicism, are often inclined to admit many elements peculiar to the latter? We lament that it is a law of history, (to which we know not if we are not ourselves subjected,) originating in the primitive disturbance caused by sin, that, when an error on any subject which is common to two departments finds its positive correction in the

further progress of history, some persons always fall victims to the opposite error.

One thing, however, is self-evident to the simplest mind, that such Catholic views and practical tendencies can claim a sufferance in Protestantism only where the question of church confession is regarded from the most liberal point of view. It is an opinion entertained by some, that Protestantism is not properly the true Church, but rather *the perisperm and cradle of a future truly Catholic Church*, which will embrace within itself, and so abolish, all extremes in Christendom; or, to use another figure, Protestantism is only the forerunner, the somewhat obscure plan, of a great church edifice, which the future will yet realize. According to this view, indeed, the Protestant Church must then be required to enlarge its area and its boundaries on the freest and grandest scale, in order that all the elements which have appeared in the historical development of Christianity, and are contained in its original groundwork, may find a place within it. From this point of view, there is sense and reason in allowing even Catholic ideas to try if they can obtain a footing upon this foundation, or will be driven from it by the power of Christian truth. But a Lutheran Church which closely attaches itself to the person of the great Reformer, and rigorously excludes the peculiar views of the Reformed Church and the Union, is absolutely irreconcilable with this; yet the gates of this growing and struggling Church, with its wide prospects and its unlimited possibilities, must stand open on this side also.

But instead of this, we find not seldom at the present day an unnatural union of these tendencies towards Catholicism with an intolerant Lutheran Orthodoxy, which is hostile to the Union. Every departure from Lutheran doctrines and principles towards the Catholic side passes for justifiable or enjoys unlimited indulgence, whilst every approximation to Reformed doctrines and ordinances is branded as heresy, in the name of fidelity to the Lutheran Creed. Opinions that lead to a coarse religious materialism are fostered and cherished, and opposite views are denounced as spiritualism, and held up to the salutary horror and aversion of good Lutheran Christians. The smallest differences,

such as that between the Lutheran and Calvinistic doctrine of the Sacrament, which are but gnats, are strained out, and great apostasies from the principles of the Evangelical Church to hierarchical maxims, which are camels, are swallowed. This relation to the ecclesiastical questions of the day we can only designate as utterly false and morally untenable. *Not to mete with different measures*, is the first rule of truth and justice also in religious intercourse. It is quite natural that such an inclination, deeply rooted in the disposition and temper, should at last cause the eye to cheat, and seek to conceal from itself the contradiction in which this inclination stands with the symbolical Lutheran doctrine. Then it easily looks away from the clearest evidence that is against it, and with wonderful acuteness detects here and there between the lines confirmations of its own opinion. But certain facts stand fixed and immovable; as, for example, that the hierarchical idea of the pastoral office is foreign to Luther's private writings and to the Lutheran creeds, which derive it rather from the universal priesthood, and which regard the keys not as a power connected with the pastor's office by divine, and therefore as an exclusive, right, but as a power and agency involved in the preaching of the word of God; that the tendency to exalt the Church and the sacrament at the sacrifice of justification by faith, is decidedly opposed by them; that, by the idea which the subsequent Lutheran theology designates with the name of the Invisible Church, they exclude the particularistic view; and that they make no concession whatsoever to the sacrifice of the mass in the Catholic service. And these are by no means individual exaggerations which the Reformation committed in its opposition to Romish Catholicism, and which might be blotted out without affecting its own nature. Nay, rather, in all these are manifested definite, religious, fundamental views, which may not be agreeable to the hierarchical and hierurgical sympathies of this fraction of our Lutherans, but the decisive influence of which they will not be able to shut out from the consciousness of our Lutheran Evangelical Christians, nor even from their own. Thus it is somewhat comforting to see how this morbid inclination to Roman Catholic doctrines, forms of worship, and Church ordinances, unit-

ed with the endeavor to separate more entirely from Reformed Protestantism, carries its own means of cure in itself, so long as it keeps the honest faith of being genuine, original Lutheranism. For if this belief, as we must hope it does, impels them to study deeply into the original records of the Reformation, we cannot possibly entertain the least anxiety that this self-deception will long continue.

The undersigned has merely wished by these remarks to express the simple word of assent, with his reasons for it, to the principles laid down by the Göttingen Theological Faculty. With the substance of it, at least, all must agree, who desire only the continuance of a respectable scientific theology for the future, whether their own theological views correspond to the Lutheran or the Reformed type, or whether they regard the difference as too weak to exert any decided influence upon the tendency, spirit, and character of scientific theology.

JULIUS MÜLLER.

Extracts from the Memorial.

Whilst the majority of the true members of the Church have come to the Gospel faith, and from faith to the confession of it, only through severe inward struggles, the voice of another generation now is heard, who reverse this process, and make the confession of "the pure doctrine" the one thing needful. The inward path of moral and religious progress is too laborious for many, and so they invent another way of salvation "through the confession of the pure doctrine." So likewise the path of regeneration for the Church by the conversion of individuals, by regenerating faith and its fruit, the new life in knowledge and profession ending in love and sanctification, is for them too slow; their love of ease is disguised in their impatience, which would like to behold at once the walls of Sion standing finished before it. The prospect of a speedier result is offered, when interest for the creed is substituted for the life of faith and love.

As wherever there is a want of the proper sustenance for the body, the feeling of an inward void can never be entirely suppressed, so the famishing and uneasy soul endeavors to gain the feeling of life and power from the

comparison of itself with others, and the consciousness of its superiority and elevation above them. It cannot be joyous and settled in its own life, unless it has adversaries to degrade and overthrow. Hence it is unpeaceful and contentious.

Some of this party say that the pastoral care is a secondary matter, and that instead of it the preacher's office should be more exalted, for in the former the pastor must appear chiefly as a minister and a brother; others magnify the power of the preached word at the expense of the reading of the Bible, and so shake one of the pillars of household piety and devotion, as well as of the rights and duties of an evangelical people.

This party is not animated by a living interest for ecclesiastical science and what advances it; on the contrary, it remains astonishingly behind the scientific labors of the seventeenth century, and it lacks almost universally even the understanding of their indispensableness of science as a life-factor of the Church. It would be glad to see theological science and its faculties decline, and the latter become dependent schools for the transmission of what is given them; so that, instead of preserving, like purifying leaven, the life of the Church from stagnation and a dead, mechanical existence, and keeping up its fresh and healthy growth, they should employ all their powers simply to give the Church what they have themselves received from it, and perhaps also with the obligation to prove the excellence and perfect right of such a Catholic procedure.

After all this, who can deny that, as far as depends on this movement, we stand on the eve of an attempt to bring back the seventeenth century, for which our Church had to atone so heavily?

We have deemed it to be our duty, in this sketch, to point out frankly and openly the dangers by which our beloved Evangelical Church is now encompassed. The theological faculties cannot be expected to follow every wind of doctrine and current of the times, whether it calls itself in one century the only rational belief, or come out in another as New Lutheranism, under the borrowed name of our great Reformer. Their office demands a more elevated and far-seeing position. And when, from their more calm, free, and impartial stand-

point, they perceive the dangers drawing near into which a well-meant but short-sighted zeal is endeavoring to plunge the Church, it is their duty to speak the word in order to avert disaster, schism, and perplexity, and as far as possible to preserve in its undisturbed advancement a sound intellectual development for the people, the Church, and for science.

In order that the theological faculties may discharge this great duty, their freedom must remain unabridged; that is, *the Evangelical freedom in teaching* which they must maintain, and which they may anticipate will be respected by the other organs of the Church.

They need this as the breath of life for science and for the Church. What sort of science were that, the results of whose investigations were always prescribed beforehand? and which was not allowed to move according to its own laws, but was subject to a command externally imposed upon it? And what real value could results like these, made to order, as it were, have for the Church? The church can be indeed blessed only when science, in the results which it has gained according to its own laws, agrees with the Church; and this is seen most clearly from the fact that the students feel real confidence in their instructors, and derive positive benefit in scientific convictions, only when they see that their teacher, having also his scientific convictions, and controlled by the laws of science and by no others, regards the *truth* as his highest end and good, and believes sincerely in its power. It is true that in that case what has been handed down will not continue always to be approved; the living reproduction of the old will lead to that which is new, and to a purer and richer comprehension of the old. But the Christian should be convinced that art, science, the state, and all other branches, if they are only governed by their own laws, and are therefore free, cannot injure Christianity, but stand in a secret and strong alliance with it, and by the natural and free development of their own peculiar nature must be most serviceable to it. Moreover, in the Evangelical Church there is not the least *right* to curtail the Evangelical liberty of instruction of the Theological Faculties, so long as they stand upon the foundation and the principles of the Evangelical Church. For although these

foundations, with which it stands and falls, are firm and immovable, nevertheless, in the expression of its faith in the various articles and formulas it has never declared itself perfect and infallible; and this, so far from being an indication of weakness, is a noble ornament of the same, which secures to it unceasing vitality and progress.* Whilst it holds fast with undoubting confidence the fundamental facts and truths of salvation, (and only through its confidence in these truths and facts does the Bible have *authority* for it,) it does not hinder a believing Evangelical science from testing the several doctrinal formulas, and improving them according to the Bible, but rather demands this of it. Did it not do this, it would put the authority of the Church in place of the Bible, bind by human authority the freedom of the word of God, and set the authority of the Reformers against themselves by asserting their infallibility, which they themselves disowned.† It would likewise rob theology, which is rooted in the Evangelical faith, of the rights which the Reformation granted and restored to faith, especially the right of free inquiry into the Bible, and, substituting in its stead a new tradition, would go back to the principles of Catholicism, and thus deny the Reformation. For as, in morals, not only what a man does is of consequence, but

* "But the freedom to deviate from the Augsburg Confession, in pure points of doctrine, was by no means taken away from Protestants by that consideration. And surely we should hold fast to this point, and most readily admit it to our own advantage, that even at that time the Protestant Church was legally declared to be more movable than the Catholic. If we thus follow only the oldest examples, and are willing to carry out the original mild intentions of our predecessors in the Church, we find no reason at all (as far as our jurisdiction and possession are concerned), for laying down the letter of the creed so strictly, that he who is not able to agree with it cannot remain in our communion." — *Schleiermacher.*

† "If it is too little to throw the symbolical books into one class with all others of a similar character, it is too much to put them in the same rank with the Bible, which those can be said to do who wish to give our confessions of faith such a binding authority. For what else do they propose than this at least, that the symbolical books should be to the Protestant Church what the Bible is to the whole of Christendom? For as we acknowledge that the Bible must be the rule of faith for every Christian, and that nothing should contradict it, but everything agree with and be capable of being developed from it, so they desire also that the faith of all Protestants should be nothing else than an agreement with symbolical books and a development from them. But this is too much, for the simple reason that then we must consider Protestantism within Christianity just as much a new revelation as Christianity was new and original in the entire history of man. But this we never have done, and never shall do." — *Schleiermacher.*

moral worth depends chiefly upon the means, end, and motives with which he acts, so also in religion the main thing is not merely what a man believes, but chiefly how and why he believes it. If he believes and recommends a doctrine simply because the Church says so, he then acts only from a regard to external authority, and thus in accordance with the Catholic Church and its idea of faith. The Evangelical Church demands faith not on its own authority, but on the authority of God, and of Christ, who is the truth, and who makes the mind assured that his word is true. It therefore rejects a faith which stands upon mere human authority, and believes solely from regard to it, because such a faith *does not believe in the right way;* it has not the true possession of Christian truth within, and therefore lacks the true understanding of it. *The question how we ought to believe, and why, is an exceedingly important one; it is the fundamental question that gave birth to the Reformation.* For men were mostly agreed as to what ought to be believed; but the Catholic answer to the question how and why they should believe, raised the Church to a dignity and infallible authority which put it in the place of Christ and his word, elevated the doctrine of the authority of the Church to the doctrine of doctrines, introduced a whole system of errors, and made it impossible for the Church to reform itself. If, therefore, similar principles respecting the authority of the Evangelical Church, as for example, in the interpretation of the Bible, should become prevalent among us, the consequences must be the same.* Only there is this difference, that the Catholic

* "It can hardly be denied, that to be strictly bound by the creed would perplex very many clergymen, particularly the ablest, in the candid impartiality of their investigations and communications, and make their whole position uneasy, perhaps insupportable.

"But perhaps the happy time at last comes, when no one who can think at all of devoting himself to the pastoral office has, seeks, or is capable of adopting any other opinion in matters of religion than that contained in the symbolical books. But when will this time come? When a few from conviction, the most from custom or fear, have in the public instruction of adults and of youth for a long time taught nothing else than the dead letter (for dead it will then surely be) of the doctrines of the creed, so that in the religious world nothing else is any longer heard. But such a time cannot come, until through such measures as these the best part of our theology has perished, and all connection between it and the general scientific culture has ceased; and therefore I can only say that *perhaps* such a time will come, because I doubt if the Protestant Church can be brought to such a pass." — *Schleiermacher.*

doctrine of the Church and its authority, established on the basis of the Reformation and its principle of faith, would be somewhat of a monstrosity, which must either sink from want of internal support, or in order to gain consistency must go on, and, under the pretext of a stricter conformity to the Church, deny the Reformation and its principle of Gospel faith. So long as the Evangelical Church exists, it must not trust in human authority and a fictitious infallibility, but must rely on God and on his Spirit, which is ever leading into all truth.

We may be allowed to connect with this another consideration. The Evangelical Universities of Germany, however closely they may be connected with their several kingdoms, are, nevertheless, according to an old and almost universal custom, free cities of science, elevated far above a mere provincial character. The students assemble not only from the interior, but from far and near, — from all parts of Germany, from Holland and Switzerland, England, France, and North America, — attracted by the circumstance that science shows itself to be in free action here, while our own youth in turn visit also foreign Universities. This is wisely encouraged by the highest authorities, and it is always regarded as a special ornament to a University when foreigners also flock to it, attracted by its fame ; and this is justly considered one of the best proofs that the University does not pursue, and is not bound by, merely local and provincial interests, but possesses that higher scientific character, the essential qualities of which are to seek and to impart what has universal validity and truth. The Universities, and especially the German Evangelical ones, are, and know that they are, the common property of the more highly cultivated portion of the race; and they are contributing more constantly perhaps than anything else, even than the literature which is ever kindled brightly at their hearths, to the end that the intellectual treasures, which the labor of the greatest thinkers has acquired, may become common property. *The Theological Faculties are integral parts of these German Universities, and they participate in the universality of their influence and importance.* To restrict them by the circle of thought of a province or a country, or even a tendency of the age, would be not merely to injure them, but to transform

them into seminaries such as the Romish Church possesses and wishes them to be, and thus to destroy what they now are. They would sink to special ecclesiastical schools. A Theological Faculty which should experience such a transformation, however well-meaning narrowness and short-sightedness might demand it, would instantly be obliged to withdraw from the circle of its sisters, as no longer equally privileged with them. But to every far-seeing man who considers the infidelity which is still exceedingly diffused in the Evangelical German nation, and the recent exertions and successes of the compact Catholic Church, how necessary must it appear that the Evangelical countries should inwardly arm and strengthen themselves for the coming days, in order that the saving influences and means of strength, which the Lord of the Church is giving to this age, may remain and become more and more a common good! Who would take the responsibility of damming up, and causing to stagnate, only in one land, the refreshing and fructifying stream of intellectual life, (which has been heretofore directed mainly by the position and action of the Universities,) in the delusion, that such an isolated member, separated from the rest, would continue more independent and characteristic? It requires little foresight to predict the consequences of a course of action which opposes the Evangelical liberty of instruction, — for of no other do we here speak, — namely, the decay of the power and prosperity of the Universities, and the decline of their scholars, unless they can redeem themselves at other free cities of science, into an ignorant, lifeless, mechanical condition.

What we have thus most respectfully taken the liberty to unfold with respect to Theological Faculties in general, receives a special application when we look at our Georgia Augusta. But upon this historical state of the case we by no means rest our main argument, which consists rather in the internal reasons, in the nature of Evangelical science and the Evangelical Church.

We have not spoken in behalf of personal interests, for we all defend in these remarks only the maintenance of those principles, on account of which we have been deemed worthy of a place in this Faculty. But we have thought that we might approach your Excellency the

more frankly in the present Memorial, for the sake of the welfare of our dear established Church and the prosperity of the University.

Since the existence of the University, this Faculty has kept itself free from ecclesiastical factions and extravagances. Among her German sister Universities she early won the fame of keeping a moderate and circumspect position in its sound progress in science, which is undoubtedly most favorable also to a calm and prosperous development of the Church. The chief merit in preserving this peculiar character, without doubt, belongs to the wise directing authorities, who, by making their appointments according to principles which have remained always the same, and have been richly blessed, have known how to prevent every disorganization of the Faculty and crippling of its power by party men, who reach over so easily from the University into the Church. And we do not believe that the Faculty in its present composition and efficiency has squandered the inheritance which she has received, — that respect based on her ancient character which she has in Germany. She may be censured, now from this and now from the opposite side, for not going as far as some may wish; she may even be opposed by an extreme party as being the chief hinderer of their plans of conquest; nevertheless, so long as God gives strength, she will combat manfully and steadfastly with the weapons of the word of God and of science, which owes its origin to the Reformation, movements against the Church, of whatever sort, moderately but firmly, seeking the truth in love. She will do what she can that the pure and living idea of the Church as held by the Reformers, which is elevated above Neology and New Lutheranism, may not be forgotten by the present and the coming generation, and that neither be deceived by the imposture of a false zeal, which is distracting the Evangelical Church, or by a refinement which fancies itself enlightened. She will also endeavor as heretofore to prove, according to the measure of strength given her by God, that the sense of appreciation of the good and old, and that likewise of the good and new, cannot exclude one another in the true Biblical scholarship. Conscious that fidelity and freedom are not hostile to each other, but that both stand in such a relation

of reciprocity that the one exists only in appearance without the other, she knows that in nature and in spirit she is placed in the very centre of the Church of the Reformation, and she labors on in the faith of a great future, which it will one day realize, the objects and vital energies of which cannot be confined within the narrow circle of a party or a momentary fashion, but are destined to penetrate the German nation, reconciling, purifying, and enlightening in a far higher manner than ever before.

LÜCKE, GIESELER, REICHE,
REDEPENNING, EHRENFEUCHTER, DORNER.

Göttingen, 9 *February*, 1854.

Resolutions of the General Synod of the Reformed Church of the Netherlands.

"The Synod further declares, that although it is deeply to be lamented if the blessed freedom is misused which our Reformed Church of the Netherlands enjoys, (and that therefore every one who loves this Church and Christianity should guard himself against the appearance of lax free-thinking,) nevertheless it cannot expect true peace and benefit from a greater restriction of this freedom by ecclesiastical regulations, but, on the contrary, an increase of anxiety, strife, and perplexity, and incalculable injuries to the Reformed Church.

"Lastly, the Synod is of opinion, that the complaints respecting the non-administration of the doctrine of the Reformed Church in former years are very wrong, and that they fall of themselves when we call to mind what the Reformed Church will have considered as its doctrine, and what not. Upon this point, the Synod openly and clearly declared, in the memorable years 1841 and 1842, — and the high council still stands by that declaration, — 'that the Reformed Church of the Netherlands does *not* demand of its teachers agreement with all the points of doctrine and the articles of the symbolical books, as if it were equivalent to infidelity to differ from these books where their fallible authors have either erred, or not thought clearly, or not expressed themselves happily; and it is also not satisfied with their holding fast

this or that truth which is contained in those books, but it will have its members hold in general the doctrines contained in them, which constitute in their form and spirit the *essence* and *substance* of the confession of the Reformed Church'; and it added, that the sum and substance of these doctrines consisted in reverence for the Divine word in Holy Scripture, and 'in an humble, consoling, purifying faith in the one Saviour of sinners.' The Synod still continues of the same opinion as in former years, that it would be impossible, by the most careful limitation of the doctrines in the shortest confession, to unite all the different opinions and wishes, that the attempt to do so would indicate inconsiderateness, and that at all events the Synod is not competent to undertake the task.

"But the high council wishes and requests that all who love the Reformed Church, and are sincerely inclined to its doctrines, notwithstanding all their unavoidable differences of opinion, may be joined more and more closely to one another by their common faith in Jesus Christ; that they put aside what may separate and divide them; that they may be united together by love, the bond of perfectness; and that they be content with simple, pure, genuine Reformed Gospel sermons, and with gratitude to God take pleasure in the same, not forgetting that where the one thing needful is found, — the unity of the faith on Jesus Christ in mutual love, — *perfect* agreement on *all* points of belief is by no means necessary to the true Christian life or to the essential welfare of the Church.

"The General Synod of the Reformed Church of the Netherlands.

"P. C. Molhuysen, *President.*
Timmers Verhoeven, *Secretary.*

"*Gravenhaag*, 28 *July*, 1854."

Art. IV. — REFLECTIONS.

To prove a man a fool is more likely to make him angry than to make him wise. A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow.

A large part of the new words which we meet are made by the indolent, who cut the knot which they ought to untie, or by the prolix, who have "exhausted *words* and then imagined new."

New evils usually displace old ones or diminish their intensity.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Giants are seldom overlooked.

The thoughtless and impatient shut their eyes to danger, rather than labor to avert it.

The fame which follows true greatness no friend need hold up and no enemy can keep down.

A man's moral principles, like the dikes of Holland or the levees of the Mississippi, need to be continually watched and strengthened. He is ruined if they are undermined or overthrown.

Foregone conclusions make men deal with facts as boys do with sums, when they force them to prove. A defender of the doctrine of the Trinity having been asked to explain the words of Christ, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God," replied, "Christ did not mean to disclaim the title of 'good.' He asked the question, 'Why callest thou me good?' in order that the people might state how they had found out that he was the being to whom that title belonged."

Confused thought is a cheap commodity, but some writers parade it as if it were a priceless jewel.

Many active intellects struggle little against disturbing causes. Their feelings and prejudices color their con-

clusions. But he who seeks truth with singleness of mind will strive unceasingly for caution, candor, and calmness.

D'Aubigné in his History of the Reformation says, "The Gospel triumphs by the blood of its confessors, not by that of its adversaries."

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

The ardent reformer moves the multitude, but the calm philosopher moves the ardent reformer.

It is hard work to teach people who can learn nothing without being taught.

The following is a rendering of Martial's famous couplet: —

An epigram is like a bee, a thing
Of little size, with honey and a sting.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as of dear ones.

The man who does most has the least time to talk about what he does.

It is a very true remark, that praise of the dead is often intended as censure of the living.

A man is slow to perceive his own slowness of perception.

In spite of what Gall and his followers have said,
Full organs don't always imply a full head.

The men who jump at conclusions seldom reach any that are worth having. These must be got by climbing.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquillity of mind.

The more a man is envied, the less he is spared.

The works of our mystical mannerists, who darken counsel by words without knowledge, resemble wet fireworks, which merely sputter and blacken paper.

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

Solitary thought corrodes the mind, if it be not blended with social activity; and social activity produces a restless craving for excitement, if it be not blended with solitary thought.

Prime-ministers and presidents resemble laborers tempted by high wages to undertake difficult, dangerous, and deleterious employments.

Almost all knowledge is interesting, if presented in an interesting manner.

Many a great man resembles Herod in the theatre, shining and groaning at once.

The present world is the grave of many past ones.

Does the world go forward, or move in a circle so large that it seems a straight line?

Every day well spent lessens the task that God has set us.

It is useless to recommend to people a course which they have not judgment to pursue.

God punishes in this life to do good. Will he punish in the next life to do harm?

Prodigals are born of misers, as butterflies are born of grubs.

How ignoble most men's lives would appear to themselves if described as the lives of others!

A Turkish proverb says, "The Devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the Devil."

A Spanish proverb, "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

A French proverb, "The noise of the world drowns the thunder of God."

If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

Difficulties dissolve before a cheerful spirit, like snowdrifts before the sun.

Puffing sells many a book on which the paper-knife refuses to do its office.

The happiness of man arises more from his inward than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased but by increasing the amount of goodness.

Serve every one as much as you can, and compete with no one more than you must.

Words that are often used together become associated in the mind; and unless we resist the force of verbal association, we shall often say something different from what we mean.

> "Seek your own good," the million cry;
> "By doing good," the wise reply.

Difficulty ennobles duty.

The Italians say, Time is a silent file.

We must walk through life as through the Swiss mountains, where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

Many a man blows the bellows of the organ that sounds his praise.

We start in life with a great stock of wisdom, but it grows less and less the farther we go.

We learn a little of God's ways, but very little of his purposes.

Metaphors are unsafe weapons in a controversy. They admit of so many applications, that the engineer is often "hoist with his own petard."

> Unless its origin is merit, fame
> Begins in falsity and ends in shame.

The only praise that ought to be relied on comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

The great mistake in many of the plans for reorganizing society consists in supposing that systems can supply the want of sense.

Writers often multiply words, in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not clear to themselves.

All reasoning must take something for granted, but disputants often take different things for granted, and don't try or don't know how to explain their premises; so that men are continually arguing without convincing.

Some years ago, a lady at the White Mountains asked old Crawford if it was safe for ladies to ride up Mount Washington. "O, yes," said he, "the horses wont fall down, and the ladies dare n't fall off, for fear it should hurt 'em."

A young person thinks it enough to do right. As he grows older, he finds it necessary to satisfy others that he has done so. Much of the time that might be spent in doing well must be used in securing evidence that we have not done ill.

The words of a language are like the pieces of a child's dissected picture; and eloquence and poetry and philosophy are the pictures made by putting them together; but somehow it is hard to fit the words into their proper places.

The things which are remembered are few and unimportant compared with those which are forgotten.

A writer of high reputation is often praised for his faults, because, in criticizing acknowledged genius, men think it safer to praise than to censure.

Discontent produces much of our discomfort, and all of our improvement. If Plato had defined man as a grumbling biped, he might have defied Diogenes and his rooster. Whoever objected to the definition would have proved its truth.

Things change so rapidly, that much of our knowledge and skill soon becomes inapplicable, and is rapidly forgotten.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

It takes a lifetime to learn how to live.

The things that you lend
Are less sure to come back
Than to come to an end.

The world is a treadmill which turns all the time,
And leaves us no choice but to sink or to climb.

The world resisting, man should run
His daily round like Ovid's sun,
Pursuing his appointed track
Against the whirling sky,
While all inferior orbs of light
Are hurried from on high.

While here and there a noble mind
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light,
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night;
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

Man looks before and after, but the mind
In the past only can the future find

Magnificent speakers and writers abound,
Whose thoughts are as flat as their phrases are round.

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

They who repeat God's praises still
Mock him unless they do his will.

"Do nothing, because there 's so much to be done,"
Is the maxim of those who from wretchedness run.

As round the dial through the day
The shadow travels with the sun,
The shade of care across our way
Pursues its course till ours is run.

The soul reveals its glory
When death dissolves the frame,
In earth electric fluid,
In heaven electric flame.

The crowning grace of high and low,
And old and young,
Consists in knowing when and how
To hold one's tongue.

"Men love long life, yet dread old age";
But scantly wise is he who begs
To "lag superfluous on the stage,"
And drain his goblet to the dregs,
When their reward is sure and high
Who nobly live and early die.

Death ends not life. What does it end then, pray?
Sin, suffering, darkness, weakness, and decay.

The victor in an argument can afford to dispense with "the last word."

The world has no time to read books of promise, and very little to read those of performance.

A troubled mind is often relieved by maintaining a cheerful demeanor. The effort withdraws its attention from the cause of pain, and the cheerfulness which it promotes in others extends by sympathy to itself.

Men often escape lightly from the first imprudence, and suffer terribly from its repetition; for folly repeated becomes sin, and sin is always punished. There is no variableness in the government of God.

A man who lives beyond the usual term of life is like a boy who stays beyond the usual age at school. He becomes solitary, and the routine is tedious to him.

Hasty ebullitions are often best met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober second-thought pierces deeper than rebuke.

Good is more esteemed for having been long desired, affection stronger for having been long ungratified, and perhaps the happiness of heaven greater for having been long deferred.

Men in whom the imagination predominates are apt to convert facts into fictions, and live in a world of their own creation.

Men usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

The great objects of man's study are his own nature and destiny, and the nature and providence of God. We study outward nature partly to improve our condition. Beyond this temporary purpose, it is interesting chiefly for the light which it throws on the character and purposes of God.

The events of youth are stamped in the memory of age, as primeval footmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

The only way for a man to escape being found out is to pass for what he is. The only way to maintain a good character is to deserve it. It is easier to correct our faults than to conceal them.

To improve the condition of mankind essentially, a way must be contrived for putting old heads on young shoulders.

The incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill-temper towards each other.

Obscurity of style usually indicates that the writer is clumsy, or careless, or crude, or insincere, or ashamed of himself.

"What is whispered in the ear shall be spoken on the house-tops." Men's relations often change from friendly to hostile, and then their mutual confidences are disclosed through a speaking-trumpet.

In Trench's work on the Lessons in Proverbs a number of Latin proverbs are given, of a few of them here are attempts at translations or a paraphrase: —

Casus dementis correctio fit sapientis.
A fool's fate is a wise man's warning.

Fures in lite pandunt abscondita vitæ.
When rascals fight, truths come to light.

Qui se non noscat, vicini jurgia poscat.
How can I get self-knowledge, pray?
Ask what your scolding neighbors say.

Non est in mundo dives qui dicit Abundo.

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher;
He always will hold
A little more gold,
And never 's so rich that he would n't be richer.

Qui pingit florem non pingit floris odorem.

The pencil brings sweet flowers to view,
Would it could paint their fragrance too!

In vestimentis non stat sapientia mentis.

A man's head may be better than his coat.

Nomina si nescis, perit et cognitio rerum.

Ignorance of names occasions loss of knowledge.

Hoc retine verbum, Deus frangit omne superbum.

Ever since the world began,
God has crushed the pride of man.

Argue consultum, te diliget; argue stultum,
Avertet vultum, nec te dimittet inultum.

Convince a wise man of his error, and he will thank you; convince a fool, and he will insult you.

E. W.

Art. V. — FACTS FROM THE LAST CENSUS.*

We propose to reproduce here, in a few pages, some statistics which we have gathered from the tables and papers incorporated in the report of the last census of the United States. To a due appreciation of these facts, however, it will be necessary that they be accompanied with a statement of the population generally, and perhaps with some reference to matters given under other heads.

The whole white male population of the United States, as returned by the census, was 10,026,402; the whole white female population, 9,526,666; making in the aggregate 19,553,068, and showing an excess of males

* *The Seventh Census of the United States.* 1850. J. D. B. De Bow, *Superintendent.* Washington: Robert Armstrong, Public Printer. 1853. 4to. pp. 1022.

equal to half a million. Of this excess, very nearly one half, or over 238,000, belongs to the foreign population, the return of which is 1,239,464 males, and 1,001,117 females.

Marriage is the leading feature in any statistics of the social condition of a country, and it must be regarded also as an interesting and important one. Singular as it may seem, though the tables are so exceedingly minute, and indeed, as might be said, encumbered and overrunning with unimportant details, we have not a return of the numbers of married and single. Some approach, however, may be made, conjecturally, to an estimate of the numbers unmarried.

About 10,000,000 of the white population, or more than one half, are under twenty years of age. If half of the whole excess of males were under this age also, it would leave about 250,000 men in mature life to whom marriage would be absolutely prohibited, except by seeking a wife in another land. But the excess of males among the foreign population is in greater proportion than in the native. In order to account for this great disparity in the excess of males over females among the foreign population, it must be supposed that it is produced by the immigration of an undue proportion of single men of adult age. The total number of native white males is 8,786,938. The excess of males over females in the native white population is 261,389, being about two sixty-sevenths of the whole number of native white males. The total number of foreign white males is 1,239,464. The excess of males in the foreign population is 238,347, being nearly equal to the excess in the native male population (which is about seven times greater), and about one fifth of the whole foreign white male population. Reduced to the same ratio as the excess of native white males, the excess of foreign males should be about 37,000; and allowing 20,000 of this number to be minors, which is more than the proportion of minors in the whole, and deducting this from the actual excess, it will leave 218,347 foreign white adults unmarried, to be added to 135,694, half of the native excess, being 354,041 adult white males who are absolutely precluded from the marriage state. But as there are a large number of females of adult age always remaining unmarried, either by choice or *per infortuniam*,

which the census gives us no means of estimating, even by approximation, for each one of whom one must be added to the number of unmarried males, it may be supposed that the number of the excess of the adult white males would not be the half or third part of the adult white males unmarried. If assumed to be only double, which would seem a moderate estimate, it would amount to 700,000, which is about one seventh part of the adult white male population. A very surprising result, affording not a very favorable commentary upon the institution of marriage.

In the United States all those matters which have a bearing upon the social state and condition are subjects of State legislation and regulation, and are not reached by the laws of Congress. The laws in relation to the form and force of the marriage contract, and to divorce, consequently vary in the several States. With these laws, however, the census has no concern. And we are not prepared to say that it would be of much advantage that it should include returns upon this head.

Religion is, in like manner, a State concern. The first article of amendments to the Constitution of the United States provides that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The power over the subject belongs to the State legislatures. And the States have generally pursued the policy of perfect freedom and toleration: and as this constitutes the most important point in which religion has an influence on the social state, a reference to the laws of the States becomes essential. In twenty-eight of the States the constitution guarantees perfect religious freedom, and toleration for all sects and perfect equality for all. In three of the States, Virginia, Louisiana, and Michigan, the constitution is silent on this matter. In no State of the Union is there such a thing as a protection *directly*, or an establishment of any form or denomination of religious worship. In two of the twenty-eight States, however, in which perfect freedom is guaranteed, there are other provisions greatly qualifying that freedom. In New Hampshire, after the provision that every denomination shall be equally under the protection of law, and that no subordination of one sect to another shall be established by law, the instrument

requires that the Governor and members of the legislature shall be of the Protestant religion. The constitution of North Carolina has also the guaranty of perfect freedom. But it is declared in an amendment, that no person who shall hold religious opinions incompatible with the freedom and safety of the State shall be capable of holding any office or place of trust or profit in the civil department in that State. This provision is evidently dependent on construction for its vitality and strength. It is sometimes the case that a proposition entirely vague and uncertain is rendered thereby unsubstantial; and sometimes the very indefiniteness gives it a more formidable power. We could not say which effect might result in this case. It is probable that the clause was intended for the same religious qualification to office as is required in the New Hampshire constitution.

The census makes no return of the number of sects or denominations, nor of the respective numbers of each sect. It presents us with a table of the number of churches belonging to nineteen sects of Christians, with a column of "Minor Sects," and a column of "Free," and one for Jews. This table gives a total of 38,183 churches. It may be supposed that the sects are more numerous than is here represented. The divisions which Mr. De Bow gives us of Congregational, Orthodox Congregational, and Unitarian, may require some explanation to render them clear to others than staticians or theologians; but our mind is greatly disturbed and confused, not to say dismayed, at being informed by the return that there is not an Orthodox Congregational church in Massachusetts. Under this head the line is blank. The number of Congregational churches in this State is 448, and of Unitarian 163. The number of churches of all denominations is 1,477. The number of churches in Massachusetts is little more than one twenty-sixth of the whole number in the United States, while the population is in a larger ratio, being about half-way between one twenty-third and one twenty-fourth part of all the population. The churches, however, in this State accommodate a much larger number of worshippers than in some of the States, the State containing one twenty-first part of the whole church accommodation. Taking into consideration the wealth and the density of

population in Massachusetts, and her comparative age, she must be regarded as not holding a prominent position in regard to the number of churches or to church accommodation. The whole church accommodation in the United States is returned as equal to 14,270,139, which would leave, if every seat were filled, 8,921,737 of the population unaccommodated with seats. As, however, every church has many seats always unappropriated, the whole number of people unprovided with church accommodation may be about 10,000,000. The number of churches and amount of accommodation is set down for several great sections of the country as follows: —

Divisions.	Churches.	Accommodation.	Average Accommodation.	Total Population.
New England, .	4,612	1,895,285	411	2,728,116
Middle States, .	9,714	4,306,483	443	6,624,988
Southern do. . .	7,394	2,571,412	348	3,952,837
Southwestern do..	5,415	1,596,750	295	3,321,117
Northwestern do..	10,926	3,853,926	353	6,379,923
California and Territories, . . .	122	46,283	379	184,895

This table gives accommodation in New England to about two thirds of the population. In another table, which gives the number of seats to each thousand of the population, the return for the State of Massachusetts is 699. In a table exhibiting the number of churches and the church accommodation in twelve of the principal cities, we find Boston returned as having an average church accommodation of 819, and that the average population to each church is 1,456, leaving 637 in every 1,456 unprovided. In this table five of the twelve cities stand higher than Boston in the ratio of accommodation, and six lower, Chicago being the highest, viz.: —

	For each Hundred.		For each Hundred.
Chicago, ...	73.76	Baltimore, ...	47.59
Albany, ...	70.52	Cincinnati, ...	46.63
Charleston, ...	67.58	Philadelphia, . . .	45.70
Mobile, ...	63.37	St. Louis,.	42.74
Louisville, ...	56.92	New York, ...	41.53
Boston, ...	56.26	New Orleans, . . .	23.50

The census furnishes no official return of the churches, ministers, and members of each sect. But it presents the following table from the Baptist Almanac for 1850, cor-

rected as to Cumberland Presbyterians. Some of these are apparently mere estimates: —

	Churches.	Ministers.	Members.
Methodist Episcopal,	....	3,716	629,660
Do. do. South,	....	1,500	465,553
Do. Protestant,	....	740	64,313
Do. Wesleyan,	....	500	20,000
Baptists (regular),	8,406	5,142	686,807
Do. Anti-Mission,	2,035	907	67,845
Do. Seventh-Day,	52	43	6,243
Do. Six-Principle,	21	25	3,586
Do. Free-Will,	1,252	1,082	56,452
Do. Church of God,	97	128	10,102
Do. Campbellites,	1,898	848	118,618
Do. Christian (Unitarian),	607	498	33,040
Congregationalists (Orthodox),	1,971	1,687	197,196
Do. (Unitarian),	244	250	30,000
Protestant Episcopal,	1,192	1,497	67,550
Presbyterians, Old School,	2,512	1,860	200,830
Do. New do.	1,555	1,453	139,047
Do. Cumberland,	1,250	900	100,000
Do. Associate,	530	290	45,500
Dutch Reformed,	276	289	32,840
German Reformed,	261	273	69,750
Lutherans,	1,604	663	163,000
United Brethren,	800	500	15,000
Evangelical (German),	600	250	16,000
Moravians,	22	24	6,000
Mennonites,	400	250	58,000
Swedenborgians,	42	30	3,000
Universalists,	918	700	60,000
Mormons,	....	100	20,000
Roman Catholic,	812	864	1,173,700

In the New England States, education has always been a public concern. Provision has been made by the laws for the maintenance of schools; and each town in the State, by a vote of the electors in town meeting, annually, and the cities, by vote of their council, raise the amount by taxation which may be considered sufficient for the support of their schools respectively. The political institution of corporate towns or boroughs favors this plan of public instruction, as well in the facility of raising the required revenue, as in the distribution and corporate relations of the parents and children. In other

parts of the country, where this system of corporate democracies is unknown, public instruction has been introduced only recently and partially, the sentiments of the people being strongly opposed to the plan, at the same time that the facility afforded by a political corporate organization of the people, territorially, is wanting.

From the official returns of the census, the following particulars are abstracted.

Colleges in the United States.

Number.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Income.
239	1,678	27,821	$ 1,964,428

Academies and Private Schools.

Number.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Income.
6,085	12,260	263,096	$ 4,644,214

Public Schools.

Number.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Income.
80,978	91,966	3,354,011	$ 9,529,542

Numbers at School.

White.	Free Colored.	Native.	Foreign.	Total.
4,063,046	26,461	3,942,081	147,426	4,089,597 *

Adults unable to read and write.

White.	Free Colored.	Native.	Foreign.	Total.
962,898	90,522	858,306	195,114	1,053,420

In the Compendium of the Seventh Census, published by the Superintendent, a table of schools and pupils in seven of the principal cities is given as follows, said to be taken from official sources, the returns of which date variously from 1850 to 1853. Other statements on the same page show a difference in relation to some of the particulars.

Cities.	Population.	Schools.	Teachers.	Pupils.	Cost of Tuition.
Boston, . .	135,000	200	331	21,000	$ 241,860.00
New York, .	517,000	199	332	35,164	230,585.74
Philadelphia, .	409,000	256	727	45,383	336,979.54
Baltimore, .	169,012	34	119	7,093	45,352.84
Cincinnati, .	116,000	17	124	6,006	81,623.97
St. Louis, . .	81,000	73	168	6,642	. . . . .
New Orleans,	101,778	34	. . .	8,761	200,000.00

* During the year. Error of 90 in addition. But in another table, p. 143, the total scholars in colleges, academies, and public schools is given at 3,644,928. See Table CXLV. This may exhibit the whole at one time. The other shows all who have attended in the year.

The United States government has granted for schools 48,909,535 acres of land, and to universities and colleges 4,060,704 acres. By the land laws, one section of 640 acres, or one mile square, in each township of thiry-six sections, is set apart for schools, and reserved from the public sales.

Chancellor Kent, as quoted by Mr. De Bow in the Compendium from which the above statistics are gathered, says: "It has been uniformly a part of the land system of the United States to provide for public schools. The Articles of Confederation of 1787,* the acts admitting into the Union Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas, &c., all provided for the appropriation of lands in each township for the use of public schools. The elevated policy of the federal government, as one of our statesmen has observed, was a noble and beautiful idea of providing wise institutions for the unborn millions of the West, of anticipating their good by a sort of parental providence, and of associating together the social and the territorial development of the people, by incorporating these provisions with the land-titles derived from the public domain."

The number of newspapers and periodicals is as follows: —

Daily.	Copies printed annually.	Weekly, Semi- and Tri-weekly.	Copies printed annually.	Monthly and Semi-monthly.	Copies printed annually.
254	235,119,966	2,048	170,497,024	195	20,591,288

Quarterly.	Copies printed annually.	Total.	Copies printed annually.
19	103,500	2,526 †	426,409,978

Literary and Miscellaneous.	Neutral and Independent.	Political.	Religious.	Scientific.
77,877,276	88,023,953	221,844,133	33,645,484	4,893,932

The return of libraries other than private is, —

Public.		School.		Sunday School.	
Number.	Volumes.	Number.	Volumes.	Number.	Volumes.
1,217	1,446,015	12,067	1,647,404	1,988	542,321

Colleges.		Churches.		Total.	
Number.	Volumes.	Number.	Volumes.	Number.	Volumes.
213	942,321	130	58,350	15,615	4,636,411

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* 1778 is the date of the Confederation. There is, however, an error in the statement that it contained any provision for granting lands for schools.

2,516.

The amount of the wages of labor, its ratio to the value of the productions, and its proportion to the whole income of the capital of the country, are matters of interest, which it seems to us might well be included in the census, but of which only the amount is returned in this instance. The subject of wages forms a leading feature in the social state. Being an element of the pecuniary thrift and welfare of the majority in numbers of every community, it bears important relations to education, to production, to pauperism, charity, vice, and crime. In this country, wages, more perhaps than most other of the common interests, is in a condition of change and fluctuation. In the department of manual labor, many of the important branches of industrial activity are not adequately supplied, and in these labor for the most part has a fitting reward. In others, where suitable compensation is made for the labor in the marketable price of the article, a small portion only reaches the laboring hands that produce it, while an amount altogether disproportionate adheres to the hands of the contractor, or third party, who intervenes between the laborer and purchaser. In the department of mental labor, with few exceptions, the wages are unduly depressed. In most cases, both in manual and mental labor, the person who is the immediate agent of supply to the market receives the larger part of the profit on the article. The contractor for making the coat or boot receives more than the workman who produces it; and the publisher obtains the greater part of the profit of what is written for the press, while the writer and the type-setter take the smaller share. Capital and labor hunt in company, and to the former belongs the lion's share. All departments of labor withhold adequate compensation from female hands. The rougher meet the best reward; and the highest, the occupation of teaching, is, most of all, neither duly nor proportionably paid.

Average Wages.

States and Territories.	Farm-hand, monthly.	Day-laborer, with Board.	Day-laborer, without Board.	Carpenter, Day-wages, without Board.	Female Domestic, weekly.	Weekly Board to Laboring Men.
Alabama,	$ 9.62	$0.49	$0.70	$1.76	$1.41	$1.89
Arkansas,	10.63	.54	.75	1.77	1.67	1.61
California,	60.00	4.00	5.00	7.60	13.00	11.00
Columbia, Dist.	10.00	.63	.98	1.50	1.31	2.37
Connecticut,	12.72	.76	.98	1.30	1.36	1.95
Delaware,	8.79	.51	.78	1.23	.84	1.83
Florida,	10.00	.68	1.03	2.15	1.83	2.64
Georgia,	9.03	.50	.72	1.66	1.52	1.82
Illinois,	12.55	.62	.85	1.47	1.14	1.47
Indiana,	10.50	.55	.78	1.30	.90	1.43
Iowa,	11.80	.61	.83	1.50	1.07	1.58
Kentucky,	10.00	.50	.69	1.34	1.09	1.41
Louisiana,	12.80	.73	1.04	2.36	2.57	2.70
Maine,	13.12	.76	1.00	1.40	1.09	1.72
Maryland,	7.88	.49	.69	1.25	.89	1.75
Massachusetts,	13.55	.84	1.09	1.45	1.48	2.12
Michigan,	12.00	.66	.88	1.40	1.10	1.59
Mississippi,	11.00	.69	.95	1.94	1.52	2.00
Missouri,	11.81	.55	.75	1.48	1.17	1.31
New Hampshire,	12.12	.63	.89	1.31	1.27	1.63
New Jersey,	10.18	.65	.88	1.28	.97	1.89
New York,	11.50	.67	.90	1.38	1.05	1.78
North Carolina,	7.51	.42	.54	1.22	.87	1.33
Ohio,	11.10	.56	.78	1.27	.96	1.45
Pennsylvania,	10.82	.51	.80	1.23	.80	1.72
Rhode Island,	13.52	.72	.95	1.23	1.42	2.06
South Carolina,	7.72	.49	.66	1.40	1.42	1.73
Tennessee,	8.67	.43	.58	1.38	1.00	1.32
Texas,	12.00	.75	1.00	2.00	2.00	2.00
Vermont,	13.00	.72	.97	1.44	1.19	1.95
Virginia,	8.43	.47	.65	1.22	.96	1.49
Wisconsin,	12.69	.71	1.00	1.54	1.27	1.88
Minnesota,	17.00	.86	1.37	2.25	2.25	3.50
New Mexico,	6.00	.33	.53	5.18	.78	2.00
Oregon,	75.00	4.00	5.00	10.00	10.00	7.00
Utah,	22.00	1.32	2.00	3.14	1.46	4.14

The number of paupers supported at the public expense, as returned on the 1st of June, 1850, was,—

Native.	Foreign.	Total.	Annual Cost.
36,916	13,437	50,353	$ 2,954,806

In Massachusetts,—

4,059	1,490	5,549	$ 392,715

The whole number of criminals convicted during the year were,—

	Native.	Foreign.	Total.
In Massachusetts, . . .	3,366	3,884	7,250
New York, ...	3,962	6,317	10,279
Pennsylvania, ...	564	293	857
Ohio, ...	689	154	843
New Jersey, ...	346	257	603
Illinois, ...	127	189	316
Indiana, ...	150	25	175
Kentucky, ...	126	34	160
Tennessee, ...	73	8	81
Virginia, ...	98	9	107
North Carolina, . . .	634	13	647
South Carolina, . . .	32	14	46
Total in all the States and Territories, ...	12,856	13,691	26,679*

The number of deaf and dumb, blind, insane, and idiotic white persons in the United States is as follows:—

Deaf and Dumb.	Blind.	Insane.	Idiotic.
9,136	7,978	14,972	14,257

There is something in the distribution of the foreign population which suggests an idea of much interest in a political view. The free States of the Union have been for many years restive and dissatisfied on account of the unequal representation of the free and slave States in Congress, founded on the constitutional plan of estimating the slave population as a basis therefor, in the proportion of three fifths. In the free States an element is introduced into the population, in a large mass of foreigners, partly unnaturalized, which furnishes a counterpoise for this disadvantage.

The foreign population in the United States is 2,210,828,† of which 1,965,518 were resident in the free States, and 245,310 in the slave States. The whole number of slaves is 3,204,313, of which three fifths, or 1,922,587 is added to the free population in the apportionment of representatives, a number almost exactly corresponding to the number of aliens in the free States. The slave population gives about twenty-one representatives in Congress to the slave States; the alien popu-

* 132 in District of Columbia, birth not given.
† Another table gives 2,240,581.

lation gives about twenty-one representatives to the free States, and nearly three to the slave States; thus equalizing very exactly the representation of the free white native population in the two sections.

Some statistical tables had been collected and compiled from time to time in some of the states of Europe, but irregularly, more than a century before the existence of the United States as a nation. We are informed by the Holy Scriptures of some enumerations of the people taken among the Jews at some of the epochs to which that volume relates. But the idea of a regularly recurring periodical enumeration of a nation in modern times seems to have originated with the statesmen who formed the Constitution of the United States. Under the requirements of that instrument, the decennial census has given regular returns of the population from 1790, and must continue to do the same at each tenth year while the Constitution stands. The Emperor Napoleon caused statistics of the vast empire under his dominion to be collected, as affording a guide for the levy of taxes and of troops, and these returns were repeated at intervals of five years. But they became suspended for fourteen years after his deposition, when a return was made under Louis XVIII., two years before the end of his reign; and a few years later, in 1833, a Bureau of Statistics was established in France, following the same institution which had been established in England one year previously. Under this institution in France a large volume of statistics is published yearly.

England is the first power of Europe, says A. M. de Jonnes, in his *Éléments de Statistique*, which since the peace has undertaken a system of official general statistics. A Bureau was established in 1832, charged with this business. The census is decennial in England; in France, quinquennial.

A society of statistics has existed in Sweden, now more than an hundred years, which has published many valuable volumes.

The leading objects of a census are to ascertain the population of the country, and its elements, its classification, and condition; to show the quantity and value of its production and appropriation, by which the public wealth is renewed and increased; to exhibit its indus-

trial operations in all departments of manual and mental labor, and to collect and combine the statistics of its social condition. These objects have been well fulfilled in the census of 1850. It is executed apparently with fidelity and ability, on a plan more extended than those of former years, and spreads before the public a great amount of valuable information. The elements, the economy, the incidents which fill up the social character and condition of the population of the State, and the various operations of its industrial activity, are here exhibited in an authentic shape, forming a volume of facts of great importance to all private citizens, as well as those engaged in the administration of public affairs.

W. J. A. B.

ART. VI. — BARNUM'S AND GREELEY'S BIOGRAPHIES.*

"ONCE," said a testy judge at a recent trial in New York, "once people used to believe things because they saw them in the papers; now, they *don't* believe them, for the same reason."

The testy judge must have generalized from a limited experience; for no one can run his eye over the advertising columns of a leading city journal, and suppose that the public faith has abandoned the old oracles. Advertisers, like Cicero's augurs, may perhaps laugh in each other's faces, but the multitude believe and buy. In fact, they believe and buy more than they ever did before. We Protestants are very fond of expending our compassion upon the benighted millions who give credit to the Legends of the Saints, and pay cash for the spiritual panaceas of Rome; but while we strain at the gnats of St. Macarius, we swallow the camels of Brandreth and the mermaids of Barnum. We shake our heads sadly at the fleeting splendors of the Girandola, or the majestic marbles of St. Peter's, as the mournful monuments of

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1. *The Life of* P. T. BARNUM. *Written by himself.* New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 404.

2. *The Life of* HORACE GREELEY, *Editor of the New York Tribune.* By JAMES PARTON. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 450.

priestly charlatanism and of popular superstition, little thinking meanwhile whose were the cunning hands that reared, and whose the blockheads that support, the "Oriental villas" of showmen, and the "ducal palaces" of venders of sarsaparilla.

If the true etymology of the word "quack" be that which derives it from the conceited duck's self-advertising clamor, America may fairly claim to be the chosen land of quackery. Imposture is indeed cosmopolitan, but genuine, noisy, importunate quackery has nowhere gone so far or fared so well as here. The "land of the free" is also the land of the free and easy, "and the home of the brave" keeps its doors open for the simply brazen. Our elastic institutions give ample scope and verge enough to the most audacious of humbugs. "The people" are and must be "at home" to every visitor. Our habit of continually appealing to the "people" through the "press" has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and though the latter, doubtless, enormously outweigh the former, still the disadvantages are real and worth considering. There are many things in regard to which the verdict of the "people" is quite as likely to be wrong as right, some things in regard to which it is quite certain to be wrong. Yet the word "popular," has come to be considered pretty generally, in America, as a synonyme of "excellent."* It is true that even those persons who most affect the use of the word sometimes give it a flat contradiction in their conduct. There are, doubtless, many lovers of the people who would hesitate about surrendering up their stomachs to the agencies of Radway's Ready Relief, or of Swaim's Panacea, though columns of grateful letters attest the popularity of the one, and abundant bank-stocks and title-deeds the success of the other. Still it is true that popularity is so generally regarded as the criterion of excellence, that the notions of many grown-up people are bewildered, and the characters of innumerable young people endangered, thereby. A better proof of this fact cannot be found than is afforded by the prevailing style of our literary advertisements.

The genius of quackery has invaded the groves of the

* In a recent New York catalogue of pictures, Lake George is spoken of as "that placid and *popular* sheet of water"!

Academy. Respectable publishing houses borrow the phraseology and imitate the tricks of cheap clothiers and patent-medicine men in announcing the wares of literature. Once, when one took up a newspaper, if his eye rested on a paragraph printed sideways, or upside down, or in huge capitals, with a kite's tail of extracts in agate, he took for granted that it must refer to some "young lady miraculously snatched from the grave," or to the martyrdom of some haberdasher, who, with a stock of silks on his back, was offering himself up "an enormous sacrifice." But now the chances are that the typographic monstrosity calls public attention to "the Great Novel of the Season," which "will outlive the century that produced it," — a work "written in vitriol and tears," which has caused the "midnight *lamp*" of many a rural editor "to burn to the *socket*," — appeals "to the finest sensibilities of our nature," "dazzles and confounds the judgment," makes "a sighing and a sobbing among mothers and widows," and is, in short, "equal, if not superior, to anything in the works of Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer." Or perchance it prognosticates the speedy appearance of a theological thunderbolt, which will give a "death-blow to Romanism," make "Americans shudder with indignation," and take sleep from the eyelids of half the community. Or it is a biography (*auto* or *allo*, as the case may be) which reveals the details of an "exciting career," a "wonderful and heroic character," and must certainly "be bought and read with avidity."

Now all this nonsense, disgusting as it is, must be attractive to thousands of people, and effective too, or the publishers would not pay for its insertion. And it is so eminently "quackery" of the most genuine sort, that it would be unworthy a serious notice were it not that it threatens, in its growth, to do some little damage to the serious, grave, and valuable art upon which it has fastened itself. For literature is an art, if not indeed the highest of arts, and it can only flourish in America, or anywhere else, in proportion to the degree in which the true artistic spirit informs its votaries. And such is the nature of the products of this art of literature, that literary men are more exposed than any other artists to the debasing influence of quackery. If an artist shapes his idea into a statue, or into a painting, he produces a work

of such price that he must seek his purchaser in a comparatively small class of persons; and having found one worthy and appreciating amateur, he disposes of the fruit of his labors, and can have no further pecuniary temptations in that quarter. The result of literary labors, on the contrary, is susceptible of infinite multiplication, and a perspective of indefinite percentages is unrolled by the seductive publisher before the young author. Let it not be said that none but the weak in heart can be seduced by the prospect of pecuniary profit, and that the artist who can be corrupted in this way is not worth saving from corruption. In the world of art, as in the world of nature, there is room for all sorts of powers, and need of them all, and many a talent of but provincial coinage, which, if alloyed too basely, becomes worthless, might, if kept up to its standard value, be a very useful bit of coin in the realms of the intellect. Second-rate, and even third-rate authors and authoresses, if only they be saved in their hour of frailty from debasing influences, may be, as many such have been and still are, no unworthy members of the hierarchy of mind. Some years ago, Dr. Griswold published a large octavo volume, of four hundred pages, containing specimens of the writings of more than eighty American poetesses. It would be absurd to say that any of those numerous poems are great or even very remarkable poems, but no man who, even in turning over, as rapidly as in this short life one must, the four hundred pages of our female "Parnassus," has caught the spirit of purity, of sincerity, of chaste and tender aspiration which breathes along those equable lines, can fail to feel that the women who wrote them have done a real service to their country. They had ideals of their own, however faint and feeble, they wrote in the love of writing, and the least of all these poems which can touch in any breast, however rude or humble, the finer springs of simple feeling, and the sleeping love of beauty, is a more real "contribution to our literature" than all the marketable novels, moral or immoral, which publishers issue, like yards of calico, by the thousand, and circulating libraries by the dozen. But the weaker brethren and sisters are not the only ones whose usefulness is threatened by the quackery of literature. Let us remember that Lord Byron, who began

by sending back his guineas to Murray, ended by quarrelling over the checks of the generous bibliopole. And Byron certainly was neither weak in intellect nor mean at heart. Few are the men who can safely encounter pecuniary temptations coming in such a form. And pecuniary temptations are not the only ones, nor the strongest ones, which literary quackery offers to authors. The temptation of popularity for popularity's sake, the temptation to mistake an excitement for an impression, and to be guided in his art, not by the law of the inner voice, but by the outcry of the voice without, is not less strong, and not less fatal to the artist's genius. This temptation it was which subdued the same Lord Byron to say, "The great thing in art is the *effect*. No matter how it is produced!" Byron was a man of too indomitable genius to be mastered by this degrading maxim, but it had its evil effects even upon him; and it has ruined many a fine capacity in all departments of art.

In making these observations we do not forget that we are not addressing ourselves to an audience exclusively made up of authors actual or potential. We address ourselves to our readers, with the clearest understanding that they are *readers*, and in their capacity as such. Every reading man has his duties to the world of literature, as well as every writing man. He owes it to himself to see that his reading is something more than a mere murder of time, a *distraction*, an amusement; he owes it to himself to see that his reading shall serve, by delight or by instruction, by beauty or by use, to ripen his faculties, to ameliorate his temper, to elevate his character. And he owes it to the world of readers and writers, therefore, to discourage, as far as in him lies, whatever tends to debase the tone of literature by depraving literary men. A class of literary quacks may certainly be at least as mischievous in a community, as a class of medical, or legal, or mercantile quacks. Their influence, like all influence, extends far beyond their immediate sphere. The nonsense or the falsehoods which Miss Smith never found in books, she may imbibe in a dilution from Miss Brown, who has found them there; and the infiltration really knows, and can know, no limits. On the other hand, the benign spirit of a true artist is a blessing to all men and women, though his works may

be known but to few, and may be felt and appreciated by fewer still. It is one of the vices of our society and our government, that we sadly overrate *direct* agencies, and as sadly underrate *indirect* influences. We infer the intellectual capacity of our people from the condition of our educational machinery, and think the substance of freedom safe while the ballot-box is open to all. But is it not true that those to whom the world owes most are not those with whom the vast majority of mankind are brought *immediately* into contact? The pictures of Raphael and of Titian, the sculpture of Michael Angelo, the poetry of Dante and of Milton, the music of Beethoven, while they have enriched every civilized people, cannot be said to be, in the common sense of the word, *popular*. Nay, the familiarity of the theatre has hardly sufficed to make the poetry of Shakespeare himself popular; and with regard to him too, as with regard to all other great thinkers and artists, it is unquestionably true that their chief contributions to the world's welfare must not be sought in the aggregate of their direct influences upon those directly familiar with their works.

The difference between fame and popularity lies hidden in this fact. Fame represents a positive value, assayed by the capable, appropriated by them, and by them transfused into the life of society. Popularity represents a factitious value, accepted in the heat of transient emotions and desires, in itself worthless, and vanishing with its occasion. Fame is like doubloons of Spain, popularity like Western bank-notes.

Every true work of art, be it wrought in letters or in whatever other material, can only be fully comprehended and deeply felt by those whose fortunate natures or whose felicitous training may have fitted them to receive its lesson. It is the accruing judgments of such persons which, in the lapse of years, make up the golden reality of fame. And it is through the refining, the elevating, the ennobling influences which great works exert upon these gifted few, that they reach and bless the less gifted many. That beauty which the thoughtful draw from intellectual forms, they dispense again in the morals and the manners of their daily life. The divine feeling stirs, however vaguely, in all hearts; "the vision and the

faculty divine" are the special grace of singular and exquisite natures. And there is no mistake more egregious, as there is none more common, particularly in our country "of vast and various misinformation," than theirs who fancy that, because they can feel and be moved by the beauty of a graceful deed or of a kindly smile, by the airy motion of the morn or by the "light of setting suns," *therefore* they must be fitted to seize and know the intellectual loveliness of ideal forms. Men whose belief of the rotation of the globe on which they live, or of the circulation of the blood within their veins, rests upon their respect for special intelligences, whose superior competency to the investigation of such subjects they admit, do not hesitate to assume the functions of criticism in regard to arts, the laws of which they have never attempted to study, much less to apprehend their own fitness for such pursuits. Of course the critic who desires to captivate the praise of such must think less of the laws of his art than of the inclinations, passions, and fashions of his public. The artist who hopes to achieve anything permanent, were he animated by the warmest humanity and the most earnest desire to bless the largest number of his fellow-men, must recognize the truth that Art conciliates no majorities, but deals with mankind through her mystic aristocracy. When Quackery draws near, her arms distended with huge heaps of praise, majestic Art brings forth her dreadful scales, and quenches the jubilations of vociferous numbers with the austere sentence of silent weight.

We hope that it is superfluous for us to say here, that, when we speak of the "mystic aristocracy" of Art, we do not wish to give the shadow of countenance to the notion, that Art grants her patents to the wearers of coronets, the favorites of fortune, or the hierarchs of fashion. Undoubtedly the bustling and uproar of ordinary life are less favorable to the production and the culture of superior natures, than the rich opportunities of a calmer estate. But there are no opportunities so rich as those of a calm and noble mind, and no class can have a monopoly of this gift of God. Nothing can be more *ordinary* than the life of the majority of the privileged or successful classes in any country, and one finds many *dilettanti* in these classes everywhere who can neither

see the pictures nor *read* the books which they buy, so that their function in the economy of Art seems really to be not very different from the use in horticulture of the dry straw which we wrap about tender plants, till they are strong enough to bear the chill atmosphere. The "mystic aristocracy" of Art are simply the *aristoi*, the *best* by nature and by culture; and as the "bluest blood" cannot guarantee fine faculties to a man, and the best university cannot insure him high culture, so these *aristoi* may be not seldom found "in the low cot, or humble inn." *

We would gladly linger over this theme, but we must turn to the special text of our present discourse.

Heralded by quackery unusually vehement, two books have come to us, purporting to reveal the history of two men, one of whom may fairly be considered the most notorious, as the other fairly deserves to rank among the most respectable, of living Americans. The Lives of P. T. Barnum and of Horace Greeley deserve, we think, more than a passing notice, not so much by their merit or demerit, when judged from a literary point of view, as by the intrinsic interest which attaches to the subjects. These books set before us the details of two careers which may be considered typical, each in its way, of American life. Let us look at their significations.

Mr. Barnum is his own biographer. Long accustomed to puff his own wares, he has not hesitated to convert his life into an advertisement, and he has certainly

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* We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of saying here, that we hardly know in America a lover of art more refined or more happy than a certain factory workman, whose life flows on through all the jars and noise of his prosaic toil, the calmest mirror of his mind. He lives in a small house; but Beethoven and Turner, Mozart and Claude, are his companions, and an evening with him and them is better than a hundred spent in edging one's way through broadcloth and satin at a great party, where we seek delight and find — a supper!

From his old harpsichord he wooes more music than all the display in the land will ever lug from all Chickering's Grands; and we do suppose that he would gladly exchange unlimited yards of the best "Gobelin" or "Brussels," (though his best room is carpeted now with an old "Kiddermaster,") for a few square inches of paper marked with the flourish of Marc Antonio, or the cipher of Albert Dürer! A skilful workman, an honest citizen, a manly man, his will is not less firm because his ways are sweet, his duty no less done because fair thoughts are with him at his work. And in the way of "criticism," we should hardly think a column of favorable "notices" a compensation for that man's condemnation. *O si sic omnes!*

made a felicitous hit. To criticize his work as a contribution to "literature" would be just as ridiculous as to apply the canons of Aristotle and Longinus to the "Oak Hall Annual," or the "Advertiser's Album." Our concern is with the moral of the mighty showman's life.

Mr. Barnum was born in Connecticut. He was the grandson of a deacon of whom his descendant says that he was "a practical joker," which is equivalent to saying that he belonged to perhaps the most despicable and detestable variety of the human species. This venerable "joker" swindled his grandson at the baptismal font, giving him his name in exchange for a piece of worthless swamp-land. The parents of the boy, who were decent people in their town, educated him in the love and fear of money, his estimable father compelling the child to pay for his own clothes out of the money which he made by retailing rum-cherries to the soldiers on training-day. His favorite companion was one John Haight, a mercurial youth who undertook to *steal* horns for a combmaker (of whom Barnum says, naïvely enough, that he "*looked more to interest than principle*"), and *did* his employer by stealing *from his own back shop* the horns which he sold to him at the front door.*

As Barnum was a lazy boy, and "sharp at a trade," his father thought fit to make a "merchant" of him, and several chapters of the autobiography are devoted to making us familiar with the meannesses, vanities, and vulgarities of life in a "country store," during which time the author distinguished himself as a salesman, a dealer in lottery-tickets, a Sunday-school scholar, and a "practical joker." In this latter capacity his most remarkable achievement seems to have been the successful swindling of a poor Irish peddler, from whom he obtained some five dollars by pretending to be a lawyer. Some experience as an *editor*, embracing three suits for libel, as a "drummer" or "touter" for New York shopkeepers, and as an innkeeper, led on the predestined showman to his first congenial occupation, the purchase and

* This John Haight unluckily ran away from home, and died in the Brazils, thus disappointing the fond hopes of Barnum, who saw in him "one that might have been an ornament to his family and a blessing to his race"!

exhibition, to wit, of Joyce Heth, the old negress who claimed to be almost as old as the immortal Jenkins, and to have nursed the "Father of his country." To this humbug Barnum seems to have been only an accessory after the fact. But "the tiger had tasted blood," and thereafter our modern Autolycus devoted himself to the "snapping up of unconsidered trifles," which he converted into prodigies, and with them bamboozled his intelligent countrymen. He travelled all over the Union with circuses. He sold Bibles in his own name, and kept a theatre open *in the name of his brother-in-law!* So he lived, from hand to mouth, chiefly, till he resolved one day to buy the American Museum at New York, intending to complete the purchase, as he complacently says, not with silver and gold, for he had none, but with *brass*. In relating the history of this transaction, and of his subsequent connection with Tom Thumb, Mr. Barnum tells us, in his Preface, "he trusts he has displayed no more than an *honest* pride." Let us see.

He brought about the purchase of the Museum, as he himself admits, by a piece of deception practised on the owner, in which he says he saw "*no particular harm*," and consummated the transaction by "taking in" a set of speculators who unquestionably intended to "take in" himself. Now we cannot refuse our admiration to the successful financier in this war of Greek with Greek, but we must insist on taking the adjective "honest" out of such very suspicious company. The story of the wretched little creature known as Tom Thumb is simply this. Mr. Barnum took charge of the unfortunate child with the deliberate intention of deceiving the public, and *schooled the infant to assist him in that deception.* He told one lie about the child's age, and another about his birthplace. The miserable little dwarf, as is well known, was exhibited with great success in Europe as well as in America, a Minister of the United States taking particular pains to present the accomplished showman and his monster to the Queen of Great Britain, at a time when that royal lady was secluded from the world in the deepest *conventional* mourning, by the decease of her ducal father-in-law! Retiring with a competency after his last tour with "Thumb," Mr. Barnum was "induced" to desert his Sabine farm by the charms of a speculation

which promised "immense success." This was nothing less than the importation of the Swedish Nightingale. The conception, inception, and execution of this enterprise do great honor to Mr. Barnum's tact and business talent, and it is a sad pity that, in recording its history, he should have hurt the effect of the picture by daubing it over with a thin Pecksniffian varnish of philanthropy. Very handsomely, according to his own story, did Mr. Barnum come out of the transaction, and after arranging several "side-shows," and blocking the wheels of divers competing caravans, he retired once more to "private life," where he solaces his soul with such gentle relaxations as the management of his Museum, miscellaneous manufacturing, amateur farming, temperance-lecturing, banking, and "practical jokes."

Such is a sufficient outline of Mr. Barnum's career. In what has it resulted? What has Mr. Barnum made of himself, that he should depict his character and his experiences to the public? Let us hear what he has to say on *that* subject himself, for he gives us his own opinion about it, with a frankness hardly to be paralleled, — excepting in the discourses of that conceited scamp, Æneas, who always introduces himself to strangers whom he means to cheat, as "the pious Æneas, fame-renowned to the stars"; or in that speech of the astute Ulysses to the Phæacians, in which he begins by assuring them that he "has good reason to consider himself rather superior to all men that eat bread on the earth." Mr. Barnum tells us, that he has been "a public benefactor to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists"; that he has "accomplished more in the diffusion of a knowledge of the varied forms and classes of animal life *than any author or university even*"; that he has "done more than any other man living for the elevation and refinement of musical taste in this country"; and that in a general way he has amazingly improved the character of his countrymen, by "introducing among them a new taste for rational and innocent amusements," thereby constituting himself a fellow-laborer with — dear reader, do not waste your indignation, though the provocation be great — with "the venerable and illustrious Channing"!

It is true the candid Barnum admits that he has

achieved all these glorious things *incidentally*, in pursuing his own aims, and with no original intention of benefiting mankind. Still, something ought to be done for such a "real blessing to parents" and children too, and we should be disposed to recommend the erection of a pagoda in honor of our benefactor, were it not that common justice, requiring us to commemorate also all his fellow-laborers in the same field, would put us under the necessity of covering the country with such a number of pagodas, large and small, as would convert America into one huge "Iranistan."

For there is not one circus-man or organ-grinder, one leader of dancing bears or red-capped monkeys, one peripatetic living skeleton or fat woman, one dealer in flutes for colleges and accordions for barbers' shops, one vocalist, black or white, who dreams of "marble halls" or laments for "Uncle Ned," one vender of Canary birds, white mice, bull-terriers or poodles, one importer of squeaking leather cats, gutta-percha dogs, tin horses, and such like *simulacra* which light the flame of zoölogical inquiry in the tender heart of infancy, one theatrical manager, one owner of "mammoth tents for festivals," or one leader of a brass band, who may not demand his pagoda or his *pagodetta* at our hands. The very bill-stickers, the shabby men who bear placards about the streets and fight the wind at sudden corners in the cause of "innocent and rational amusements," cannot be denied their due. So we *must* give up the pagoda. But we may take a hint from the canny Scotchmen of Greenock who have recently rewarded one of their public servants with a "bust of himself"! Such a tribute would doubtless be the most grateful that Barnum could receive. Faithfully executed, that bust would exhibit to Barnum himself, and to the world (for he would probably put it over his front gate) the type of the low-minded, money-making, vulgar, and shallow "Yankee"; the ideal "Yankee," in whom European prejudices find, gracefully combined, the attractive traits of a Gines de Passamonte and a Joseph Surface, a Lazarillo de Tormes and a Scapin, a Thersites and an Autolycus; the traditional "Yankee" of wooden-nutmeg notoriety, in whom the "chivalry of the South" find the type of Northern character, and upon whom they look with an intensity of contempt

which none but a Southerner can fully measure, and which makes the word "Yankee" the most opprobrious epithet that Southern lips can frame.

Now we do not share in this exaggerated notion of the rascality of Mr. Barnum, and of the class to which he belongs. We have no doubt that he is a good-natured man, (though it would be hard to inflict upon a decently bred person a sharper torment than the society of such "good nature,") and that he really believes himself to be rather a pious and philanthropic member of society. But the essential vulgarity of aims and aspirations impressed from his childhood upon his character shows itself in every development of that character. It appears in the shape of the most ridiculous vanity, as, for instance, when he gravely mentions that he resolved to import Jenny Lind on the strength of her reputation, "*though he had never heard her himself.*" It appears in his references to religion, which always remind us of the devout Mr. Pepys, who thanked God for saving him a few shillings in the purchase of a coat, and prayed the Almighty to enable him to pay for a purple velvet dressing-gown. It appears in his notions of conscience, as, for instance, in the case of Tom Thumb mentioned above, and in that of the Lancashire Bell-ringers, whom he persuaded to claim to be *Swiss*, saying that "*the deception was of small account, and did no injury.*" No injury to whom? "To the public," says Barnum. What injury it might do to *the Swiss of Lancashire*, or to *Mr. Barnum of Connecticut*, he does not seem to have so much as imagined. In fact, he seems to have regarded his conscience as a kind of magic-lantern, and his lies as analogous to optical illusions. It appears in his estimate of the laws of influence, as, for instance, when he says with Pharisaical, or rather with foolish self-deceit, that, if his deception in regard to Tom Thumb (of whom he pretended that he was born in England) "*has done anything towards checking our disgraceful preference for foreigners,*" he "may be pardoned for the offence"!

Running through the whole nature of the man, and coloring all his acts, this vulgarity of aims and of mind fights its way through the world with the weapons of a low and unscrupulous cunning, and earns what hundreds

of papers pronounce "success"! The story of Barnum's breeding in the most Puritanical of the New England States, and of his present position in the metropolis of New York, most sharply points the moral of those critics who warn us that our social state is by no means perfect, and that the "model" New England needs to be looked after rather more carefully than one would think on the 22d of December or on the 4th of July. "To start a young man in life," says one of the newspapers, "don't give him five thousand dollars, but a copy of Barnum's book. That will carry him through safer, better, and more successfully than a capital." It *will* "carry him through," no doubt, like the "hot brain" of Autolycus, and it will leave him at last fairly entitled to exclaim, with that ingenious gentleman: "Ha! ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, to keep my pack from fasting. They thronged who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer!"

It will land him, perhaps, in such a delectable home as the remarkable Iranistan;* that vulgar copy of the most vulgar palace of the most vulgar prince who ever sat upon the English throne; that monstrous humbug in wood and stone, which oppresses the green earth, and stares out at the traveller like one of its owner's glaring advertisements; that place bristling on the outside with pretence, and within — so a friend of ours was seriously assured by an enthusiastic New-Yorker — within "as splendid *as a steamboat*"!

Ah! if the success of our manœuvring Barnum, and the upholstery of our steamboats, were the ripe fruits of New England life, we should have small reason to quarrel with the prejudices of Europe, and the contempt of the "Chivalry." But there is indeed another side to New England life, a side which has its imperfections, doubtless, and its incongruities, yet bright, very bright, with a redeeming and inspiring glory. By the side of cant and

* Some wag has cheated the worthy Mr. Barnum into the belief that this word signifies "Eastern country place, or, *more poetically*, Oriental villa."

cunning and charlatanism, honor and earnestness and gallantry, and indomitable noblest humanities, spring up out of this tough old Puritan soil. Turn from the light of our landscape to its shadows, and they seem to lower like those of Tartarus; turn from the blackness back to the day, and it seems to glow with almost intolerable splendors of promise. The contrasts of American life condense all the warnings of history, all the indications of prophecy.

We do not wish to over-estimate trifles, but it is certainly a pleasant coincidence that the same month and the same city should have brought forth the autobiography of Mr. Barnum and the biography of Mr. Greeley. It is an agreeable relief to turn from the meaner to the manlier Yankee. For Mr. Greeley is a "Yankee" not less genuine than Mr. Barnum, but how unlike to him! The Yankee type as it appears in Greeley might move a prejudiced European to indignation, it might rouse the hatred of the "chivalric Southerner," but it gives no hold to the *contempt* of either. Both Barnum and Greeley sprang from the same stratum of New England society. Neither of them enjoyed in early life any advantages of intellectual training beyond those which the district schools of New England could afford, some thirty years ago. Both have won their way to a certain position in the American world. Both have been honored by their fellow-citizens with places of trust; for if Greeley was sent to Congress, Barnum was elected by respectable citizens of New York to take charge of the Crystal Palace Association, and if Greeley edits a leading journal, Barnum is president of a bank. Yet so radically antipodal are these two men to each other in the very essentials of character, in the aims and objects of their lives, that nobody but an American perhaps could comprehend how the community which furnishes a "hundred flattering notices" of the Life of Barnum should also furnish a "hundred flattering notices" of the Life of Greeley. One could hardly ask for a better illustration of the really chaotic, transitional, and unformed character of that American "nationality" which certain impetuous chemists are now trying to compel into a premature crystallization.

The biographer of Mr. Greeley himself affords an ad-

mirable example of another trait which is strongly designed upon the wavering surface of American life. Hero-worship is carried in America to the very verge of what our French friends would call *niaiserie*, and a more ardent hero-worshipper than Mr. Parton it has not for some time been our fortune to encounter. Strong as is the circumstantial evidence against Mr. Parton's single-mindedness of aim in the construction of his book, we do verily believe that he was led to the task by his genuine admiration of his hero, rather than by the popular *rage* for biographies, a rage which would perhaps be more respectable if it were more discriminating. He himself avers, that his sole and simple object in writing Mr. Greeley's Life was his conviction that it ought to be written, and as Mr. Barnum dedicates his book to the "Universal Yankee Nation," Mr. Parton dedicates his to the "Young Men of the Free States," a bit of "sectionalism" which is not without its significance. The energy, assiduity, and thoroughness which Mr. Parton seems to have brought to his work cannot be too highly praised; and though he has taken Carlyle's maxim for biographers too much to heart, he still deserves credit for the devotion with which he has applied himself to fulfil its requirements. It is not really *very* important for mankind at large to know just where Mr. Greeley's pantaloons end and his boots begin; but something must be pardoned to the literal interpreter, for the sake of the faithful laborer. Mr. Parton's book is overcrowded with trivial details, and, strong as our interest in the career of his hero may be, it hardly sustains us at the level of the writer's emotion when he tells us that "the pangs of seasickness came over the *soul* of Horace Greeley, and laid him prostrate," reducing him to so deplorable a state, that when, "at six o'clock in the evening," a friend "assisted him below," he "had strength only to unboot and sway into his berth." Such stuff as this does more credit to Mr. Parton's zeal than to his knowledge. The book is deformed, too, by a frequent carelessness in the use of language, and by *slang* expressions which add neither to its beauty nor to its force. Mr. Parton's book, we are told, "will be permanently valuable." We hope that it may be so, and for that reason we would suggest to the author a revision of such passages as that,

for instance, in which he tells us that "Mr. Greeley walked into the President"! a proceeding which future generations must certainly either quite misunderstand, or retire in despair from the attempt to grasp the meaning of the phrase. The pains which we have taken to point out what we consider the most serious blemishes of his book* ought to satisfy the author that we have no desire to confound it with such publications as that of Mr. Barnum. But we should not do justice to our impressions did we omit to bestow explicit praise upon the graphic skill with which Mr. Parton has often grouped together really striking incidents, and upon the true feeling for the picturesque which is manifested in many of his descriptions of New England life and New England village scenery. So, too, on the whole, we find much to commend in the temper of the work, and in the revelations which it makes to us of the author's own character and sympathies.

The hero of this premature biography is an admirable specimen of the class commonly (and absurdly enough) called "self-made men." He was born of poor parents. He had few intellectual helps in his early efforts to acquire knowledge. He was thrown upon the world while still a boy, to struggle *for* himself and *by* himself. There have been many men who, absorbed in this trying conflict, have neglected a conflict more important still, the struggle *with* themselves. It is not the least of Horace Greeley's titles to our respect, that he engaged in this struggle too, and with no ordinary success. If the worldly success which he has achieved, remarkable as it really is, has been in an equal or in a greater degree the reward of many others, the spiritual success of the friendless boy who, in the hard battle between his noble instincts and his debasing needs, has never proved traitor to his soul, is at once most glorious and most rare. Horace Greeley landed in New York, from a tow-boat, on the 18th of August, 1831, wearing a suit of old and unsalable clothes, carrying the rest of his wardrobe in a bundle on the end of a stick, with ten dollars in his pocket, and without a single acquaintance in the city. Twenty

* Care should be taken to correct such mistakes as the blunder about the name of Derry, p. 20.

years afterwards we find him the editor-in-chief and the largest proprietor of one of the most influential journals in America, a journal which counts its subscribers by tens of thousands.

It would be easy, perhaps, to parallel this steady and brilliant rise, in a country so abundant in opportunities as is our own. But would it be easy to select, from the ranks of the "successful," many men of whom it could be said as truly as we believe it may be said of Mr. Greeley, that they have purchased their success at no cost of self-respect; that, depending on the public for support, they have never consciously stooped to win that support by falsifying or by withholding their own opinions and solemn convictions; that they have never forgotten their duties to their brethren, and have remembered in the hour of their prosperity the needs and the suffering of the companions of their adversity?

We are far from giving our unqualified admiration to the course or the character of Mr. Greeley. He has some faults, some glaring faults of constitution, and more of cultivation. He has the dogmatism and the arrogance of a man of earnest temperament and one-sided education. Nothing, for instance, could be wilder than many of his criticisms upon European life and manners. The terrible necessity which weighs upon all newspaper editors, of continually talking about matters which they have had no time to study, nor perhaps to consider, has exerted its baleful influence even upon so naturally fair and just a person as Mr. Greeley; and it is at once sad and amusing to follow the flying editor, as he throws his judgments to the right and the left from the windows of the railway carriage in which he is whisking at the rate of forty miles an hour through green England or sunny France.

His strength of conviction degenerates often into impatience of contradiction; his moral enthusiasm, unchastened by the restraints of a cultivated taste, runs not unfrequently into intolerance, and almost into fanaticism. These defects are most visible in the language which he employs in designating the opinions, and even in describing the characters, of those who differ from him. Mr. Parton favors us with the following specimens of what he calls his hero's "free and easy manner": —

"The villain who makes this charge well knows that it is the basest falsehood."

"We defy the father of lies himself to crowd more stupendous falsehoods into a paragraph than this contains."

"Mr. Benton! each of the above observations is a deliberate falsehood, and you are an unqualified villain."

Certainly our readers will agree with us that the editor of the Tribune might gain in politeness without losing in power. We do not think Mr. Greeley capable of ever descending to employ what is familiarly known as a "slashing style." He is too earnest and sincere a person to be charged with such baseness, and it is particularly to be regretted that the indiscretion and ill-breeding of a writer whose aims are so pure and high should betray him into using the style of the "Satanic press." His own unconsciousness of his proper sins in this respect appeared drolly enough on the occasion of his examination before the committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Ewart asks, Is scurrility or personality common in the publications of the United States? Mr. Greeley answers, "It is not common; it is less frequent than it was; *but it is not absolutely unknown.*" (*!*)

Mr. Greeley's mind is full of crooks and crotchets, upon which the captious may hang their objections. But judged by that standard which is at once the highest and the most charitable, — by the standard set up in these words of Goethe, which Mr. Parton has most felicitously quoted, "The spirit in which we act is the highest matter," — judged by that standard, the career and the character of Horace Greeley go very far towards justifying the enthusiasm of his biographer, and demand our warmest and most sympathetic commendation. Wherever his mind has indicated to him a struggling truth, a breaking light, thither his heart has quickly and gladly turned. His mind may have been often deceived, but his instincts seem always to have been noble. He has plainly lived and wrought less for himself than for others, he has lived and wrought in the spirit of a faithful humanity, and "that is the highest matter." If the semblance of oppression has sometimes aroused his Quixotic gallantry, the reality of oppression has never found him idle or indifferent. He has steadfastly vindi-

cated the independence of the intellect, in a country and in a position where it is most difficult and most dangerous to maintain that independence. A man of the people, and an American, he yet seems to have been true to that instinct which made Leibnitz cry out, "Whenever I hear the multitude shout, 'Away with him! Crucify him!' I always suspect something wrong!" He seems thoroughly to have merited the eulogium of one whose praise was never lightly given, and who said of him, "Mr. Greeley is a man of genuine excellence, honorable, benevolent, and of an uncorrupted disposition."

We have purposely abstained from transferring to our pages the outline of Mr. Greeley's life, because we hope that our readers will take the pains to read Mr. Parton's book themselves. They will find in it abundant entertainment, and much that is stimulating to the better nature of us all. Mr. Greeley's life records a real "success"; a success which would be real still, were he who had won it the most obscure of men, and the poorest.

The "coming man" of whom we hear so much, when he does come, will doubtless be a very different person from Mr. Greeley. The boundless opportunities of the American future must evoke grander, more graceful, more comprehensive natures, natures of intellect more harmonious, of more melodious speech. But the "root of the matter" is in the *spirit* which has governed Mr. Greeley's life.

Less and less, as time rolls on, will it be permitted to man to be indifferent to man. Tyranny, slavery, quackery, all forms of wrong and of nonsense, are fashioned out of the selfishness of man. The one sign of modern times which, above all others, is heavenly and full of hope, is the growth of human interest in humanity. That growth is real, beautiful, and steady. The shadow of war may sweep over it, the winds of sectarian, of partisan, or of national bigotry may blow against it; it may grow dim to our eyes in the shadow; it may seem to bend before the winds; but it grows, — it grows firmer, statelier, with every passing year. It is the chief glory of free America that the laborers who would cherish that noble growth may here find larger scope and more propitious skies.

W. H. H.

Art. VII. — NEANDER'S CHURCH HISTORY.*

Without entering into the question raised among some of our contemporaries, whether good Dr. Neander more resembled this or that one of the holy Apostles, we will content ourselves with saying, that when he died, it was to the great sorrow of all Christian scholars. His hand was hard at its historical labors when death took hold of it; and he was dictating what those around him were to take note of, when he said, "I am tired now," and dropped into his last sleep. The present volume is posthumous. It was gathered together from fragments and scrawls of manuscript, by his pupil and closely attached friend, Dr. Schneider, who seems to us to have accomplished his delicate task with great discernment and good sense. One is really surprised to find the work so flowing and uniform, considering the circumstances under which it was composed. We are not offended at any want of artistic finish, for of that the learned and most estimable author had never much to bestow. The only finish he cared for was fulness and exactness; and few will miss either of these qualities here. His manner of writing is none of the most winning, we must confess. His readers must work diligently to follow him through, and still feel their eyelids drooping over the page pretty often. And this for two reasons, mainly; the extreme diffuseness with which he spreads himself out over questions of metaphysical theology, and the elaborate obscurity with which, after the usual German manner, he frequently presents his meaning. We do not impute any of this dimness to the translation of Professor Torrey, which is very able, and for which we should be very thankful, though his familiarity with German forms of expression may have led him sometimes to transfer them to his own style, — as where he uses the word "moment" in the sense of "chief point" or "article," — and although the haste or the fatigue incident to

* *Neander's General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* Translated by Professor Joseph Torrey. Vol. V. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1854. 8vo. pp. 412.

so long a labor may in a few instances have betrayed him into a dark sentence or a faulty word.

The present volume is not inferior in point of interest to either of its predecessors. Indeed, on account of the times of which it has come to treat, — the dawning towards the Reformation, — and from the concentrated attention which it fixes, through a large part of the book, upon the two noble martyrs, steadfast John Huss and fiery Jerome of Prague, it has a unity of effect that we had not enjoyed before, and will engage the casual reader, if not the close student, more than the history of earlier periods. We shall confine ourselves, in the few remarks that we propose to make, to what has been suggested by the reading of the single volume before us. Something as the history of our own country grows upon our feelings as we approach the war of Independence, so the history of religious thought in Europe wins our deepest sympathy as we approach the uprising of that grand protest, which, imperfect and stormy and blood-streaked as it was, disclosed and assailed more effectually than had ever been done before the enormous despotism of the Romish hierarchy, with its tricks and villanies that had gone crying to Heaven for many hundreds of years. There is much, indeed, in that severing era, in its doctrines as well as its deeds, that makes us shake and hang our heads. The rough, strange Luther is neither master nor model of ours, any more than the subtle Calvin; though, in drawing such a comparison, we must frankly say that one was really a hero, while the other was rather a hammerer of iron dogmas and a plotter of theocratical ascendency. We can much better bear with a little roistering and ill-manners now and then, than with the cold-blooded fanaticism and the stern dictatorship of opinion, that persecuted with an eager malice to the stake and fagot. The brave, jovial, musical Martin, — bird of the morning, — as he

> "Built in the weather on the outward wall,
> Even in the force and road of casualty,"

certainly made a blessed flurry among the foxes and owls; and we nowhere learn that he assailed one spiritual despotism to set himself up in a Genevan cloak and a darker cap as the sour head of another. We are not so much scandalized at the jolly distich of the German, —

> "Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
> Remains a blockhead his whole life long,"—

as we shrink with horror at the Frenchman's inhuman exultation: "At last he"—meaning poor Servetus—"bawled out in the Spanish tongue, 'Misericordia! Misericordia!'" The Reformation makes a sad story, as most ecclesiastical chronicles are; but it meant liberty, and has led to more liberty than it meant. As for the old Church, which it weakened, but failed to impress, long before the brilliant but hollow Constantine had extended to it his politic protection, it was deeply corrupted; the perilous honor of its dignities bargained and fought for, and its doctrines bewildered with Eastern conceits and Western disputations. And ever afterwards, its forgeries and prêtensions of all sorts, that swelled its wealth and aggrandized its power, led it through all the degrees of fraud and tyranny, till the shock of Luther's onset partially waked up the nations.

We have said that this volume is specially attractive, because the forerunners of the era called the Reformation are more striking to our minds than the actors in the struggle itself. They had the start of them, in the first place, by a century and a half; and that was in itself a great superiority. In the second place, they were not a whit behind them in the freedom, or resolution, or boldness, or intelligence, with which they assailed the errors and the might of Rome. Militz, the Moravian, and Marsilius of Padua, pushed their speculative conclusions and their instinct of liberty as fearlessly and as well as Luther himself. The "Defensor Pacis" of Marsilius seems to have contained every principle that was brought out into the field of battle two hundred years afterwards. "Indulgences," and the greedy Pope who sold them, were inveighed against by masters and scholars and liberal thinkers as openly as when "the bull of Antichrist" was thrown into the fire before all the students of Wittemberg. So early as 1401, Nicholas of Clemangis denounced the corruptions of the Church in the roundest terms; and honest old Gerson declared that "the court, once a spiritual one, has become a secular, devilish, tyrannical court, and worse in manners and civil transactions than any other." They saw as clearly and felt as keenly the insults that the *Holy* See

was casting upon the rights of the mind, the sanctities and decencies of private life, and the common sense of the human race, as any of their successors ever did. But the clock of the Heavenly Providence was not ready to strike in the day of those great hearts; and they had to consume themselves in vain longings, for they could only speak out and suffer.

And then, in addition to the reasons already assigned for the charm that invests those earlier heroes, we must add this also; that we see them only in the pure light of their generous thought and comparatively dispassionate endeavors. They appear to be general champions of religious truth and moral purity and man's rights, without aiming at sectarian headship, or getting inflamed with theological rivalries, or having to encounter the fierceness of civil and international battles. Those were the disorders of a later age. And it must be confessed that such ambitious feuds and conflicts were very apt to throw good and great men from their proper poise. Their persons are mixed up with political intrigues and other repulsive associations, or discerned painfully through the smoke and storm of national convulsions; so that they show to disadvantage when compared with those lofty and more solitary spirits, who moved at a distance from ordinary irritabilities, and stood but on the broadest principles, using no weapons but those of their reasoning pens and their intrepid resolution.

The story of the English Reformation, for example, is one of the most deplorable and mortifying that can be imagined, whether we consider the events that took place or the characters that were engaged in them. Do but think of the disgusting monarch who figured at its head, and the bloody details that attended both its rise and progress. Do but think of its most lauded martyr, Cranmer, who deserved all the keen satire that Bossuet has launched at him, — who deserved even the cruel death which he at length made up his mind to die. And then go back to John Wicklif, in the glory of his calm fame, who died peacefully in his bed one hundred and seventy-two years before Cranmer perished, hand first, in the fire. Wicklif may be regarded as the real leader of the revolt from Rome. His writings and doings prepared perfectly

the way for that great transaction; — his writings, which fell stirringly upon all Christendom that had learned its letters, and his conduct, which from his high social position was conspicuous before the world. So that it was not in Germany or Bohemia, but in the land of our English ancestors, — a country which in all times has shown itself peculiarly jealous of Papal intrusions, — that the grand movement may be truly said to have first sprung. Earlier than even he, men displayed an opposing spirit to ecclesiastical usurpation among a people so fond of liberty; — if, indeed, such a spirit was ever wholly extinct anywhere. There were Robert Greathead of Lincoln, and Roger Bacon, and the Irish Robert of Armagh, to speak of no others. But to him belongs the honor of having given the first strong, effective impulse to the cause. Our Wicklif was not without the troubles and perils that belong to such noble endeavors. How could that be in an age like his? But he went through them all victoriously. His enemies could get no power over him as long as his life lasted. But when his body had rested in its grave at Lutterworth a little more than thirty years, an ecclesiastical council of clerkly and knightly banditti, assembled at Constance in a little corner of Suabia, passed a decree that the remains should be dug up and ignominiously destroyed. This was not so bad as tying and burning the living, a process which it was about at the same time; but it was all that its impotent malice could do. And this stupid rage only showed the spreading influence of the powerful name which was honored with so much hatred. It was not till twelve years afterwards that the brutish sentence was executed; and it was done then at the repeated urgency of Martin V., who, false as he was, was yet a more decent man than many of his Papal tribe. He overcame at length the reluctance of the Bishop of Lincoln. And then the bones of one of England's worthiest were torn from holy ground at the bidding of an Italian priest, and their burnt ashes cast into the Swift, a little stream which soon joins the Avon. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who was the affectionate friend of this father of the Reformation, his fellow-believer and coworker, did not live to witness that disgrace. He had seen sorrowfully all that was perishable of Wicklif laid in the earth, but not the dese-

cration of its violent removal from thence. We vainly try to imagine the strain of wrath and shame that might else have been added to the lash of his verse against the abominations of Rome; against its droning beetles, that crawled everywhere, and its locusts like those of the Apocalypse, that had human faces, and wore crowns, and both bit and stung. For the want of any such verses, we can only quote the prophecy of a younger bard: —

> "The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea;
> And Wicklif's dust shall spread abroad
> Wide as its waters be."

We have gone but a hundred pages in this fifth volume of Neander's History, when we come upon that Council at Constance, and it has not fairly ended its session when the book closes. We have called it a council of banditti; for it deserves the name as richly as that other synod which was actually so called a thousand years before. That was only the third universal Council, and was held at Ephesus. The violent *Saint* Cyril of Alexandria was chiefly conspicuous in it; a man who was not half so religious, nor a thousandth part so good, as the eccentric but noble Julian against whom he wrote. His memory has come down to us implicated with the murder of poor Hypatia, the learned and beautiful. This Council of Constance was called for two purposes, a general and a special one. The general one was openly to purify the Church "in its head and in its members." The special one was to decide which, if either, of three intriguing Popes — all of them nuisances, "three beasts" Huss called them — should sit in the imaginary chair of St. Peter. One of these rival pontiffs was a Neapolitan, who called himself John XXIII., — a very monster of flagitiousness. He began life with being a pirate, and continued it with growing something worse; spotted with nameless vices, and suspected and capable of every crime. We need not say that this imposing conclave did no manner of good. How should it? Which of its sixteen predecessors did any? Which of its successors, down to Trent, the twentieth and last of the wrangling line, ever did any? Its creature, Martin V., after riding with more than a monarch's state, hav-

ing an emperor and an elector palatine walking at his side to hold the reins of his white horse, repaired to the Vatican, — for the pontifical residence had lately been transferred thither from the Lateran, — only to take care that none of the Church tyranny should be relaxed and no single abuse corrected. And this was called giving peace to Western Christendom. The wicked and barbarous wrong that was there done is illuminated with the flames that surged round the pure-minded and patient victim, who was at Constance under the safety-pass of a perjured king.

But we have no disposition to dwell on that dismal tragedy. We will try not to say another word upon points that can excite only pity and horror. In every scene of grief, provided it be made long and circumstantial enough, there will look out some animating or comic incident, and perhaps something that will almost burlesque the sorrow which is the leading impression. We would rather turn to diversions of that kind, if by any means we are able to find them. Neander cannot be expected to help us much in such a research; for of all the narrative pens with which we are acquainted, his is the least graphic. From the secluded student, who could not find his way from his breakfast to his lecture-room but by the circuitous line of streets through which he was led the first time he went thither, we must not expect the descriptive power of Gibbon or Macaulay. We may be right sure that there will be no vivacities of that kind. Neither painting nor dramatic art has any place in his rather dry story, which indeed scarcely seems to be a continuous story, so much as a chronological series of disquisitions. It is broken up with accounts of ancient usages, and with laborious — not to say tedious — definitions of those subtile forms of dogmatic opinion, which the earth might as well cover up; or, if they are too imponderable for that, which the void air might be besought to take at once and for ever into its invisible keeping. But Neander makes copious extracts from writers who were contemporaneous with the events they relate; and in their minute particulars we occasionally find something to amuse us, or to furnish in a trivial way some points of accident or manners connecting those wild times with ours. The scoundrel Pope John, who has

just been mentioned, convoked what he pretended to call a Reformatory Council of his own, just at the time when the Œcumenical Council that was soon afterwards assembled at Constance was strongly urged. He did this with the design of preventing that assembly. It was attended but by a few Italian prelates, and soon came to nothing. While they were singing the "Veni Creator-Spiritus," says Nicholas of Clemangis, "an owl flew suddenly, with a startling hoot, into the middle of the church, and, perching itself upon a beam opposite the Pope, stared him steadily in the face, at which the prelates whispered round, 'Behold yonder the Holy Ghost in the shape of an owl!'" Neander supposes the story to be but the embellishment of a fact of a similar nature, which did actually take place not far from the same time. But it is a very good story as it stands. Perhaps some of the clerical gentlemen who made that jocular application were among those who at Constance "looked at each other, shook their heads, and laughed," when the Reformer was uttering some of his bravest words. They laughed again when that Reformer, now condemned to the fire, fell upon his knees at the reading of the sentence, saying, "Lord Jesus! forgive them for the sake of thy great mercy!" Even such a prayer as that was matter of mirth with them. In reading of those atrocities, we acknowledge ourselves taken with even such petty incidents as Huss's toothache, that afflicted him on the morning when he was to make his principal defence. We are not sure that we know why we are so affected. Perhaps it arises from the contrast between a homely annoyance, that is tormenting children and men innumerable at every moment, and the sufferings of the inflexible martyr, who was standing up to speak for the truth at the hazard of his life, before powers that the world bowed down to; and who was presently to be thrown into the stench of a dungeon, and have his hand chained to a post when he lay down at night; — and then for the blazing pile. We might almost fancy ourselves amongst mocking fiends. But doubtless there were many, many, who took no part but that of indignation and grief in the inhuman deeds of those days. The gallant knight of Chlum was there, to support as well as he could his betrayed friend. He seems to have been a pattern of true knight-

hood and manhood; — generous, bold, devout, and kind. And who can think he was alone? He stood, indeed, in the front, more active than the rest. But who can believe that there were not silent multitudes who followed him with their hearts? They did not dare to speak, or they did not know how to speak, in that despotic age. It was given over to the hands of nobles who had nothing noble in them, and of domineering churchmen who had nothing of the Church about them but its prescribed dogma and its perverted name. And yet they shuddered, and scorned, and defied in secret. Those feelings sometimes betrayed themselves in unhandsome processions and parodies, and sometimes broke forth into frenzies of popular commotion. There were miscreants more than enough, in cowl and mitre, in helmet and diadem, in the highest and lowest places alike. But at the same time there was a generation, if small, of wise and faithful people, who kept aloof from the disputes of scholastics and the sanctified intrigues of state, cherishing in their souls an humble faith, and hating all the works of deception and cruelty. These were the foundation of a rising "Church of the future"; very different from the hierarchy that then dazzled and oppressed the nations.

Cardinal St. Marci, who was one of the three commissioners appointed to examine into the case of Huss, called the ignorant prelates — who were beyond question a large company — "mitred asses." The phrase was not polite; but it made up for that defect by its spirit and justice. We would suggest but one amendment to it, — that it should be extended to very many who would have deeply resented the charge of ignorance, thinking themselves the only proper teachers as well as governors of mankind. At that time, indeed, there was a terrible power in them to trample with their hoofs, and to slay, which might seem to make the figure slightly inappropriate. But it is a maxim in criticism, that figures of speech need not run on all fours; and only a few centuries afterwards similar mitred personages could come together, exposing only the trappings and the tails to the derision of the world. An extraordinary farce was enacted at Rome only last December, which connects itself singularly enough with the "Robber Council" at Ephesus, in 431, to which we have already alluded; for it was

at that Council that the title Mother of God was voted to Mary, and Nestorius who opposed it was put down. The ridiculousness and indecency of this spectacle seem to have been manifest to two ecclesiastics of the Gallican Church, who were officially present on that occasion, and who openly remonstrated against it. Perhaps they were reminded by it — at least we were — of the travesty of a famous tragic opera, *Le Prophète.* This was a "grande folie lirique," called *L'Ane a Baptiste,* — *L'Anabaptiste.* What was a tragedy at Constance could smile itself into a harmless diversion at St. Peter's. We will endeavor, without a curl of the lip or a blush of the cheek, to write the title of the entertainment. It was: "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God." His Eminence, the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College, accompanied by patriarch, archbishop, and bishop, with more than two hundred full-robed dignitaries, prayed to the Sovereign Pontiff, who had once run away in the disguise of a groom to the protection of the despot of Naples, that he would "deign to raise his apostolic voice," and pronounce the decree of his "infallible judgment," and thus "be a cause of joy in heaven and of the most lively jubilation on earth." All which — speaking after the manner of men — can scarcely mean anything else than that the Queen of Heaven and her celestial subjects would take this very kindly of Pius IX. Indeed, *L'Univers* fervently exclaims: "Oh! but it was beautiful to see Pius IX. shedding tears of tenderness; precious tears, which the angels have gathered, and which will sparkle like diamonds upon the crown which the Queen of Angels reserves for the Pontiff who has given her a glory so magnificent!" And the same paper, while trying to hide its chagrin that none of the troops of its emperor adorned the ceremony with their uniforms, comforts itself with telling us that the façade of the hotel *La Minerve* glittered with lights, "in the midst of which Mary told to all how happy she was with the homage rendered." But to return to the story. The old man read his Latin with such voice as he could command, in this cheap way gratifying the skies as well as all the dry land. And then the cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo and the bells of all the churches roared and

clanged. The whole city put on the garb of a holiday, with gorgeous draperies of damask and satin from the windows and balconies. The feathers fluttered more proudly round the palanquin of his Holiness, and there were all the candles. At evening Rome was illuminated; the dome of St. Peter's was girdled with its beautiful fires; and Cardinal Wiseman, the Englishman, made a discourse "to an illustrious audience," — among whom, we fear, no reporter was present. We promise our readers, that, if we can obtain a copy, we will give them a review of it in our next number.

We came near forgetting another feature of the performance. "The French and Italian bands," according to the admiring language of one who was there, "made the air vocal with the choicest music." We are not told which band was the stronger. But there was other music than that around the Roman walls within half a dozen years; and every one is aware that it is not the antique halberds of the Papal Guard, but Gallic bayonets, that now protect the seat of the Gregories and the Innocents of former years.

N. L. F.

Art. VIII. — ARIUS AND ATHANASIUS.*

"The thing that hath been it is that which shall be," may be said with truth of the great controversies that have agitated the Christian Church. For these controversies are to be referred, not to any temporary accident nor to any individual perversity, but to prime necessities of that human nature which is essentially the same through

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* 1. *The Prospective Review; a Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature.* No. XI. November, 1854. London: John Chapman & Co. Article IV. *Ecclesiastical Rome: Her Faith and Works.*

2. *Oration before the New York Historical Society, at the Semicentennial Celebration, by* Hon. George Bancroft. November 19, 1854.

3. *A Library of Fathers of the Holy Catholic Church, anterior to the Division of the East and West.* Translated by Members of the English Church. *Historical Tracts of* St. Athanasius, *Archbishop of Alexandria.* Translated, with Notes and Indices. Oxford: John Henry Parker. London: J. G. F. and S. Rivington. 1853.

4. Möhler, *Athanasius der Grosse und seine Zeit.* Maintz. 1827.

all ages. Men of inquiring minds, who have been too much engaged in following out their own trains of thought to inform themselves about the thoughts of others, frequently come to the conclusion that they have found out a new thing, and there are always many as poorly read as themselves who share this conclusion; but the student of history knows all the while that the new opinion is old doctrine under a new name. Indeed, it is very startling sometimes to read in the books of heathen or Christian antiquity what are brought forward with much parade as brand-new speculations. Seeing this state of things, not a few persons are ready to say, that it is impossible to reach any satisfactory results in the great matters which are included in the philosophy of religion; that theology must be given over as a hopeless entanglement, a collection of unanswerable riddles. Those who are in this mood are often unsparing in their ridicule of theological controversies, and assert, not seldom with a very disagreeable dogmatism, that they have and can have no connection whatever with life and practice. Nevertheless the old questions will come up again and again, and will secure the attention of minds of undoubted power and earnestness. They must be pressed until they have been answered, or until, which perhaps ought to be quite as satisfactory, we know why they cannot be answered. For ourselves we are enthusiastic enough to believe that with every new age the hope of a more satisfactory solution of some of the most difficult theological problems grows brighter. We approach the old subjects with a larger measure of facts for our inductions, we can avail ourselves of an ever-increasing religious experience, an ever-unfolding Christian consciousness. The distinction between religious feeling and the theory of religious feeling becomes continually sharper; the science of the interpretation of Scripture steadily advances; the inevitable issues and practical results of different opinions are every day more obvious; the more men are satisfied that their favorite doctrines rest upon the broad foundations of the Bible and the higher reason, the more unwilling are they that they should be sustained by any narrow system of exclusion, and as they advocate these doctrines not in the spirit of a dictator, but as brothers with brothers, they are more likely to get a fair hearing.

Every one who is familiar at all with theological controversies will allow, we are persuaded, that they are much more satisfactorily conducted now than formerly. There is not so much marshalling of texts, compelled by any and every means to enter into the service; there is not so much denunciation of the wrath to come upon the heretic; the general drift rather than the mere letter of Scripture is brought to notice, and the advocates of one and the other doctrine, instead of uncovering before the recusant a burning hell, endeavor to show that the opinions which they are opposing are fraught with most disastrous moral consequences. In this endeavor, it must be confessed that our disputants are often over-ingenious, and are ready to attribute to theories a power which can belong only to the experiences of the heart. And yet their method of proceeding is a great advance upon the considerations that were once made so prominent. We believe that we speak for many who are known as Liberal Christians, when we say that it is the bigotry, arrogance, and dogmatism of the popular Christianity which offend us quite as much as what it teaches, if not in its authorized standards, yet from its more prominent pulpits. Some of us have no special difficulty with what the Church *means* to teach, only we insist, and ever shall insist, that we must gather this meaning from Scripture in our own way and hold it in our own way. One thing is fundamental with us, against our own household, if need be, as much as against those who are without, — there shall be no dogmatizing. Unitarian and Trinitarian dogmas, as tests of faith and laws of fellowship, are about equally objectionable to us. Set up any fold less capacious than that of the Gospel, and, although our own familiar and trusted friends may have had the building of it, we are ready to say, "The place is too strait for us."

Now because we are unwilling to swear even by our own great names, we are in all the better condition to do justice to the various phases of Christian thought, and may welcome the great questions of Christian antiquity as they come up anew for answers. We are not misinterpreting the signs of the times when we affirm that it is possible now to speak with calmness and discrimination, without the first word of angry debate, of

theologians in whose names, servants of the meek Jesus though they were, the streets and the churches of ancient cities once ran with blood. If any one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him compare the article upon the Trinity in the number of "The New Englander" for November, 1854, with papers on the same theme printed even a score of years ago; or, on the other hand, let the stanchest champion of Orthodoxy read the article in "The Prospective Review," the title of which we have given above. The Unitarian will not be satisfied with the one, nor the Trinitarian with the other, and yet Unitarian and Trinitarian will find much to admire in the spirit that is exhibited in both articles.

The writer in the Prospective aims to set forth the service rendered by Ecclesiastical Rome in bringing together the various and seemingly opposite elements of Christian faith. According to the reviewer, the Roman bishops effected this object, not by virtue of any special spiritual discernment, but through their marvellous administrative and organizing faculty, an inheritance from the days of the heathen republic. They were able to discern the practical worth of any form of doctrine, the work which it was fitted to do, and the necessity of conserving it for this work. In this wisdom they decided for the Nicene Creed as the usable mean between Sabellianism and Arianism; as the only statement which expressed as well the divinity as the humanity of our Saviour, the true *via media* for that time. Substitute "universal necessity" for "the necessity of the times," "absolutely the best thing" for "the best thing in the circumstances," and we have all that any supporter of the Nicene Creed would ask.

We wish that we could commend the orator at a recent historical celebration as we have commended the theologians. But not to dwell upon the obvious impropriety of bringing theological discussions into a literary address before a mixed audience, we are satisfied that many who might in the main agree with Mr. Bancroft in his view of the Arian controversy would nevertheless refuse their assent to his sweeping generalizations with regard to the practical issues of Arianism and Athanasianism, and would fail utterly to perceive the applicability to Arius of the adjectives "proud and ambitious," or the

justice of connecting Priestley and Belsham with the author of the "Positive Philosophy." We are ready to accept much which Mr. Bancroft eloquently says with reference to the necessity of the Incarnation and of a belief in the Incarnation, only we wish that it had been said on a different occasion, with more regard to those who mean to hold the same truth under different forms, and in language which could not be interpreted as the expression of unmitigated Pantheism. We think that we have a right to ask one who has been numbered with Unitarians to deal fairly with their opinions, even in an attempt to refute one form of them.*

But it is not our object to enter upon any detailed examination of the theology of the distinguished historian of the United States. We wish rather, as the Arian controversy seems to be up again for consideration, and to be presented under some new aspects, to aid our readers in recalling the principal personages, scenes, and points at issue in that strife, so fierce at the beginning, and of which we have not yet seen the end. Perhaps we may be able, in a very humble way, to put forth a word that shall make for peace, whilst it aims honestly to exhibit the purpose and the course of Arius, the great Unitarian, and of Athanasius, the great Trinitarian, of the ancient Church.

We must ask our readers to go back with us more than fifteen centuries to the year of our Lord 318, and far away from this Western world to the Egyptian coasts of the Mediterranean. We will enter first one of the five harbors of that famous city, then some six hundred years old, which owed its origin and its name to Alexander, the magnificent conqueror of the world. It was founded under the protection of Serapis and Isis, the tutelary god and goddess of the whole of that ancient land, and we shall find that, though the splendid temple of Jupiter Serapis, with its precious library, has not yet fallen under the assaults of Christian fanaticism, still the religion of Jesus is firmly established in this, as in all the other great cities where but now the deities of the nations held undisputed sway. Passing along the streets we come to a house of Christian worship called Baucalis,

* See Note at the end of this Article.

and, finding that it is open for divine service, we take our places with the gathering throng. The company seems to be more than usually stirred, and we hear one and the other complaining of the interference of the Bishop Alexander with their religious teacher. Presently this teacher enters. He is a man who has almost, if not quite, filled out the threescore and ten years which are the appointed term of our pilgrimage, of more than the ordinary stature, wasted with labors and fastings, of stern, sad countenance, yet of engaging address. In due time he comes to his discourse, or rather to his exposition, for it is his peculiar office to unfold the Scriptures. The passages which he has selected for the day treat of the relation of the Son of God to the Heavenly Father. The Alexandrian at our side whispers, that now for many months he has spoken of nothing else. Somewhat too dogmatically, as it seems to our minds, and in an over literal way, and as one who had been irritated by opposition, he urges that the Son, though the first and greatest of all creatures, and the agent of the Supreme in the creation and ordering of the universe, is still a creature, not of the same essence with the Father, who alone is the one living and true God. He pleads that this subordination must never be lost sight of, much and justly as we may magnify the Redeemer; that otherwise our one God will become two Gods, or we shall lose the personality of the pre-existent Son altogether. The preacher is Arius, a presbyter of the Egyptian Church. A Libyan by birth, he is believed to have been a pupil of Lucian of Samosata, a very eminent Christian scholar, who, although he came into collision with the authorities as to points of faith, was finally reconciled to his brethren and died a martyr for the Gospel. From him, it would seem, Arius took the direction which in the end made him so conspicuous. The life of the presbyter had been of late an unquiet one. He had been moved to take up the cause of Meletius, Bishop of Lycopolis, who, so far as we can gather from diametrically opposite statements about him, maintained that those who had fallen away in times of severe persecution ought not to be readmitted to the Church. Arius, as it appears, did not agree with him in this opinion, but was unwilling, nevertheless, that he should be excommunicated for hold-

ing and applying it. It is said that Meletius was the first to accuse him before the primate of heresy.

The subject which we found Arius discussing was not new to Christian theologians; by one and another teacher it had already been pretty fully exhibited, and it is a curious fact, that our presbyter was moved to his strong statements by what seemed to him the very orthodox purpose of counteracting the doctrines of Sabellius of Ptolemais, — these men were all Africans, — who meant by *personality* only a mode of the Divine existence, and hardly recognized the Son as a distinct person until the time of his manifestation upon earth. Alexander, primate of Egypt and ecclesiastical superior of Arius, thought that his presbyter in endeavoring to oppose one error had gone quite into the other extreme, — a very common result, as we all know. It seemed to him that the theology of the church Baucalis departed very far from the traditions of the fathers, — traditions, we may add, which can as little be claimed for rigid Humanitarianism as for rigid Trinitarianism. Alexander summoned his clergy and attacked Arius before them. The accused would concede nothing and would qualify nothing, and the dispute went on until the disputants had gathered each a formidable party, the alleged heretic having found earnest adherents, not only in Egypt, but also in Syria and the Lesser Asia. At length, at a synod of Egyptian and Libyan bishops convened by the primate at Alexandria in the year 321, Arius and his followers were excommunicated; and so the war began. The condemned man fled to Palestine, and was invited thence, by his learned and powerful friend Eusebius, to Nicomedia, a city not far from Constantinople, over which this able prelate presided as bishop. Here he wrote, partly in metre, a work on theology called Thalia, and, in common with his excommunicated brethren, addressed a letter to Alexander. But neither party will bate a jot, the fire spreads, the battle thickens, and Constantine, who was scarcely yet converted to the Gospel, was moved to interpose with a letter of advice to these contentious Christians, in which he urges them to have what faith they pleased provided they would have it each to himself. Unfortunately, or fortunately, Hosius, Bishop of Cordova in Spain, who was the bearer of this letter to

Alexander, and was to have acted as mediator, went over to the side of the primate, and Constantine's well-meant effort came to nothing.

Finally, in the year 325, for the sake of the peace of the empire, and in the hope of terminating a strife that grew every day more formidable, the Emperor assembled at Nicæa in Bithynia, now Isnik in Turkey, a council of more than three hundred bishops to sit in judgment upon this matter. Prominent in the deliberations of this council, and instrumental more than any other in securing its result, was Athanasius of Alexandria, then only about twenty-nine years of age and a deacon in the Egyptian Church. This destined champion of Trinitarianism had early commended himself, as a youth of singular intellectual promise, to Alexander, primate of Egypt, who received him into his household and instructed him in the sacred profession. No mean classical scholar, he was yet more distinguished by his Biblical attainments, and was strongly drawn to St. Anthony, father of Christian monks and hermits. The eloquence of Athanasius backed by the power of the Emperor completely triumphed over Arius. The confession which he presented was torn to pieces before his eyes, and, amongst the twenty articles agreed upon by the council, what is commonly called the Nicene Creed stands forth as the expression of the faith of all save five of the body, and of these five only two persisted in refusing to subscribe. We will give the creed in full, as accurately as we are able, from the original, because it is the principal document to be kept before the mind in a survey of this great controversy.

"We believe in one God, Father omnipotent, Maker of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father, i. e. from the essence of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not created, of the same essence with the Father, through whom all things were created both in heaven and on earth, who for us men and for our salvation came down and was made flesh, and took the form of a man, suffered and rose the third day, ascended into the heavens, and cometh to judge the quick and the dead; and in the Holy Spirit. And the Church Universal anathematizes those who say that there once was a time when the Son of God was not, and that He was not before

He was begotten, and that He was made out of things which were not, or that He is of a different substance or subsistence from the Father, or that He is a creature, or mutable, or alterable."

The last clauses are directly aimed at Arius, and in plain phrases pronounce upon the precise points of controversy; the alleged and now condemned heretic insisting that the Son was a creature, though the noblest of the creatures, and that, as a creature, he remained morally perfect only because the great God willed that so it should be. The two recusants were exiled with Arius to what is now Illyria, the books of the heretic were condemned to the flames, and the death-penalty was hurled against any who should withhold them from this doom. The matter seemed to be settled, but the battle had only begun. The fact was that the creed, though signed by so large a majority of the council, was by no means generally acceptable. Very few of the members, indeed, were purely Arian, yet many held ground somewhere between Arius and Athanasius, and believed that the creed of the former could be tolerated. At the head of this party was Eusebius of Nicomedia, through whose influence with the Emperor the exile of Arius came to an end in 328, and in 330 he was permitted to present his confession of faith to his sovereign. This creed, being made up almost entirely of language from Scripture, proved satisfactory to Constantine, and decided him to send Arius back to Alexandria, where, however, though aided by a synod held at Tyre, he never succeeded in recovering his footing, but returned to Constantinople in the year 336, which was his last. The bishop of the city received orders from the Emperor to admit Arius to communion, and a day was appointed for the ceremony. On the Sunday named for the solemn act, this bishop, who would not consent, yet dared not refuse, knelt in prayer before the altar of his church, entreating God, as Athanasius himself writes, "to take off Arius," whilst that persistent heretic and his friends drew near in triumph; but before the procession reached the church the aged presbyter was removed by the hand of death to that communion above, whose terms are to be satisfied, not by a keen logical understanding, but by a heart discerning because loving. The decease of one who had

endured so much and reached so advanced an age, occuring as it did in an hour of great excitement, need not have called either for the charge of poisoning from the Arians, or for the cry, "A judgment of God!" from Athanasius and his followers.

So Arius passes from the scene, but his party lives after him, and his great antagonist is still in his prime, to contest through evil and good report every inch of theological territory. We say the party of Arius; but the expression is hardly correct, for the number of those who assented to the doctrines of this teacher seems always to have been very inconsiderable. The opponents of Athanasius endeavored to hold a middle ground between his views and those of Arius, and would have given up the strife for the most part had he been willing to change a single expression in the Nicene Creed, and say that the Son was of *similar* essence with the Father. But this he could not do; he must insist upon the expression "*same*," for this seemed to him to involve the whole matter at issue, as indeed it did, easy as it is and common as it has been to ridicule a controversy about a single term, as if a single term did not sometimes contain a whole volume. The zeal of Athanasius in behalf of his theology, and his resolute refusal to receive Arius to the communion of the Church, stirred up against him a multitude of enemies, and his life from this time, with temporary intervals of peaceful labor, was a battle and a march into and out of exile. It would weary our readers should we attempt to present all the details, and unravel all the intricacies, of the story. Over much of the ground we will pass very lightly, pausing only here and there, where the contest rages with more than common intensity.

The restoration of Arius from exile was the signal for the assault upon his great rival. He was charged before the Emperor with sacrilege, and even with the murder of a bishop, Arsenius of Hypselis in Upper Egypt. The former accusation he disproved by abundant testimony, the latter he set aside by showing conclusively that the man who was said to have been murdered by him was still alive. But this sufficed only for a time; two years after, and whilst Arius was still living, a council was summoned at Tyre, and the accusations were repeated.

To set the matter of the murder for ever at rest, the man who had been numbered with the slain was brought into the assembly, and, inasmuch as Athanasius had been charged with cutting off one of his hands, and a hand had been exhibited in confirmation of the statement, the bishops were asked to observe that Arsenius had both hands. Commissioners were then sent to Egypt to investigate anew the charge of sacrilege; but as these commissioners were taken from among his enemies, it is not strange that they declared against Athanasius. Without even the shadow of justice, he was deposed, excommunicated, and banished from Alexandria; but naturally enough he was inclined to make a personal appeal to the Emperor from such a judgment. Not without an eye, it would seem, to scenic effect, the condemned prelate threw himself into the path of the ruler of the world as he rode into Constantinople, and besought a hearing. It was granted, and would have been effectual, had not his enemies charged him with a design of preventing the exportation of grain from Alexandria to Constantinople. The Emperor, either believing the accusation, or, what is more likely, for the sake of ending the matter in some way, banished Athanasius to Treves during the very year in which Arius died, 336. It was the first of five banishments. Unlike some of his seasons of exile, this residence at Treves was almost triumphal. The banished man proved to be the special favorite of the bishop of the city and of the younger Constantine, his firm friend from first to last. In the year 338 the death of the elder Constantine restored him to his bishopric, but not to peace. His enemies were still in the field in full force, and succeeded in enlisting against him Constantius, Emperor of the East, as Constantine the younger and his brother Constans were Emperors of the West. By a council held at Antioch, sentence of deposition was passed against Athanasius, and a bishop was appointed in his stead; the decree was resisted by the defendant in the case, who made an appeal to Julius, bishop of Rome, but the Arians refused to accept him as umpire. The death of the younger Constantine in 340 left Athanasius defenceless, and during the next year he was driven from Alexandria and obliged to take refuge in Rome.

Befriended by Constans, who, since his victory over Constantine the younger, reigned alone in the West, and admitted again and again into his presence, it seemed either necessary or desirable to Constantius to restore him, when the murder of his temporary successor, in the year 349, had prepared the way. But, spite of this restoration, four years had not elapsed before he was again the object of a most violent attack from the Arians and the Emperor, and in 356 he was for the third time expelled from his see, to make way for George of Cappadocia, a monster of meanness, dishonesty, and cruelty, who through some strange chance has become the patron saint of England. It was a fearful time for the Athanasians: their protector, Constans, had perished six years before in conflict with the usurper Magnentius, and they were entirely at the mercy of the Arian Constantius. It was an evil day when, on occasion of the Council of Nicæa, they appealed to Cæsar. The accession of Julian, commonly, but unjustly, known as the Apostate, and the murder of the Cappadocian George, again made it possible for the Bishop of Alexandria to resume his position, of which, however, for the fourth time, he was deprived, the Pagan Emperor, one of the greatest reactionists on record, having taken offence at his zeal in making converts from that religion which his imperial majesty was seeking to revive. After a reign of about twenty months, a Persian javelin removed Julian from the world, on the 26th of June, 363, and Athanasius is again in Alexandria, where, save for a brief fifth exile of a few months under the Arian Emperor Valens, he lived in peace until the year 373, when God took him from his labors to his rest.

We have recorded the *removals* of Athanasius from time to time, but our associations with this word are far too quiet to suggest a just idea of the way in which theological controversies were then conducted. Removals were effected in those days by whole legions of soldiers, and were attended with the most fearful scenes of tumult and slaughter. For the season, it was nothing short of civil war. Let us look at a few examples.

In the year 351, in order to prepare the way for a removal of Athanasius, it was thought necessary to depose Paul, the Trinitarian Bishop of Constantinople. This had been done once before, but at the expense of a fright-

ful popular insurrection, with the murder of the highest military officer of the empire. On this occasion the commander of the military forces in a crafty and stealthy manner withdrew the bishop, and sent him into exile; but it was not so easy to establish his successor. Placing him at his side in his chariot, the soldier advanced at the head of his troops, and made his way to the church. It was surrounded and filled by an immense crowd, the end proposed could not be compassed peaceably, and a professed follower of Jesus and master in the Christian Israel passed to the high seat of the bishop near the altar through a path which was hewed out for him by the swords of the Roman soldiers. Three thousand are said to have fallen victims on that fearful day. The Arians claimed that the deposed bishop died a natural death, the Athanasians asserted that he was strangled, and it is to be feared that the Athanasians were not far from right.

Again, after long months of preparation, it is determined that Athanasius shall give place to that wretch, George of Cappadocia, who, from being an army contractor for bacon, and infamous at that, aspired to one of the highest places in the Church. Syrianus, prefect of the province, gathers his forces together from all parts of Libya and Egypt, and surrounds Alexandria, as if it had been a hostile city, with an army of five thousand men; for the Alexandrians were devotedly attached to Athanasius, and ever hailed his return from exile with illuminations and every expression of joy, and were not disposed to give up their bishop without a struggle. A midnight service, an ante-communion vigil, is going forward in the church of St. Thomas, and the archbishop is repeating, in response to the alternate chant of the choir, the 136th Psalm: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever." In a moment it is brought home to the congregation that the house of prayer is assaulted. The clash of weapons and the clatter of hoofs could not drown the voices of the worshippers. Athanasius bids them sing on and offer no resistance. The Roman general, obedient to the orders of the Emperor, commands his soldiers to advance, and their glittering steel sends back the faint light of the sanctuary. Athanasius retains his place until he is removed by the

friendly force of his followers, and escapes only through what seems ever after a miraculous interposition. The church, with its inmates, male and female, is given up to all the brutalities and nameless horrors that make the sacking of a city a reproach upon humanity. And this was only the beginning of outrages: banishments, imprisonments, scourgings, not only of men but of women, wholesale butchery of every kind, brought back the worst days of heathen persecution. A wooden machine was invented by means of which the mouths of unwilling communicants could be forced open and the consecrated wafer thrust down their throats. During this his third exile Athanasius took refuge for the most part with his friends, the monks, in the deserts of Egypt, and there no power of emperor or prefect could reach him, and the price set upon his head could not move men who made no account of silver and gold. Almost at a moment's warning he could have summoned to his aid swarms of hermits who had been peasants before they were solitaries, and whose religious vows by no means precluded a resort to violence. It was a current proverb, says Gibbon, that no torture would extort from an Egyptian a secret which he had determined to keep. The escapes and concealments of Athanasius would afford rich material for a most stirring romance. Fleeing once from the pursuit of Julian, he was rowing up the Nile when the galley of the Emperor's pursuivant appeared in pursuit. Quick as thought he bids his men turn the head of the boat and float with the current, saying to them that no one would look for him in a vessel going towards Alexandria. As they pass, the hunters ask if they have seen Athanasius, and are told, what indeed was very true, though not the whole truth, that he is not far off; so the chase goes on towards Upper Egypt, and the prelate returns to Alexandria. Once he lay concealed for a considerable length of time in a dry cistern, and once in his father's tomb. It is almost certain that he was secretly present at the councils of Seleucia and Rimini. Such was the career and such were the exposures of a leading theologian in those days.

Before passing to set down in a few words our estimate of the two doctors in divinity whose careers we have endeavored to sketch, we must pause a moment upon a question that must frequently arise in the mind of the

reader of ecclesiastical history. We find ourselves asking, "Is Christianity to be held accountable for these excesses committed in her name?" and the answer is to be found in a single passage of Scripture, which is illustrated again and again throughout the whole course of Church history,—"We have this treasure in earthen vessels." Not an act in this whole series of abominations can be justified out of the New Testament. It was the frailty of men perverting the gift of God. In truth, as must needs be the case, Christianity conquered the minds, engaged the understandings, before it touched the hearts, of men; it was a new topic for debate, for angry debate, for disgraceful quarrels, before it became a new bond of union. At first this would not be the effect, because the earliest converts would be few and earnest; but as soon as the religion became popular, and the multitude forced their way into the temple, the increase of quantity would be followed by a rapid deterioration in quality. In many cases it was only the old Pagan world, storming with the old heathenish passions about the doctrines of Christianity, availing itself of them as materials for excitement and as topics for street gossip, as ready to use a carnal as a spiritual weapon in defending one or the other side. Says Gregory of Nyssa, as quoted by Neander, speaking of the people of Constantinople: "Every corner and nook of the city is full of men who discuss incomprehensible subjects; the streets, the markets, the people who sell old clothes, those who sit at the tables of the money-changers, those who deal in provisions. Ask a man how many oboli it comes to, he gives you a specimen of dogmatizing on generated or ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, you are answered, 'The Father is greater than the Son, and the Son subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready, and you are answered, 'The Son of God was created from nothing.'" It can hardly be doubted that unmitigated and avowed Pagans mingled in the bloody frays which disgraced the nominal believers of the great cities, and were glad, under the cover of an enraged faction, to wreak their spite upon their old enemies, and help them in the work of destroying one another. It should be remembered, moreover, that crimes often engage and fasten attention, whilst good deeds are covered up in obscurity. George of

Cappadocia lives in Church history: we know all about his cruelties, his extortions, his monopolies, his cheating in nitre and papyrus, and even in painted coffins, until he was torn to pieces by a populace whose wild revenge hardly more than satisfies our sense of justice; but many a pure-hearted and devoted bishop lived and died meanwhile unnoticed, and could scarcely be prevailed upon so much as once to join the vagrant company, which, at the public expense, and to the sore detriment of the public posts, flocked to ecclesiastical councils. And must there not have been a strong element of vitality, a genuine root of life, in a religion which could bear such handling? Would any institutions not of Divine origin have survived such outrage,—have carried such a fearful burden? Must there not have been also an infinite deal to attract and charm, where there was so much to disgust and repel? Would men otherwise have retained their allegiance? Nothing save a whole mine of pure gold could have made such heaps of dross tolerable.

There is another question which more intimately concerns us, in coming to a survey of the personal characters of Arius and Athanasius. What share had they in the shameful strife which was waged in their names? The part of Arius in it seems to have been mainly that of a sufferer; as has been seen, death removed him from the stage before he had quite re-established himself after his exile. It can hardly be said that he had a hearing at all before the Council of Nicæa, where the whole strength, ecclesiastical and civil, was on the other side. Of course, the abominable outrages of the Arians in subsequent years must rest upon their own heads. They, even more than their opponents, appear to have been ready to avail themselves of the imperial arm, and only complained of it when it was turned against them. The opinion seems to have been, that a cause was not discredited by an appeal to force, provided violence was not the *only* reliance. And it must be said of Athanasius, as well as of his opponent, that he bore far more than he inflicted; and whilst he rigorously insisted upon his peculiar doctrines as the terms of church fellowship, we cannot lay to his charge any of those cruelties which have made the names of many Arian bishops words of infamy. Indeed, on many occasions his moderation was conspicuous, and during

his later years his zeal was so far tempered with discretion that he was able to come to a good understanding with the semi-Arians. And now what shall be said of the men and of their doctrines?

First of the Presbyter Arius. Upon his personal character there rests not the slightest stain. From the beginning to the end his high moral purpose was conspicuous. Athanasius indeed charges him with a display of levity in the style of his theological treatise, the Thalia, which seems to have been composed in part in an effeminate metre called the Sotadic; and he came under some reproach for having attempted to embody his doctrines in songs for millers and sailors, which, we fear, were not very successful. In a note to the modern Oxford translation of some of the writings of Athanasius, the title of which we have given above, these charges are represented as amounting to little more than that preferred against Wesley for admitting festive tunes into the sanctuary, an allegation which he met with the rejoinder that the Devil had no just claim to all the good music. We are utterly at a loss to imagine by what authority Mr. Bancroft has styled Arius "proud and ambitious." That he was honestly zealous for what he believed to be the truth, and that, in common with his unflinching opponent, Bishop Alexander, he used all fair means to enlist followers, is clear; but if this is to be "proud and ambitious," then most theologians must submit to this censure. It has been said by some, that he disguised his opinions, but the fact amounts to little more than this, that he endeavored to bring forward points of agreement rather than points of difference, and availed himself of the large phraseology of Scripture, in the entire sufficiency of which he had great faith. Is it not greatly to his credit, that, although his story has been told chiefly by those who accounted him a dangerous heretic, yet nothing of the least moment has been recorded against him?

But whilst we would bear this testimony to his purity, we should be slow to accord to him more than a secondary position as a teacher of Christian truth. Somewhat too narrow and far too literal in the exposition of Scripture, he had no eye for the mysteries of Eternal Being, small skill to appreciate the perplexities that beleaguer

the thinker upon the great subjects of theology, and was hardly able, perhaps, to catch the point upon which his antagonist laid so much stress. His views of Christ and of the Holy Spirit are open to many objections both from reason and from Scripture. Arius seems not to have realized that between God and the noblest of his creatures there must be an infinite distance. He insists upon the Divinity of the Son, he would make him almost a God, and yet he is after all no God, for he is born in time, and, whatever point of time you choose to fix upon for his creation, you must still allow an eternity preceding when he was not. Moreover, according to Arius, the manifestation of heavenly being through the son of Mary becomes a manifestation, not of God the Father, but of a king of angels especially dear to God. It is not "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself," but the Son of God reconciling the world unto his Father. We follow Jesus of Nazareth from the manger of his birth to the cross upon Calvary and the cloud that hid him at last from his wondering and revering followers; he draws all hearts to himself, we can hardly tell how; and we ask, Whom does he image forth, and whose word does he utter in the ear of the world? Not, according to Arius, the Eternal God, not directly the Father, but the Son, a created being, created before all worlds indeed, but still created. Again, we feel in our hearts a new and holier desire towards God and goodness. We would say, It is the Spirit of God, it is God himself, moving upon our souls. No, says Arius, it is only a creature of God, created indeed before all worlds, yet still a creature. And if we follow Arius, our Father has left us and again we are alone in the world. If we were inclined to accept either for a master, the Sabellius whom Arius opposed would commend himself to us as the safer guide of the two. Moreover, the passages of Scripture which are appealed to in support of Arianism teach a great deal more, if they mean anything of the kind.

But we must pass on to Athanasius. Of his high, pure purpose and character we must speak in terms as unqualified as those which we have applied to his great rival. His controversial language cannot indeed be justified, but we must be on our guard against passing any

censure upon him in this respect, lest, even in this nineteenth century, we should be reminded of the beam in our own eye; and if to his opponents he seemed over stern and uncompromising, there was no man who more entirely secured the admiration and love of friends, and they were neither a small nor a mean company. The companion and favorite of kings, the idol of a vast multitude, the almost worshipped bishop, he was yet as patient of poverty and suffering as the most mortified hermit in the Thebaid. Wherever he abode, he was sure of admirers and followers, and if ever a man bore sincere testimony to what he believed to be the truth, surely this five times exiled bishop was such an honest witness. The Church historian, Milman, censures his persistent urgency for his great point of Consubstantialism, the doctrine that the Son is of the same essence with the Father. But one who will look at the subject from the point of view which Athanasius had chosen as the best, will hardly recognize the justice of this censure. To his apprehension the Saviour was no Saviour unless he was very God, and he could not be very God, he could not be God at all, if only of a *similar* essence with God. If a creature, he must be at an infinite distance from the Creator, no matter though he should be conceived of as standing at the head of archangels and heavenly principalities without number, and as able to call ages of past time his own. In abandoning Consubstantialism he would have abandoned everything which, *according to his view of the subject*, was essential. Why should he do that, because the great, heaven-wide difference could be stated in a single word? To him, whether with reason or not, the matter was intensely practical, — no mere exercise in metaphysics or logic, least of all a play with words; it was a question between a Gospel of the incarnation of God ministering to us through the humanity of Christ, and no Gospel at all. As we have said, all dogmas about these high subjects are open to serious objections, and yet we are free to confess that Athanasius seems to us one of the master minds of the Church and the world. He virtually anticipated many a topic which has largely engaged attention in these latter days, and no mean intellects have found in his theology, or doctrine of God, the only method through which we can accept the truths

that the Pantheist seeks to enforce, and at the same time escape his dreary negations; for whilst he confesses in the Son a struggling, suffering God, entering into the limitations of space and time, and in each man an indwelling God, he still affirms his belief in the Father Almighty and Infinite. But this, we are told, is to believe in three Gods, — and certainly, if one will have much to do with logic, it will be hard to escape such a conclusion; and for ourselves, the simplicity of Sabellianism, unsatisfactory and even hazardous as it seems to so many, is attractive enough to deter us from venturing upon the perplexed sayings of Athanasianism. Nevertheless, we are bound to add that Athanasius firmly maintained the Divine Unity, — insisted that there are not three Gods, that there is only one God; and it is a curious fact, that, in the opinion of Arius, Alexander, the bishop and spiritual father of Athanasius, was heretical in being a Sabellian, that is, in making the distinctions between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit only modal or nominal, — different phases of the same absolute God.

We give in our adherence neither to Arius nor to Athanasius. It is a fundamental article of the Christian creed, as we interpret it, to call no man master upon earth, because one is our master, even Christ, who is in the heavens. Moreover, the doctrine of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is, and ever will be, a deep mystery; a mystery which can be talked of with entire satisfaction only in the large phrases of Scripture; a doctrine whose terms cannot be settled by angry disputants, armed or unarmed; a doctrine which shall be, not theoretically, but practically unfolded to those who do the will of Him from whom cometh wisdom. The writer of the Apocalypse tells us, that upon him whom we call, in our imperfect, stammering speech, the Word of God, there was a name written which no man knew but he himself. The course pursued by Athanasius in his latter days with reference to the discussion of this subject is in pleasant contrast with much that cannot be commended in his earlier career. He says, "Those who quarrel about the 'one in substance' we must discuss with as brothers with brothers, who mean what we mean and dispute only about the word." The Christian will be ready to express himself touching this high theme in the strongest terms of

Scripture; he will take no pains, in using such terms, to soften them or in any degree explain them away. They shall stand for all they mean, no matter what becomes of any dogmas, Unitarian or Trinitarian. But, on the other hand, when a confession of faith is demanded of the Christian, he must not leave the words of Scripture for the language of the schools, especially when this language is liable to mislead the multitude. We may speak of the tri-personality of the Supreme Being, if we use the word *person* in the Latin sense, according to the explanation given by Archbishop Whately in the Appendix to his Logic, — an explanation, by the way, which does no great credit to his technical orthodoxy. We may go further, and in a certain sense we may, in our own thinking, recognize three persons in the Godhead, even as we have in mind rather the term *hypostasis* than *persona*, for in predicating personality of the Infinite Being we are speaking "the wisdom of God in a mystery," and so far as we attach any meaning to the word *person* it must be very different from that in which we understand it when we speak of the personality of a man. The mass of mankind will not make nice distinctions, and three persons in the Godhead will be all the same to them as three Gods. "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself"; — "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart I will send him unto you"; — and "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you"; — if a recognition sincere and unqualified of these and kindred passages does not constitute orthodoxy in this matter, if we must be Athanasian as well as Christian, then we must be satisfied to remain outside of the fold. The mystery of the Word made flesh in the fulness of the times is to be explored, not by over-curious intellects, but by hearts that are hidden with God in Christ, having a part in, and therefore able in some poor measure to apprehend, that adorable union into which the angels desire to look.

R. E.

NOTE.

In the foregoing article the references made to a recent Oration delivered by Mr. Bancroft, the historian, contain some animadversions on which cir-

cumstances of a peculiar character require further remark from us. While these pages were passing through the press we received a pamphlet copy of that gentleman's Oration, the perusal of which has afforded us equal surprise and gratification. We understand that he himself subjected the proof-sheets to a most elaborate revision, one result of which compels us to inform our readers that they will look in vain through the pamphlet for the expressions which we have indicated as being found in it. What then? Have we ascribed to the orator language and sentiments which he never uttered? By no means. The Oration which he really delivered in New York, and which appeared in type printed *verbatim* from his own manuscript, in the daily papers of that city, furnished the text for our remarks, and the variations between that and the pamphlet copy are the result of an after-thought or reconsideration on the part of the orator. We have not space here to debate two questions which the facts in this case will suggest; namely, first, whether an author has a right to publish with a misleading title-page, under the word *delivered*, a performance which in its most emphatic passages is essentially different from what he did *deliver* on an important occasion; and second, whether, after the language and sentiments of a public speaker have been quoted for remark or censure by many critics, he is justified in omitting all reference by note, or otherwise, to the suppressions or changes which he has made.

Critics, reviewers, and historical writers, in their references to early editions of the successive volumes of Mr. Bancroft's History, have occasionally charged upon it errors of fact or statement. These the author has in several instances so far heeded as to introduce very important changes in his later editions, without, however, any acknowledgment of a previous error or of an alteration of his own opinion in either case. The consequence is, that, if any one should undertake to verify some of the criticisms justly urged upon his original publication, by a later edition, he would find neither the passages objected to nor any acknowledgment of an alteration induced by the criticism. Might he not, therefore, conclude that the critic had been himself in error?

Some of the sentiments which Mr. Bancroft uttered in the delivery of his Oration, and which appeared in the faithful types of the newspapers, were listened to with amazement by most of his audience, with indignation on the part of some of them, and they called out most vigorous editorial comments in the papers of the various religious sects. The more devout and old-fashioned lovers of the Bible, who were shocked at hearing the orator say that the mechanic "at his daily toil stands face to face with the laws of creation, so that it may be said of him, that, like Enoch, 'he walks with God,'" may read the handsome pamphlet before us without meeting this statement. The Unitarian, who was astounded at hearing that that mass of nonsense, impiety, and arrogant conceit which goes by the name of the "Positive Philosophy," "deduced its lineage through the English Unitarianism of Priestley and Belsham," will find the passage expunged by the wise revision of Mr. Bancroft. Poor Arius is also treated with less severity. "The New York Evangelist," a Calvinistic journal, seized upon some passages of the Oration as actually delivered, and made them the subject of a most extraordinary editorial balancing the two suppositions that they taught either the most unexceptionable orthodoxy, or the blankest pantheism.

We have said that the perusal of the Oration as Mr. Bancroft has revised it — not as he delivered it — afforded us equal surprise and gratification. Our surprise came from the fact that the author, after having provoked such a strife among theologians and critics, should have suppressed or modified, without giving the least hint of the fact, all the passages which were the basis of the commotion. Our gratification comes from noticing the good results of the orator's after-thought upon the very serious nature and effects of some of his own remarks. The next best thing to the not making such remarks is to alter or suppress them after they have been made.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Western World Revisited. By the REV. HENRY CASWALL, M.A., Vicar of Figheldean, Author of "America and the American Church," "Scotland and the Scottish Church," etc. Oxford: John Henry Parker. 16mo. pp. 351.

LEST the comprehensive "etc." of the title-page should disappoint those who will, after the reading of the present volume, be eager to procure all the publications of "the Rev. Henry Caswall, M.A.," a complete list of these, with prices annexed, is given on the concluding page. There is "The City of the Mormons," to be had for "one and sixpence," — "A Pilgrimage to Canterbury," only sixpence, — and "The Last Week of the Jubilee, 3d edition," at the amazing low price of *threepence*. The price of the work before us is not given. It ought to be high, for it contains information on the subject of "Dissent" in America which can be found nowhere else.

The Preface opens with a short homily on "the advantages of foreign travel," the reasons why "nations should hold frequent intercourse with each other," and especially why English and American *Churchmen*, who are really the salt of the earth and the light of the world, should shake hands together and identify their interests. A wise caution is nevertheless given against the attempt to bind too closely "the Church" in England and America, since the form of administration is slightly different. At the outset, Mr. Caswall intimates his painful consciousness that "Dissent" is somewhat stronger in this barbarian and heretical Western world than in the Anglo-Catholic land.

He then proceeds to mention the "series of movements, which will long be remembered by those who 'pray for the peace of Jerusalem.'" These are, — 1st. The invitation of his Grace of Canterbury to the American Church to celebrate the Third Jubilee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, in 1851. 2d. The deputation of two American bishops to England in 1852. 3d. The "gilded alms-basin" sent from England to the American Church, with its Latin inscription. And 4th. The mission of two priests, one archdeacon and one "late lord bishop," to attend in 1853 the General Convention of "the Church" in America. "It might have been wished," the author remarks, that one or more of the actual English bishops "should have headed such a deputation." But on the whole, "it may have been safer to attempt but little in the first instance, lest, through mismanagement, the Church should find herself committed to some perilous course, from which it might be difficult to recede."

Mr. Caswall's reputation as author of a work on the American Church, which has reached in England a second edition and has been read by some even on this side of the Atlantic, (though undoubtedly many, who have devoured the volumes of English travellers, are strangely ignorant of Caswall,) secured to him the honorable appointment of delegate in this new movement for the peace of Jerusalem. Fortified with instructions from head-quarters, the embassy departed, and all reached safely the shore of the New World. Mr. Caswall went last, in the steamer Niagara; — over the admirable equipment of which steamer he spends a few pages in decent wonder. He takes pains to mention that Orthodoxy is strictly guarded on board. "The services on the two Sundays were those of the 'Church,' and were conducted by Dr. Vinton and *myself*. The congregation exceeded one hundred persons on both occasions; and men of different nations and creeds appeared heartily to engage in common prayer. The worthy Quakers and an American Universalist preacher had no opportunity of making themselves heard, as churchmanship is the exclusive 'establishment' of this line of steamers." (!) A fatal decline has then come within a year, since, to our knowledge, not only a "Dissenter," but a *Unitarian* Dissenter, was in this last summer *invited by the officers* of one of these steamers to *read service and to preach, and did preach.*

Halifax, where there are only three "churches," but very numerous "sects," inspires Mr. Caswall to lament over the religion of the Western world, as "a source of contention rather than a bond of union and peace." Arrived in Boston, he is consoled for the absence of Bishop Eastburn (upon whom he calls after breakfast) by the fact that "Bishop Doane's case had been finally disposed of, in a manner satisfactory to the friends of that able prelate"; — and then he proceeds to see the city and its lions. He is amazed that people "who profess to be guided by the Bible" should *sit in prayer*. He visits Bunker Hill, the State-House, St. Stephen's Church, Trinity Church (the *cathedral* of the diocese), — mentioning the lawn sleeves and the few worshippers, — and, above all, the Church of the Advent, in a "temporary building purchased from a dissenting body," — a church made up, as he tells us, largely of "Unitarian converts." Returning to his hotel, he passes the site of an enormous *Mormon* temple, which has now become a theatre, "*Mormonism having died out in Boston*"! He journeys next to Hartford, where the condition of the Church is marked and noted, and a session of "rappers" is attended, (charge 50 cents,) at which Mr. C. admits that "he was taken in and humbugged." Among other interesting events in Connecticut, he mentions the "translation of the remains of Bishop Seabury" from New Haven to

New London. Only a fragment of the coffin, in the shape of a *heart*, remained. Why should not the *Anglo-Catholics* have their "translations" of saints' relics?

His first duty on arriving in New York is, of course, to attend the Diocesan Convention. His account of this is pleasing. He mentions the *dresses*, — who "said" the different parts of the service, — how Rev. Mr. Williams, the "Dauphin," looked, "in his black cassock, with a sash around his waist," — how Bishop Polk assured him that he had "confirmed thirty black persons" near the estate of Legree, and had four hundred slaves himself, who "attend church" and "chant creditably," thereby refuting the falsehood of "Uncle Tom," — what great works of business were done, — and what kind remembrances there were of brethren in England. In a short excursion back to Connecticut he is enabled to learn the delightful growth of the Church in that State, and its signal Episcopal fidelity, and to apologize for the sad neglect of such fidelity in England. "The bishop's manifold engagements," he says, "prevent him from forming an acquaintance even with his clergy," and the answers to the "excellent questions" which he sends to the church-wardens are *seldom faithfully* given. He adds, also, that the English clergy have, in those committed to their charge, *two kinds* of depravity to contend with, *natural* depravity and *special* depravity.

Three entire chapters — more than a quarter of the volume — are devoted to the sessions, debates, acts, dresses, and compliments of the "General Convention." We have the letter of "J. B. Cantuar" (the Archbishop of Canterbury), graciously informing his American children what edition of the Bible is proper to be used, — the speeches of all the delegates from abroad at sundry times and divers places, — Archdeacon Sinclair's remarks, rather intimating that the Greek Church and the English are similar in their Apostolic origin and practice, — Rev. Mr. Hawkins's remarks, disclaiming flattery while he pronounces the Episcopal Churches of England and America the hope of the world, — and Rev. Mr. Caswall's very amiable remarks to the same effect. On page 104 we learn that "in all the better part of New York the families attend divine worship, either that of the Church, or of the Orthodox (i. e. Trinitarian) descriptions of Dissenters." On page 122, after the speeches at Trinity School, in which the "Lord Bishop of Fredricton" was pleased to approve the exercises of the youths, we are favored with an extended account of the dinner, with the order of procession thereto, and where the various parties sat. "Bishop Wainwright led in Bishop Spencer; Archdeacon Sinclair was committed to Bishop Otey, of Tennessee; Mr. Hawkins took the arm of Bishop Kemper; and *I was honored* with the hearty grasp of the

Bishop of Michigan." From these prandial details Mr. Caswall easily passes to the exciting discussion whether an apostate can be received back to the Church after he has repented of his "*crime.*" There being various opinions on that subject, he wisely suppresses his own. Very solemn and awful seems to be his sense of the doom of the unfortunate Levi Silliman Ives, D. D.; — and he relates the public act of deposition from the bishop's office, as if it were sentence of death passed by the supreme court of the land. It must have been deeply affecting and tragical; the more so, as the prelates stood on the occasion, "*without their Episcopal robes.*" We regret that our space will not allow more adequate notice of this most weighty and momentous gathering, made by the presence of the English delegates almost an Œcumenical Council. Results may be expected from it to the cause of Christianity and civilization hardly less wide than those of the recent Council in Rome. That prepared the way for a large accession of favors and converts through the Immaculate Virgin. This settled that, after five years' probation, penitent apostates might return.

From New York Mr. Caswall goes to Canada, and proceeds up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario to Niagara. This neighborhood is attractive to most tourists. But our Vicar of Figheldean remarks, that "the American side of the stream may be viewed by a good Churchman with considerable interest," since an estate was bequeathed there to the uses of the Church. Continuing westward along the shore of Lake Erie, he notes the extraordinary growth of the Yankee cities, the developments of Mormonism, Romanism, and the "Church," and particularly describes the village of Huron (population 700), where the rector, Rev. Mr. Marks, "arrayed me in his gown and conducted me to his little church," and where "the rumor that an actual vicar from England was going to preach was the means of collecting a *large* congregation in addition to the habitual worshippers"! Kenyon College is visited, its troubles mentioned, and the question started whether Ohio Episcopalians have not weakened their own cause by identifying themselves "with modern Protestant sects," instead of the "one Catholic and Apostolic body of the Nicene Creed."

In Cincinnati Mr. Caswall meets a good churchwoman, who had brought all sorts of curiosities home from Palestine, and who did not speak encouragingly of "the Jerusalem bishopric" or of Protestant missions in Syria. His impression of Kentucky is, that "it can hardly be considered any longer a slave State," that drunkenness is rare, that the slaves are contented, and that the traffic in slaves for the Southern market is brisk. He edifies a Methodist minister very much by describing the grace and dig-

nity, the clear and melodious voice, and the domestic virtues, of Queen Victoria, so that the said minister preaches about it next Sunday. The author preaches for his former congregation in Madison, Indiana, travels on a big river steamboat, comes back by "the lightning express," mentioning a conversation on spiritualism, and hinting at his idea of "infernal agency" at the bottom of it, (see page 253, where a young lady, in a "spiritual" circle, privately prays God to confound the artifices of the Devil, and the rappings instantly stop,) and brings up speedily at Bishop Doane's residence in Burlington, N. J.

Delightful are Mr. Caswall's associations with the house and schools and churches of that singularly prudent, self-denying, and harmless prelate. That *study*, so completely Anglican, with its pictures of Archbishop Laud blessing Strafford, and Charles I. in his last communion, and "the Bishop of Exeter smiling upon his much afflicted brother of New Jersey," — that discussion about the Sandwich Islands, where twenty-five young men were in attendance, all habited in gowns and bands, — and that Female College, where "the mothers of the future generation" are happily and innocently trained, "apart from the saddening influence of Puritanism and the superstitions of Popery," are all described *con amore*. The pecuniary transactions connected with that "happy" place are not enlarged upon. Bishop Doane, it seems, is to die as "poor" as he has lived.

In Mr. Caswall's Southern visit, which was brief, three important facts are mentioned; — that the early Quakerism of Philadelphia, having passed through "the century of sore trial" incident to a "schismatic body," has developed itself into "Unitarianism and other forms of misbelief," and so a *demand* "has arisen for the Church, and the permanent and unchanging verities of the Catholic faith"; that the Baptist negroes are inclined to be Antinomians in their religion; and that the President had mentioned the delegation from England as a favorable sign of peace between the two nations.

Another hasty excursion to Canada, where lots of statistics about the Church on the St. Lawrence and Nashotah College are furnished, — a trip through Vermont, with more "rapping" experiences, — a visit to the Charlestown Navy Yard, where the principal object of interest is "the large gilded cross," hopefully placed over the altar of the chapel, "as in Bishop Southgate's church in Boston," — a visit to Lawrence and Lowell, which enlightens us upon the *defective* and "*irreligious*" character of the Massachusetts school system, the salary of one hundred dollars paid annually to clergymen on the School Committee (!), and Dr. Edson's advice to the English to hold to their own parochial schools instead of adopting our system, — and, finally,

the departure on the 7th of December in the Canada, and the passage home, which, "though in the winter, was saved by the mercy of Providence from being unpleasant," — complete the journal of this remarkable missionary voyage.

In the concluding chapter, Mr. Caswall offers some views of the probable future of the American Church, its immediate wants, and the relation of the Church to the sects. There are cheering signs, certainly. The American priests are learning to dress correctly, the churches are constructed "on strict ecclesiological principles," with "altars, credence tables, lectures, and sedilia," there are thirty bishops where there were nine when Mr. Caswall was here before; and that seventeen bishops went down to the wharf to see Bishop Spencer off, is "no slight evidence that in our Reformed Church there exists a rich vein of Catholic feeling, which may be advantageously worked hereafter." The American churchmen *talk* too much, however, and will be obliged, above all things, to *restore the Athanasian Creed* to their Prayer-Book. Their *men* are "undevout." The Lord's table is left to be "disproportionately attended by females and the aged." Yet Mr. Caswall prophesies great things of the Reformed Church in America, and the closing paragraph of his chapter is as enthusiastic as the vision of Bishop Berkeley.

The Appendix gathers up a number of interesting Church documents, among the rest a letter from Charles James London (alias Bishop Bloomfield) to the Bishop of Connecticut, in which he requests any missionary bishop, any "Right Reverend brother," on his way to his diocese, in Oregon or California, to perform for him, C. J. London, episcopal functions at Pitcairn's Island "for the benefit of the poor islanders"! We trust that the American Church will be grateful for the condescension of his lordship, and will send a special suffragan to relieve the sufferings of those who are ready to perish for lack of the lawn sleeves and anointed hands of a canonical bishop.

Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By WILLIAM SMYTH, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College. Portland: Sanborn & Carter. 1854.

THIS is an important addition to the means of elementary instruction in the department of the higher mathematics. Professor Smyth has rendered good service before to the cause of education, in the treatises which he has prepared and published on Algebra, Trigonometry, with its applications to surveying, engineering, and navigation, and also on Analytical Geometry, of which an improved edition is now in press. But this upon

the Calculus possesses peculiar merits, and entitles him to the thanks of both teachers and learners. One of its chief recommendations is its great clearness and simplicity, and the interest which it serves to awaken in the mind of the student. The whole subject, without any excess of statement or illustration, is brought within the comprehension of persons of ordinary mathematical powers, provided they have bestowed the requisite attention upon the preliminary branches. The plan which he proposed to himself appears to have been this: to proceed, without any long strides or missing steps, from the more easy to the more difficult; to render everything plain as he advanced; and to introduce no new principle, until the need of it is felt by the pupil, from his inability to make any further progress without it.

Of the three different methods of Leibnitz, Newton, and Lagrange, *The Method of Infinitesimals*, *The Method of Limits*, and that of *Derived Functions*, he makes use of the former, as, upon the whole, the best suited to his purpose; and he succeeds in explaining it in such a way as to relieve it of the objections which have sometimes been urged against it. "The ghosts of departed quantities," as Bishop Berkeley termed the vanishing increments, are shown to have existed to some purpose; and their power of becoming "ghosts" to have been essential to the purposes of their existence. The usual course of mathematical authors, in making two distinct parts of the calculus, leaving one wholly untouched until the other has been completed, is not followed in this work; but both parts are explained in connection, in such a manner as to afford an accurate conception of the whole. Having first exhibited the process of finding the differentials of quantities, and illustrated their use by examples relating to "the problem of tangents," he takes up, at once, the reverse process of integration, and explains the manner of returning from the differential to the original function. The next step is to show that some problems are to be solved by the former method alone, some by the latter alone, while others require both. In this manner he proceeds to apply the prinoiples of the calculus to the problem of maxima and minima, the theory of curves, the rectification of curve lines, the quadrature of curves and curve surfaces, the cubature of solids, transcendental curves, mechanics gravitation, hydrodynamics, attraction of spheres, motion of the celestial bodies, and the law of force.

The following brief quotation will show in what manner he contrives to render the subject interesting: —

"Galileo suspected the area of the cycloid to be three times that of the generating circle. This he sought to verify by a method purely mechanical. Failing to accomplish the object, he gave up the problem

as hopeless. About the year 1630, Mersenne suggested the problem to Roberval, one of the most distinguished geometers of the day, who failed to solve it. After a period of six years devoted to the study of the ancient geometry, the attention of Roberval was again directed to the problem, when he succeeded in effecting a solution. Let us now apply the calculus to it."

Ten or a dozen lines comprise the whole operation.

The book is commended to the notice of teachers and those who are engaged in mathematical studies or pursuits.

The Lands of the Saracen; or Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily, and Spain. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 451.

THIS is the second of a trio of volumes by a most earnest, cheerful, and undaunted traveller, — the first of which we have already noticed, upon Central America, — the remaining volume upon India not being yet prepared. Passing over more familiar ground than the African trip, steeped more sensibly in the indolence of that effeminate climate, committing some occasional inaccuracies, our famous pedestrian has yet given us a moving panorama, which is certain to be popular and instructive. A few things in it are to be regretted. The chapter upon Hasheesh had better not have been written. If from any vain curiosity an otherwise excellent man thrusts his head into the lion's mouth, if a generally temperate person steeps himself in an intoxication which lasts for several days, simply to call it Oriental is no excuse, still less is it an apology for racking his imagination in making the sensuality so dreamful that others may imitate it to their cost. For scientific ends, a man may be justified in running a certain hazard which no longing for new sensations can possibly excuse; the experiments of Hahneman, though sometimes dangerous, were as honorable to his self-sacrifice as those of De Quincey were degrading to himself and noxious to society.

Neither can we quite echo Mr. Taylor's eulogy of tobacco, the very fact that it is so admirably made being just so much against him; the constancy and universality of smoking making one of the most hopeless features of Moslem life. To sweep away the Harem would not more effectually reform the people than to banish the tchibouque; the indolence which prevents any Turkish reform, any Ottoman perpetuity, being quite as much sustained by the dreamy pipe as by the patriarchal plethora of wives.

But we must not be unjust to the charms of Mr. Taylor's "Pictures," the romance of his character, the buoyancy of his spirit, the freshness of his fancy, the perfection of his Arabic

sympathy, which make the attractions of this volume, and are wonderfully engaging in his Oriental Poems. Nor is it all upon hackneyed themes. The journey from Damascus north and west to Constantinople carried him over a region little visited, because of the danger, expense, dreariness, and monotony. If the traveller found but little on his perilous, uncomfortable, exhausting way through Asia Minor, it is a comfort to know that little is to be found; — that one has to take refuge from the prison-like desert in the glowing skies, from the wretchedness of the village in the majesty of the mountains, the wild sweep of the stream, the tropical exuberance of foliage.

For one passage we desire to thank Mr. Taylor. It is in the chapter upon "The City of Christ."

"I must frankly confess, in wandering through this city, revered alike by Christians, Jews, and Turks as one of the holiest in the world, I have been reminded of Christ the man, rather than of Christ the God. In the glory which overhangs Palestine afar off, we imagine emotions which never come when we tread the soil and walk over the hallowed sites. As I toiled up the Mount of Olives, in the very footsteps of Christ, panting with the heat and the difficult ascent, I found it utterly impossible to conceive that the Deity in human form had walked there before me. And even at night, as I walked on the terraced roof, while 'the balmy moon of blessed Israel' restores the Jerusalem of olden days to my imagination, the Saviour who thus haunts my thoughts is the man Jesus in those moments of trial when he felt the weakness of our common humanity; in that agony of struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane; in that still more bitter cry of human doubt and human appeal from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It would be well for many Christian sects did they keep more constantly before their eyes the sublime humanity of Christ. How much bitter intolerance and persecution might be spared the world, if, instead of simply adoring him as a Divine Mediator, they would strive to walk the ways he trod upon earth!" — p. 85.

The Oriental, or Tung-Ngai Saw-Luk. Vol. I. No. I.

It is an interesting proof of the increase of the Chinese element in the population of California, that it has been found necessary to issue there a tri-weekly newspaper in that tongue, of which the first number is before us. It is of respectable size, and, so far as we can judge from the English translation, given on the inside of the paper, able and spirited in its articles. Its objects are to diffuse information in regard to the Chinese in America, — to furnish intelligence from China and the Eastern countries, — to illustrate the Scriptures by a comparison of their archæology with the Oriental manners and customs, — and to

furnish an advertising medium for the extensive Chinese trade. The American editor is Rev. William Spear, the Chinese editor Mr. Lee Kan, a pupil of the American mission at Hong-Kong. Once in a week an English translation will appear. Such a journal, if it answers to its opening promise, will be one of the most useful, as it is certainly the most curious, of newspaper enterprises in this land of novelties. We shall look next for the "Japan Advertiser" and the "Kamschatka Courier"; and even the lunar rainbow may by and by turn out to be not so much a physical phenomena as the title of a chaste gazette, at four dollars per annum, with twenty thousand subscribers, after the moon is fairly "annexed."

An Address delivered in Petersham, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1854, in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of that Town. By EDMUND B. WILLSON. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 8vo. pp. 133.

YEAR by year these local anniversary addresses are multiplied. Many of them are hard to read, and must have been still harder to hear; some are doubtless interesting to those immediately concerned, but lack fascination for a general reader; while a few, in their style, their method, and their judgment in selection of facts, have all the attraction of substantial history. To this last class Mr. Willson's Address belongs. It is simple, chaste, and graceful in its diction; full, but not redundant in its materials; as enthusiastic as it ought to be for such an occasion, and from a son of the town. Petersham has never been a large place, nor relatively a place of great importance. Mr. Willson does not claim that the destinies of the nation were fixed in Petersham town-meetings, or that the lawyers, doctors, and ministers there all stood at the head of their several professions. But what they were and what they did he does not omit to tell, and no descendant may claim that his ancestors have been by the orator unjustly treated. With prudent, but rather provoking discretion, he has refrained from sketching some characters which gave him ample chance for humorous description. The few pleasant touches of fun which break out occasionally from the narrative make us regret that its writer has resisted so well his temptation to repeat some traditions, which have not lost their richness, though they have been often told. The race of Fosters figures largely in the story of clerical eccentricities, and the "Rev. Festus Foster" of Petersham is eminent of the race in that kind.

The modest doubt in the Preface about the "permanent value" of this Address will not be shared by its readers. It will probably be considered by the citizens of Petersham as the most excellent document which has ever originated from their town, excepting, perhaps, the famous Revolutionary manifesto of 1773, in drawing which they were assisted by Josiah Quincy, Jr. The Address gives that document in full, and argues from it the spirit of the people in "the times that tried men's souls." In the Appendix, some curious facts are stated concerning the early proprietors, the college graduates of the town, the Revolutionary soldiers, and the name of Petersham, — and a ground plan of the old first meeting-house is given, with the position of the pews around the walls, the names of their occupants, and the style of arranging the benches in the body of the house. Was it an undesigned coincidence that assimilated the form of ancient Puritan churches to the form of the Greek Basilicas of the third century? The ground plan of the Petersham meeting-house might pass very well for a plan of churches now existing in Trieste and Smyrna.

The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings. By CHARLES EDWARDS, Counsellor at Law. New York. 1855. 12mo. pp. 239.

SOME of the notices of this book have expressed surprise that so much could be made out of its subject. For our own part, if we allowed ourselves to wonder, it would rather be that there was made of it no more. The subject is an endless one. Like the ring which it describes, it perpetually runs upon itself, and at every point begins anew. The finger-ring is a very circle of human fortunes and fancies. It is connected with the earliest of the world's narratives, and yet is as novel and bright as ever to the young heart that opened but yesterday to sentiment and emotion. It clasps about the wildest dreams of romance, and makes solid the soberest relations of every-day life. It is a representative thing as strictly as any object that can be named, and its representations have the widest possible significance. It is a sign of rank, an ornament of beauty, a pledge of truth, a token of affection. What little volume of two or three hundred pages can exhaust its meaning, or tell its whole story of shifting fates, — passion, and sorrow, and joy, and love?

We thank the writer, however, for the contribution which he has here made to a theme that offers and exacts so much. He has made an agreeable book. It takes a broad range, gathers up its materials from many times and lands, and is stocked with a

great variety of pleasant information. Its method of treatment is a happy one. After an introductory chapter, devoted chiefly to the antiquities of his subject, the author describes, in the four chapters that follow, rings that denote authority, rings of charm and magic, rings connected with historical characters and events, and rings of affection. Under each of these heads he has something good to say. His style is for the most part sprightly and easy. It might have had a more careful handling in some places without being the worse for it; and we could almost wish that it had been a shade less ambitious in the digression about the Pyramids. But in the main it deserves praise. There is a heartiness about it that can hardly fail to make it genial to its readers. Some inaccuracies appear in the printing, which ought not to disparage so creditable a work in its next edition. "Clemente Alexandrino speaks," for example; and "Ghirlandais" for Ghirlandaio; and "Dumferline" for Dunfermline. In copying the Latin epigram of four lines, by George Buchanan, on the ring sent by Mary of Scotland to Queen Elizabeth, a whole word, "fruitur," is omitted in the first line; and "image" falsely stands for "mage" in the last. Another instance is even still more unfortunate. In an account of a thumb-ring on page ninety-two, we read: "Its motto was in quaint Latin, *Cauda piera meleor cera.*" The real inscription was: —

"Candu plera
Meleor cera";

which needs to be made clearer by writing it somewhat thus:

Quand Dieu plairra,
Melior serra;

and it is not Latin at all, but the old Norman French.

The book is published in Redfield's very best manner, and the numerous illustrations are handsomely executed.

Photographic Views of Egypt, Past and Present. By Joseph P. Thompson. Boston: John P. Jewett. 1854. 12mo. pp. 358.

It may seem hardly necessary that a work bearing this title should be recommended to the reading public. Egypt has attracted the earliest and the latest of known travellers, and advances the greatest variety of claims upon human interest. The profound classic scholar, and they whose only lore is drawn from the well-conned Bible; the ethnologist, and the student of that modern science, physical geography; the Orientalist, and the butterfly traveller who seeks only the excitement of novelty·

the antiquarian, above all, and he whose ingenuity loves to deal with an enormous puzzle, — each and all turn to Egypt with an insatiable curiosity. The darkness of her chronology and the brightness of her skies both have their lovers; and books of Egyptian travels, whether solid or superficial, are sure to find readers. But the work before us seems to have more than ordinary claims to be taken up for a careful perusal.

The author, Dr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church in New York, is a man prepared by education for a voyage up the Nile, and looks understandingly upon all that he sees. He is a religious man, and of a liberal spirit. He has no ordinary powers of description; and therefore, although we may have read travels in Egypt till the very creak of the sakia is in our ears when we think of the Nile, there is a freshness in his style that revives the emotions with which we yielded ourselves to the fascination of Miss Martineau's pages, in her better days.

Dr. Thompson is particularly interested in the chronology of Egypt, and the agreement of its monumental dates with those of the Bible. He vindicates the established antiquity of the Old Testament, from Gibbon's disingenuous use of Warburton's frank preference of the Samaritan authority. He admits that the chronology is not settled with precision, and that, "as it stands in the common text, it harmonizes neither with itself nor with the numerical epochs of the Old Testament which are given in the New Testament." He candidly shows the discrepancies between the Book of Kings and the Book of Judges, and also between Exodus and the Acts. But he also shows that these all belong to the time prior to Solomon, and maintains that, as Paul evidently used the authority of the Septuagint, — a version of the Old Testament made three hundred years before the date of the New, the work of men who added the culture of the Greek to the faith of the Jew, and who, "as Alexandrian scholars, would avail themselves of all the collateral light from the books, the traditions, and the monuments of Egypt," — we have the same reason that the Apostles had for preferring the Samaritan calculation, and we thus possess a harmonious and consistent chronology. Dr. Thompson does not pretend that this vexed question is disposed of; but he has done something, even in the brief space that could be given to the subject in this volume, to entitle him to the confidence and gratitude of the believer.

Other points to which he directs our attention are worth considering, as the opinions of a man of sense and experience. He assigns good reasons for believing that they who *can* accomplish a voyage up the Nile in search of relief from pulmonary and kindred complaints, may there best find what they seek.

And on yet another subject he mentions facts, that, if not

wholly new, afford material for serious consideration, taken in connection with affairs in our own country. The spirit of proselytism has long been extinct in the Mahometan faith; the religion of the Moslem is slowly dying. It has been the fashion to say so of the Church of Rome; but there the spirit of proselytism seems unextinguishable, and the self-confidence of Protestantism is receiving unexpected and wholesome rebukes from an indomitable and crafty antagonist, leaping up refreshed from slumber or seeming lethargy. Not alone in the heart of the New World, all throbbing with untamed energies, but in the decaying vitals of old Egypt herself, is the Romanist influence at work. The priest of that faith despises no place, no people, no means; goes everywhere, uses everybody, with universal sway ever glittering before him as an attainable prize. We sympathize with the spirit which led Dr. Thompson to examine Egypt as missionary ground, and would prevent the day when another religion of kindred pomp, show, and superstition shall sweep along the sites of those gigantic temples of ancient idolatry.

Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and arranged by the Author. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 296, 286.

MR. BRYANT has written comparatively little. Yet he has won for himself a permanent place and a high rank among American poets. There is that in the peculiar cast of his genius which addresses itself to every thoughtful student of nature, and indeed to every person of calm and reflective habits of mind. As a meditative poet, he must undoubtedly take precedence of our other poets, and as a delineator of the various phases of nature around us, his merit is scarcely less striking. Though often speaking in "mournful numbers," his poetry is singularly healthy in its tone, and is characterized by a vigor and condensation of thought and a polish of style which alike conspire to give him his present popularity, and to assure his future rank as a poet. His mind is essentially didactic, and his best pieces are those in which he interprets the lessons of nature and providence, in language, it must be admitted, often somewhat cold and austere, but never commonplace or trivial. Such poems as The Ages, Green River, To a Waterfowl, and Thanatopsis, are among the treasures of our poetical literature. To dramatic power Mr. Bryant's poetry makes no pretension. Nor has he often or very successfully cultivated lyrical composition. His hymns, it is true, are unsurpassed in all the characteristics which belong to that diffi-

cult species of verse. Some of his songs and of his translations from the Spanish are also graceful productions. But still it is in the highest forms of didactic poetry that his excellence is most marked. His versification is almost invariably polished and graceful; and his poems give evidence of repeated and careful revision. To this circumstance, as we have suggested, in connection with their pure and elevated tone, much of their popularity may doubtless be attributed.

The beautiful edition of his poems now before us is a new and gratifying proof of his popularity. In addition to the pieces comprised in the previous editions, it contains a few poems which are now first printed in a collected form; and the whole has been carefully revised. The typographical execution is highly creditable to the publishers, and the volumes are among the most beautiful that have been recently issued.

Diary of Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Fourth Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1854. 12mo. pp. 353.

The Earl of Carlisle has become so favorably known to our public by his excellent spirit when among us and his consistent friendliness after his return to England, that we are assured that the disclosures made in this unstudied narrative will be carefully heeded as soon as they become understood. His "Diary" contains nearly a year of Oriental travel, most of it in circumstances calculated to prejudice him against the Greeks, and in favor of the Turks: he was passing, that is to say, from one British official to another, from the Admiral's ship to the Ambassador's palace, from the anchorage at Besika Bay to the scene of civil war in Greece: and, without its being stated anywhere in so many words, his conclusion appears to be that Turkish Mohammedanism is nearly exhausted, and ought to be suffered to fall into its last sleep, while Greek Christianity, under some other auspices than Russian despotism or Bavarian stupidity, is the best promise of the Oriental future. We wish to lay before the American public, more alive now than ever before to the "Eastern Question," some emphatic and yet unexaggerated statements from an honest and accurate work which may fail of republishment here. First, of the Turk: —

"November 16, 1853. — I am now for a season leaving the Turkish waters. I am tempted to throw back a momentary glance on the remarkable empire which they bathe, at this portentous moment of its fortunes. Even independently of the direct alliance which now unites it with our own country and with the civilization of Europe, we must necessarily admire the high and even heroic spirit with which the Turk-

ish rulers and people have now thrown themselves upon the issue with that enormous power, which, reckoned sufficiently colossal by the rest of Europe, must have tenfold threatening proportions for them. Moreover, in this fearful struggle which they have thus not shrunk from encountering, it is impossible not to admit that the justice of the cause is wholly on their side. . . . . At the same time, while our sympathy, our admiration, and our conscience are thus co-enlisted on the side of Turkey, I think that no calm observer should be misled either respecting her present condition or her probable prospects. Among the lower orders of the people there is considerable simplicity and loyalty of character, and a fair disposition to be obliging and friendly. Among those who emerge from the mass, the exceptions from thorough-paced corruption are most rare; and, in the whole routine of official life, under undeviating good breeding, a spirit of servility, detraction, and vindictiveness appears constantly at work. The bulk of the people is incredibly uninformed and ignorant. I am told that now they fully believe that the French and English fleets have come in the pay of the Sultan, and when the Austrian mission of Count Leiningen arrived in the early part of this year, they were persuaded it was to obtain the permission of the Sultan for the young Emperor to wear his crown!

"Perhaps the most fatal, if not the most faulty, bar to national progress, is the incurable indolence which pervades every class alike, from the Pasha puffing his perfumed narghilé in his latticed kiosk on the Bosphorus, to the man in the ragged turban, who sits cross-legged with his unadorned tchibouque in front of a mouldy coffee-shop in the meanest village.

"On the continent, in the islands, it is the Greek peasant who works and thrives; the Turk reclines, smokes his pipe, and decays. The Greek village increases its population and teems with children; in the Turkish village you find roofless walls and crumbling mosques. When you leave the partial splendors of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favored beyond all others? — deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people!" — pp. 180 – 184.

And now, after this reluctant verdict, extorted not only by our author's whole experience of Turkish life under one of its most favorable exhibitions, but drawn from the familiar intercourse of men like Sir Stratford Canning, who have made Turkey their home, who understand the language better than a native, and are more respected by the people than the ephemeral officials of their own emperor, let us turn to the other side of the picture, and survey the Greek government in its shamelessness and the Greek nation in their baffled but not extinguished promise. The Earl will be found in this presentation to be as well informed and accurate as he is impartial and generous. It is under the date of December 6.

"I have barely adverted to the politics of Modern Greece. I may, however, sum up from all that I have seen or read or heard among persons of different nations, stations, and principles, that the present government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all,

contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The Constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation is employed, the absence of the voters who regard the whole process as a mockery is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting papers by the *gens d'armerie*, — a height of impudence to which WE have not yet soared. Persons, the most discredited by their characters and antecedents, are forced on the reluctant constituencies; and are occasionally advanced to places of high trust. The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigor of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communications, except in the immediate neighborhood of the capital, are deplorable; the provinces — and here I can hardly except the neighborhood of the capital — teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel; the public debt is not paid; an offer by a respectable company to institute a steam navigation was declined at the very period of my visit. Bitter, indeed, is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once honored cause. Yet the feeling, so natural to them, should stop far short of despair. When it is remembered that about twenty-three years ago the only building at the Piræus was a small convent, and that at the same time there was not a single entire roof in Athens; and that we now find at the harbor noble wharves and substantial streets, and at the base of the Acropolis, not indeed a renewal of its elder glories, but what would be thought anywhere a fresh and comely city; — it would be impossible to deny either the possibility or presence of progress: it is of deeper importance that, as I believe, there undoubtedly are solid materials for advance and improvement among the bulk of the Greeks themselves; their high intelligence no detractor could think of denying; they seem capable of patient and persevering energy, the zeal for education pierces to the very lowest ranks; many instances are known of young men and women coming to Athens and engaging in service for no other wages than the opportunity to attend some place of instruction; and, when an exception is made of the classes most exposed to contact with the abuses of government, and the frivolities of a society hurriedly forced into a premature refinement, there is much of homely simplicity, cheerful temperance, and hearty good-will amidst the main body of the country population. The most essential element in thus forecasting the destinies of a people is their religion; it is notorious that the religion of the modern Greek is encumbered with very much both of ignorance and superstition. I believe that, in a fair comparison of the Greek Church with her Latin sister, she must be acknowledged to lag behind her, in the activity and zeal which constitute the missionary character of a church, and in the spirit of association for purposes of benevolence; but she possesses a superiority in two points full of value and pregnant with promise; she has more tolerance towards other religious communities, and she encourages the perusal of the Holy Scriptures." — pp. 208 - 211.

Take now the fact noticed by the Diarist near Therapia, "the disappearance of the Turkish inhabitants," his companion giving them forty years without war or violence to vanish out of the land, — "in connection with the facility of improvement which

in a score of years would purge the Greek character of those vices nourished by ages of servitude, and we see that a decent Christian government may yet recover that most abused quarter of the world, and make it again the joy of the whole earth."

Physical and Analytic Mechanics. By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, Perkins Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Harvard University, and Consulting Astronomer to the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. *Developed in Four Systems of Analytic Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytic Morphology.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855.

Two hundred pages of this splendid work have been printed, and a few copies bound, for the use of students in Harvard College. The entire work will consist of four volumes quarto, 500 pages in each volume, and will occupy about ten years in printing. The first volume is upon Analytical Mechanics, the second upon Celestial Mechanics, and these two volumes consist chiefly in a beautiful and forcible presentation, with original demonstrations, of the results attained by other geometers. In the third and fourth volumes the matter is more entirely and strictly original; Potential Physics and Analytic Morphology. The whole will form by far the best contribution to the exact sciences ever made on this side the Atlantic, and will be printed and bound, if we may judge from these anticipatory volumes, in a style that will do honor to the liberality and good taste of the publishers. We say liberality, as the abstruse nature of the studies renders it impossible that there should ever be a remunerative sale of so costly a work.

The Problem Solved; or, Sin not of God. By MILES P. SQUIER, D.D., Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Beloit College. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1855. 16mo. pp. 255.

THE Problem Solved! Not exactly, Dr. Squier! You have not even stated it fairly and fully; much less have you met it boldly; least of all have you cleared its difficulties and set it in the light of intelligible and approved reason. The problem is, How shall we show it to be consistent with the principles of rectitude and honor in the Divine government, that this earth should be inhabited by a race of beings who are born with the inheritance of a ruined nature, the exercise and development of which must be sinful, while they are held to an accountability for holi-

ness, the penalty of failure being eternal misery? A man who publishes a book, the title of which affirms that this problem is solved, makes a boast of a far more serious character than would one who should profess to have squared the circle; and he would be sure of a host of anxious readers, if the claim which he sets up had not been so often advanced only to be followed by disappointment to those who gave it a hearing. The simple truth is, that the only way in which that *problem* can be solved is in refusing to allow that there is any such problem, that is, by denying some one of the terms which are put together to constitute it. If the problem were indeed one proposed to us by God, then the proper way of dealing with it would be to say that it was not intended for our solution. This is the substitute for an explanation of it which is adopted by the divines of the Princeton school, whose theory that the problem is to be accepted by a "blind, sightless faith," as the only "safeguard and protection of piety," is indignantly repudiated by our author.

This book is one of the many volumes or essays called out by Dr. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages." That remarkable production, though it is working its effects more slowly and quietly than might have been expected, is fraught with an untold amount of influence over the formation of opinion among the rising classes of theologians in the Calvinistic ranks. It has not yet received a thorough and candid treatment from any one of the author's own brotherhood. The Bibliotheca Sacra and The New-Englander, the two ablest periodicals of the denomination, have both dodged the volume, and month after month we have been disappointed in our expectations of seeing Dr. Beecher's book taken hold of by a master's hand. Dr. Squier does not lack courage or confidence. Neither is he wanting in talent. His essay is written with considerable ability, and though the punctuation of some of his sentences confuses the reader as to their sense, there is occasionally a logical terseness, a power of expressing fresh statements, and a clearness of insight into some established errors, which give promise of satisfaction, not however fulfilled. He aims to withstand every phase and shaping of the theory that sin is of God, or was designed mediately by him for any ultimate moral end, and he repudiates, as we have said, the evasive plea that there is an insoluble mystery about sin which warns us off from any attempt to explain its darkest secret. He therefore denies that God is the only cause, he extends an independent power of creation or causation to lower intelligences, ascribes sin to the free exercise of the intelligence intrusted to man by God, and affirms that God has no relation to sin, save a relation of resistance and redemption. But if the intelligence which God intrusts to us is already tainted and vitiated by an inherited bias towards evil, then God gives us impaired and corrupted faculties,

so that the same old problem stands at the end of the book which stood at the beginning of it. Dr. Squier says, "Moral evil, both as a method and a fact, is fully accounted for in finite cause. Sin is possible only in the finite, and through apostasy there." But must this apostasy take place as the result of the independent exercise of an unvitiated intelligence in each individual sharer of it? or is it an inherited perversion descending from the first man to all his posterity? The issue opened by these two questions is most unaccountably passed over by our author. Again, he says, "Finite intelligences are of course dependent on God for their being and constituent attributes, but possessing these, they have a *nature*, — an intelligent, moral nature [a ruined one?], — and that nature is, to use the materials of thought and feeling, — to give rise to their own voluntary states, — to originate their own acts, and be themselves the authors of their own conduct and character." But if our intelligence is derivative from God, ought it to pass to us through the corruptive channel of the Devil?

Try again, Dr. Squier, or, if you yield the floor, let the next one try.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The library of the late Dr. Gieseler, the eminent Church historian, is now offered for sale. It is not, indeed, so large as might at first have been expected. Yet the position of the Professor, as librarian of the University of Göttingen, made it unnecessary for him to purchase extensive works, such as the writings of the Fathers and the Schoolmen; and other circumstances also doubtless prevented his spending more money for books, as he enjoyed in full measure the felicity spoken of by the Psalmist (Ps. cxxvii. 4, 5), lacking but ten to rival the celebrated Count Abensberg, who, during Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers brought their treasures to the King, presented his thirty-two children to his sovereign, as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. Nevertheless, the collection numbers from three to four thousand volumes, it contains valuable books in the departments of Church History, Biography, the History of Doctrines, Dogmatics, &c., and the deficiency of the older works in theology is supplied by those of the very latest times. As the libraries of Neander and Thilo are now in our country, it is to be hoped that this of their abler contemporary will follow them. The price asked for the collection is 1250 thalers (not quite $ 1000), which cannot be thought dear, inasmuch as 1000 thalers have been already offered by an antiquarian bookseller in Leipzig. A catalogue of the library may be obtained from Henry Linnekogel, at the "Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses" in Halle on the Saale, who can be confidently recommended as agent for the purchase and transportation of the same.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1855.

Art I. — THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL REACTION IN GERMANY.*

To those who have been accustomed to consider Rationalism as from its extent and influence the great evil of modern Germany, and for that reason have been wont to disparage its theology and dissuade young men from visiting its universities, it may perhaps be a surprise to learn, not only that the old heresy, properly so called, is utterly extinct (having degenerated to the *rationalismus vulgaris*, and then died, literally from want of breath), — which might be inferred from the fact that its opponents and friends are now writing its history, and that it has been combated by the Tübingen no less than by the Evangelical school, — but that theologians who sympathize with Dorner and Müller, whom no one will suspect of laxity in matters of faith, apprehend most danger at the present day, not from an extreme infidelity, but rather from an excessive orthodoxy. This it is which

* *Upon the Present Ecclesiastical Crisis, particularly the Relation of the Evangelical Theological Faculties to Science and the Church. A Memorial from the Theological Faculty of the George Augustus University to the Royal Curatorium of the same, in Defence of the Evangelical Liberty of Instruction against Recent Assaults.* Göttingen: Published by Dietrich. 1854.

now imperils the interests of science, and has actually brought about a crisis in the Church. The alarm which it has universally excited testifies to its diffusion and its strength. Already it commands the universities of Erlangen, Leipsic, and Rostock, as indicated by the protest against the confession of faith adopted by the Synod at Berlin, signed on the 20th of September, 1853, by thirteen of their professors;* but not satisfied with these, it is endeavoring to take, by storm, siege, or stratagem, the other strong-holds in the several German kingdoms. In Prussia, notwithstanding the royal decree, issued on the 11th of October of the preceding year, which warned the Wittemberg Conference of Lutheran Pastors "against striving to obtain for their particular creed such a degree of authority as would make unity in the Church and its government impossible, since by persisting in this course they would soon be unable to pay that respect and obedience to ecclesiastical orders which they now acknowledge that they are bound to render," it boldly continues its attacks upon the Union and its supporters. In Weimar it has long been at work to undermine the university and seminary of Jena, and in Dessau to obtain a more complete control over the pulpits and the schools. In Hesse it has been laboring to effect the expulsion of Dr. Credner from Giessen, while in Mecklenburg it has succeeded in ejecting a follower of Schleiermacher and Neander from his pastoral office, which he had held for twenty years. In Hesse-Cassel it has been plotting the overthrow of the Reformed Church, notwithstanding its legally chartered rights, and in Hanover, after having secured the aid of a portion of the clergy, it has dared to grasp at the jewel of the crown, the Göttingen University. Documents revealing the character of these machinations now lie printed before us,† but the conspiracies which it has

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* "The Creed of the Lutheran Church defended against the Creed of the Berlin Kirchentag by several Teachers of Theology and Ecclesiastical Law." Erlangen. 1853. pp. 8.

"The Augsburg Confession and the Berlin Kirchentag. A Justification by Consistorial-Rath Professor Dr. F. A. Pischon." Berlin. 1853. pp. 48.

† In addition to the discussions in the political and religious journals, see

"The Modern Doctrine of the Union. An Address delivered at the Leipsic Conference on the 31st of August and 1st of September, 1853, by Professor Dr. F. A. Kahnis." Leipsic. 1853. pp. 38.

"Examination of the Attacks directed by Dr. Kahnis against the Evan-

instigated in Brunswick, in Nassau, in Bavaria, in the Pfalz, and in other places, have not as yet been so thoroughly exposed. The principal organs which are active in its service are the Evangelical Church Gazette, published by Hengstenberg, in Berlin, the Review for Protestantism and Church, issued by Thomasius and Hofmann in Erlangen, and the Journal for the Interests of the Lutheran Church, edited by Petri, in Hanover; to which may be added, as in daliance with the cause, Rudelbach's Review for the Lutheran Theology and Church, and the Halle "People's Paper for City and Country." The head-quarters of this widely extended movement may be said to be Berlin, whence go forth the orders from the Prussian Vicar-General and his coadjutors, Stahl and Gerlach, which, put in execution in the Rhine provinces and in Southern Germany, occasion results that there seem quite inexplicable.

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gelical Union and its Theological Defenders. By Dr. K. J. Nitzsch. Reprinted from the 'German Periodical for Christian Science,' etc., and enlarged by a Supplement from the Author." Berlin. 1854. pp. 73.

"The Cause of the Lutheran Church in Opposition to the Union. A Letter to Ober-Consistorial-Rath Professor Dr. K. J. Nitzsch, from Karl Freid. Aug. Kahnis, Doctor of Theology and Ordinary Professor in the University of Leipsic." Leipsic. 1854. pp. 97.

"The Evangelical Union, its Nature and Divine Right, described by Dr. Julius Müller. 'God give us grace to become pious sinners. For Christianity consists not in having attained, but in following after. Therefore he who is a Christian is no Christian.—Luther.'" Berlin. 1854. pp. 418.

"The Confessional Development of the Church of Hesse, or the Good Rights of the Reformed Church in the Electorate of Hesse. By Professor Dr. H. Heppe." Frankfort. 1853. pp. 56.

Particularly see the "Memorial respecting the Controversial Troubles in the Evangelical Church of the Electorate of Hesse, made public by Henry Heppe, Doctor of Theology and Philosophy, and Professor of Theology in Marburg." Cassel. 1854. pp. 111.

"My Removal from Office, set forth in Legal Documents, by G. Bartholdi, formerly Preacher in Röbel in Mecklenburg-Schwerin." Berlin. 1854. pp. 108. The following is the simple and pathetic Preface of the author: —

"'Is it true, then,' the late Professor Neander asked me, shortly before his death, 'that the members of the Mecklenburg Established Church will not recognize the progress which has been made in theology?' At that time, I was in doubt how to answer this question, which was so full of meaning. At present, however,—now that I have been removed from my pastoral office after twenty years of faithful service, 'because I had, to too great an extent, followed Schleiermacher,' (from whom we are wont to date the progress which the Evangelical Church and theology have made,) on which account, and because guided by the principles clearly established by that great theologian, I found that I could not bind myself to the strictly literal observance of a new form of baptism, which quite recently had been enjoined upon the preachers, but the substance of which was derived from the year 1603, — I see, indeed, that there was good reason for

In character, this party professes to be strictly Lutheran. Whilst in other Protestant countries orthodoxy is usually identical with Calvinism, in Germany, as the history of the Prussian Union and the name "Evangelical Lutheran" show, the Reformed Church has never received full and universal recognition. If the doctrines of consubstantiation and the ubiquity of the body of Christ appear not so exclusively prominent in the present controversy as in former ones, they are none the less tenaciously maintained (though the more rational believe rather in the *multi*presence of the Saviour's body, since its *omni*presence would imply that it was in every corpse); while the opposition to the peculiar Reformed views, the oft-repeated assertion that the Lutheran is the only true Church, the vindication of the appellation "Mother of God" as applied to the Virgin,* and the

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the question of that excellent man, who stood upon the high middle ground between the extreme tendencies of the present times.

"It gives me pain to leave my native place, perhaps for ever, my wife and child probably for a long time; it grieves me to the heart to separate from two churches, who even to the last gave me the most touching proofs of the truest attachment. Yet, when I am altogether deprived of the freedom of publicly laboring for the Gospel in the land of my home, emigration becomes a duty and a necessity. But never will I lay down the pilgrim's staff, which I must now take up, till I have found a country where I can live free, according to the Gospel ordinances of my own faith."

We doubt not, however, that

"More true joy Bartholdi exiled feels,
Than Gerlach with a Senate at his heels."

* "Can Mary be called by Lutherans also the Mother of God?" An article by H. O. Köhler in Rudelbach's Review for the Lutheran Theology and Church, 1854, Heft 4. The writer rejects as Nestorian the Reformed view, and justifies the Greek and Romish Church in saying that Christ was God while yet in the womb of Mary, and in calling her therefore the Mother of God. "Nestorius took offence that God should be born of a woman, the Eternal One from a virgin, the Creator from a creature, and here there is only one alternative: either he who was born of Mary was not God the Son, Christ was not God; or he was God the Son, but only the man Jesus was born, and the Godhead had no part in it, since a mother cannot bear any one who is older than herself, and can only give birth to what is of the same nature as herself. — The heads of the Church at that time rightly opposed this dividing of the person of Christ; for if it was true that God could not be born, it was also true that God could not suffer. But if God had not suffered and died, men would not have been redeemed, since one man cannot redeem or atone for another; and so likewise if Christ were crucified only in his human nature. But if God has suffered for us, — as he has, — he was also born of a woman, and this woman must be called Theotocos, the Mother of the Son of God, or, more briefly, the Mother of God. He only who could give Mary this name of honor could ascribe to the divine nature in Christ an active share in the work of redemption; and, on the other hand, he who refused this name of honor was

earnest pleas for the Apocrypha in the Old Testament as constituting a proper part of the Lutheran Bible,* still betray the old antipathy to Calvinism. Their positive expressions of reverence for their master certify likewise unequivocally their discipleship; his declarations are quoted as if they were infallible, his translation regarded well-nigh as inspired, while he himself is almost worshipped as the last of God's chosen prophets, through whom he had now made the final and perfect revelation of his will. Some, shocked at this "Lutherolatry," and conscious how un-Lutheran it is, have exclaimed, "O Luther, Luther! if thou wert yet alive, how wouldst thou chastise these followers of thine, and drive them back from thy word to the word of God!" — or, to ridicule the men who dub everything with the name of the great Reformer, they have asked if they would not soon write Lutheran spelling-books, build Lutheran houses, and plant Lutheran potatoes. In other respects, however, these zealots are not surpassed in stringency by the strictest Calvinists. They are unwilling that any books should be used in the churches containing hymns not written two centuries ago, that is to say, in their apostolic age, and these, notwithstanding much that is objectionable to a cultivated taste both in form and sentiment, must be "unadulterated." † The proposition

driven to the worst consequences. One of the Nestorians took the part of the Jews, and said they had not mal-treated God, but man. We are not redeemed by the fact that Christ turned water into wine at Cana, or caused the fig-tree to wither away; but by this, that He, the Eternal God, came down from heaven, took upon him flesh and blood like ourselves (was born of a woman like ourselves), and then suffered death, which God the Father cannot suffer, and God the Holy Spirit cannot suffer, because those persons of the Godhead have taken no flesh and blood, but which God the Son could suffer because he has become flesh. (John i. 14.) He who will take from Mary the honor of being the mother of God takes from the child she bore the honor of being God."

* "In Behalf of the Retaining of the Apocrypha. From the Evangelical Church Gazette." Berlin. 1853. pp. 58.

"The Apocrypha. Defence of the old Traditional Annexation of the same to the Bible, by Dr. Rudolph Stier." Brunswick. 1853. pp. 148.

† "Kirchentried und Kirchenlied. Appendix — Die Sänger im unverfälschten Liedersegen. Von G. C. H. Stip." Hanover. 1853. pp. 77.

"The Hymn-Book Question, when and how will it be settled?" Ansbach. 1853. pp. 144.

"Changes or not in the Hymns of the Church? One hundred and twenty Theses, by Rudolph Stier, Doctor of Theology, Superintendent and First Preacher in Schkenditz." Brunswick. 1854. pp. 47.

"The Hymns of the Evangelical Church and the Firebrand of the Creed.

also has been seriously made, to forbid not only dancing and the game of lotto, but jests of every kind; for though the Psalmist by poetic license uses the expression, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision," we are nowhere informed in the New Testament that the Son of Man, when he walked upon the earth, even smiled.

Bigotry is usually in proportion to ignorance; and accordingly we find these enthusiasts, with all the zeal of the men whose followers they profess to be, totally destitute of their learning and ability. They are sticklers for the old, not because it is good, but because it is ancient; not considering that error sanctioned by age is doubly dangerous. Great men are seldom produced by any such reaction. The Theological Faculty of Göttingen assert that they have not an eminent theologian among their number; and indeed they have little inducement to investigate and endeavor to comprehend the points at issue between the two confessions, inasmuch as they hold all differences to be wrong. The remark of the old lady, who declared that she knew how

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A Denial addressed to Mr. Stier. By G. C. H. Stip." New Brandenburg. 1854. pp. 65. Stip is surprised at the fastidiousness of Stier, who considered that it was far more objectionable to speak of God being "arrested," than to say, "God died from love and compassion for his creatures." The Eisenach Conference objected to such expressions as "O grosse Noth, Gott selbst ist todt!" but Stip justifies them by quoting from Wesley the words "washed in the sanctifying blood of an expiring Deity," and from Watts, the well-known lines, —

> "Well might the sun in darkness hide,
> And shut his glories in,
> When God, the mighty Maker, died
> For man, the creature's sin."

He cites with approbation the phrase, "Jehovah, God the Son," but stigmatizes as Unitarian Mrs. Barbauld's hymns, which speak of Jesus as the Son of God, as well as Lant Carpenter's remarks that "Christ could not be truly God as Jehovah is; it is impossible that God should die; Son denotes inferiority and subordination." He says that Dr. Whitby held Jesus to be *verus Deus*, but not *summus Deus*, and then gives an article from the creed of the London Unitarians: "We do not believe in the Athanasian Creed; to our understanding it is contradictory and absurd; and we shudder at the solemn and awful defiance of charity and mercy with which it opens and concludes." Lastly, he reprints Mardon's reply to Noel, who had affirmed that God did die: "You have here left your favorite author, Dr. Pye Smith, for that amiable person has publicly declared his abhorrence of such language"; and he refers to Dr. Watts's desire, expressed by Mr. Grove, to change this phraseology, "but it was out of his power, and the bookseller would not suffer any such alteration."

to pray both as the Lutherans and the Reformed, meaning that she could repeat the Lord's Prayer beginning with "Vater Unser" or "Unser Vater," may indicate the extent of the knowledge which many have, who are Lutherans from birth rather than from conviction. Hengstenberg has remarked, that only professors and students still retain the scientific views formerly received, which the clergy and the people have long since renounced and forsaken. Abating the great superficiality of the students and the extreme infidelity of the people, we think that no person of intelligence could hesitate, if called upon to choose between the pre-eminent superiority of the professors on the one hand, and the extraordinary inferiority of the clergy on the other. Yet the influence exercised by this rapidly increasing faction is truly wonderful. It is felt in the gymnasiums, in the opposition to the study of the classics, and the introduction of the strictest Lutheran text-books for religious instruction. It is seen at the universities, where the greater part of the theological students, perceiving that their future success in obtaining offices in the Church will depend entirely upon their agreement with the creeds, endeavor as speedily as possible to silence all their doubts, and to bring their minds to think in accordance with the confession, attending merely such lectures as are required to be heard, and studying the notes of those professors only by whom they will be examined. Thus the unrivalled privileges which are offered here, resulting from an unlimited choice of lectures upon the most various subjects by the most gifted men, are in fact available mainly to foreigners; for the Germans, in general, seldom listen to professors of theology and philosophy who contradict their own preconceived notions, however able they may be, but to criticize and condemn. It is not infrequent, therefore, that esteemed Evangelical professors, who value their honesty more than their orthodoxy, and who cannot conscientiously repeat the opinions commonly received, are obliged, before delivering the reasons for their present views, first to defend themselves against the prejudices of their hearers. The commentaries, too, which are now appearing, from their uncritical character seem more worthy of the English than of the German press; while authors eminent in the departments of criticism and

philosophy begin already to complain that they are not rewarded for the time and labor bestowed on their scientific works, when those for whom they were designed have neither the interest to read, nor the capacity to understand them.* And in general society, it is not simply this or that heretical opinion which is now spoken against, but science itself is put under the ban. Hence the popular denunciations of modern philosophy and speculative theology, and the endeavors to forestall the results of critical inquiry by appeals to the decision of the creeds. Hence the anathemas against those, who are both preachers and professors, who hold indeed the doctrines of the Church, but do so on grounds of reason and not of mere authority, — their attempt to explain the Trinity being considered equivalent to a denial of it. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that, in the midst of such a lamentable state of things, many are looking with anxiety into the future,† and that orthodox theologians do not hesitate to declare, that Rationalism, which never was the enemy of science, is preferable to their narrowness and exclusiveness,‡ and that they even have exclaimed, "God save us from these future heirs of the established Church of Prussia!"

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* So Dr. Edward Zeller, in the Preface to his latest work, "The Acts, its Contents and Origin critically investigated." Stuttgart. 1854. pp. 524. As one proof of the other statement, see Richer's Commentary on the Account of Creation, Paradise, and the Flood. 1854.

† Professor Müller asks, in his Review, "What appearance will these matters have ten or twelve years hence?" See also Lücke, in the "German Periodical" for 1853, p. 51.

‡ "On the other hand," says Stier, a defender of the theory of verbal inspiration, "let me for my humble self, and I hope to God in the name of many others, also lay down a confession. I unite myself (if it be possible and they will only in any way acknowledge my Lord Jesus) with all honest-seeking Rationalists, whom the bugbear of your dogmas has heretofore prevented from finding Christ, rather than with you, who delight and are determined to quarrel in God's churches." At the Berlin Synod Nitzsch declared, "The Committee is not ashamed, it rejoices and exults, that it does not reject, but welcomes, the eclectic Rationalism, which holds the faith in Jesus Christ in connection with such elements from which necessarily result supernatural views." Julius Muller speaks of the emancipation from the yoke of doctrinal systems which Rationalism brought to Biblical criticism, and Lücke says (in No. 22 of the "German Periodical" for 1854), that "while down to a certain period it can be considered as expired," yet that "in the strife of extreme views to-day it also has its rights, and should not be regarded as a purely unjustified disturber in the history of theology and the Church, or as a presumptuous perverter and misleader of the people."

A Lutheranism so extreme and so unscientific might be expected, in proportion to its hostility to Calvinism, to approximate more nearly to Romanism. Thus is explained the Popish character of many of its doctrines,— the importance it attaches to the creed, the value it ascribes to the sacrament, and the position it assigns to the clergy;* though, judged by its own principles, in the age of its tradition, the power and number of its sacraments, and the scale of its mediators between God and man, the Church of Rome is manifestly far superior. So also we must account for the compliments it pays to its "sister" church, and for its sympathies for the Archbishop of Freiburg in his recent strife, (notwithstanding he declared to the government, that "in his office as Archbishop he was no subject,") as manifested in an article from Professor Leo, in Halle, which called forth against it a public protest from a number of Westphalian pastors.† And finally, this alone furnishes the key to declarations like the following from "The People's Paper for City and Country": "The Catholic Church is more than our friend, it is our own flesh and blood separated from us; it is the half of our own self, and its dishonor is our dishonor, and its prosperity is our prosperity"; — which prompted the publisher of the "True Protestant," Dr. Marriott of Basel, to send the editor a demand, either to retract the statement as unprotestant and untrue, or publicly defend the same at the Kirchentag in Frankfort, — a challenge which he had not the courage to accept. This movement therefore is rightly termed "New Lutheran," for it goes far beyond even Luther himself. The *Revue Chrétienne* truly described its character in saying of its leaders, "*M. Stahl et M. Hengstenberg essayent de constituer un veritable Ultramontisme Protestant*"; and the best proof of the crypto-catholicism of its doctrines is the fact that Old Lutherans like Harless, Höfling, and Guericke have equally opposed them.

Hitherto the Lutherans have been accustomed to cen-

* "The (Pastoral) Office of the New Testament, according to the Teachings of the Scriptures and of the Lutheran Creeds. Nine Theses again explained and justified against Professor Höfling. By Superintendent A. F. D. Münchmeyer." 1853. pp. 83.

† This Protest appeared in No. 51 of the Evangelical Church Gazette for 1854.

sure the Episcopal Church of England on account of its Romish tendencies; experience now shows with what consistency and right, for of the two German Puseyism is the more ridiculous. It fancies that it can re-establish the seventeenth in this nineteenth century, and put back the clock of time two hundred years. While some liberal Romanists have spoken of the perfectibility of Catholicism, it will not admit that its doctrinal system can be improved; but it would be easier to bring again into fashion the manners and customs of that period in civil and social life, than at this day to revive its Flaccian ubiquitistic Lutheranism. Who would have expected that, in the country which was the cradle of the Reformation, Protestants calling themselves after the name of Luther would now be hastening so rapidly to Rome? Their high-church principles carried out a little further will restore all the abominations of the mother Church. They need only put the service of the altar yet more above the sermon, and they have their Mass; to prescribe for every Sunday in the year its hymns and prayers, and they make a Missal and Breviary; and to forbid all emendations of their version of the Bible, and they restore the Vulgate! Such are their unwearied efforts to bring back the good old times, "when the symbolical books passed for more than the Bible, and were regularly brought with it into the pulpit; when many a little Pope decreed in his bull, Whatsoever is not Lutheran is accursed; when it was proved that the Reformed Church had 666 errors in common with the Turks; and when the Wittemberg Faculty of Theology went in a body to a ball and danced, for the sake of making a demonstration against the Pietists!"

It is natural to inquire, what those who are so clamorous for the pure doctrine are contributing to promote the cause of pure morals. Vanity Fair still has for one of its principal streets, as when Bunyan's Pilgrim saw it, its "German Row," and Christian and Faithful in passing through it have often to encounter Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Love-lust, and Mr. Hate-light. But how little is done by the men (as far as can be known) who are most redoubtable as champions for the faith in order to check the coarse profligacy of Leipsic, or to unmask the polished and more deadly immorality of Berlin! Yet here

is the real stigma and curse of Germany. It is not the poor ghost of Rationalism, which,

> "Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
> Is for the day confined to fast in fires,"

that there is much reason to dread. It is rather the low tone of public sentiment, seen in the questionable ethics, the equivocal morality, and the unscrupulous means of the adherents even of this straitest sect, which is the greatest evil to be feared. This is the German Lore Ley with her siren strains, decoying the sailors from their course to her craggy seat, and then leaving them to perish shipwrecked upon the rocks. Yet perhaps it is not surprising that, where lotteries are instituted by the government, where theological professors excuse the duel, and where recently the best duellist at one of the universities was a student of theology, so little is done to elevate the masses, or to protect and sanctify family life. The lectures on Practical Theology, indeed, usually occupy both *semesters* of the year; but in the cities, notwithstanding very many never enter the church, pastoral care seldom constitutes a practical part of ministerial duty, and the superintendent of one of the large dioceses has confessed, that his parishioners would be astonished if he should visit them in their families, except in cases of sickness or by invitation. How different from this the preaching in the streets and in the coal-pits of England, and our own Ministry at Large! Thus, at a time when Catholics are compassing sea and land in order to make proselytes, as their ecclesiastical usurpations in Baden, their attempts to confiscate the Protestant foundations in Strasburg,* and their reported schemes to establish a new Catholic university in Prussia, clearly indicate, these modern Reformers, instead of opposing, now imitate and encourage them, preaching a crusade against Calvinists and Unionists. In a community where atheism and pantheism have destroyed the faith of many in the personality of God and the divine mission of Jesus, they are disputing about the relations of the immanent

* "The most Recent Assaults of Ultramontanism upon the Protestant Church in Elsass." Leipsic. 1854. pp. 52. Also, "Protestant Church Gazette," No. 31, pp. 769, 770.

Trinity and the presence of Christ in the sacrament. And to men who are indifferent to the first commandment of the law, they continually repeat the question, "Which is the first article of the confession?" — as though any one were ever converted by the creed! Verily, this is not saving faith; it certainly is not a faith that removes mountains.

The words even of the old prophet (Jer. xxiii. 21, 22) rebuke this neglect of the weightier matters of the law; how much more the Gospel of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost! Would that it were only believed that "one drop of the blood of Christ in the veins is more precious than all orthodox knowledge," and that "a grain of living faith in the heart is of more worth than the whole dried flora of sound doctrines dead in the understanding and memory." Then the startling contrasts which have lately been brought to light between the very high orthodoxy and the very low morality (*ecclesia de internis non judicat*) in the academic life of the seventeenth century,* would find no parallel in the universities of to-day; and there would be no reason to infer from the life and language of some, who seem literally to believe that "man is justified by faith *alone*," (as Luther's version complements the text,) "without the deeds of the law," that the motto on their escutcheon was *Doctrina reformata, vita deformata.*

To point out the causes which have produced this great and unexpected revulsion is not so easy as to describe its nature and extent. We may mark the progress and trace the ravages of a tempest most minutely, without being able to say how or where it had its origin. The theory of storms is as difficult to discover in the intellectual as it is in the natural world, and the more so, where the currents of public opinion are so variable as in Germany. In no country does the "Time-Spirit" appear to rule with such irresistible and undivided sway, turning the tides of popular sentiment at his pleasure. The character of the people — who, as if the opposite of error were truth and not error, are always rushing to extremes — must therefore be borne in mind, in seeking

* "The Academic Life of the Seventeenth Century. By Dr. A. Tholuck." 2 vols. 1854.

to explain events which could not possibly have occurred on this side of the channel or the ocean. The present also, it is to be remembered, is emphatically a period of reaction, and the pendulum which swung so far to the left must now return as far to the right. We had thought that Germany, having secured by the Reformation freedom for religion, and by its literature in the last century won freedom for mind, was on the point of establishing freedom in the state. And yet, though only six years ago the king of Prussia paraded the streets of his capital wearing the German tricolor out of deference to the mob, Russian influences are now strongest at court, and in a city where many of those who now are the strictest loyalists then favored the revolution, the Curator of the University opened his course of lectures on law in the last *semester* with the declaration, "Gentlemen, I hate all liberalism." A few days ago was commenced in Berlin the trial of ten persons, three of them doctors respectively of law, medicine, and philosophy, and one a Privat-Docent at the University, charged with having belonged in 1850 to a secret society, which designed by force of arms to establish a republic;* two days afterwards was consecrated in the park of the Invalidenhaus, in the same metropolis, the monument in honor of the military who fell in 1848 in defence of the crown; and contemporaneously with these proceedings appeared the royal proclamation for the reconstruction of the First Chambers, according to which birth, property, and "presentation" will now determine the members of the same, who are to hold their offices for life, though formerly they were elected by the people. But if the reaction is surprising in politics, it is quite as much so in religion. That the country which lately was imitating the French republicans is now less liberal than Austria, is not more strange than that, where Strauss once held the sceptre, Tholuck is no longer orthodox.† That the retrograde in both cases has been so extreme, so rapid, and so nearly

* See the "Berliner Gerichts Zeitung," Nos. 124–128. 1854.

† The refusal of a young Lutheran minister in Rissingen to allow Dr. Tholuck to preach in his pulpit, — though many guests at this fashionable watering-place desired it, and the church had been built mainly through his exertions, — because he was not Lutheran enongh, is justified by Dr. Kahnis in his "Cause of the Lutheran Church."

simultaneous, is owing to the disastrous union of Church and State, the former inculcating implicit obedience to the latter, and the latter in turn upholding all the doctrines of the former. This, which has been the fruitful source of a multitude of evils, must be regarded as not the least efficient cause of the present crisis, though so few perceive, or at least are willing to acknowledge it.* The conservatism which introduced the New Prussian policy into the state likewise defends New Lutheranism in the Church, and the same persons who are absolutists in the one are extremely orthodox in the other. Conservative theologians on the one side publish sermons against the war, which they would rather see against than in favor of the Turks,† and hierarchical politicians on the other screen their principles of despotism under a zeal for Christianity, fiercely denouncing the modern heathen, who prefer the crescent to the cross.‡ Such a union, or rather coalition, gives rise in-

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*The Old Lutherans indeed oppose this union, from which they have severely suffered; but the Unionists and "Church" theologians almost universally defend it. Schleiermacher and Bunsen have forcibly condemned this Cæsaropapy, and at the crisis of the Gustavus Adolphus Association in 1846, Professor Hupfeld declared that the Church should be delivered from its bondage to the state, which was yet more positively proclaimed at the Frankfort Parliament in 1848.

† "Dr. Martin Luther's little book, On the War against the Turks, and Military Sermon against the Turks, 1529. Republished by Dr. Kahnis." Leipsic. 1854."

‡ The speech of Strahl, delivered on the 23d of April of the present year in the fortieth session of the First Chambers, was regarded as an official statement of the court politics and theology. "Now also my first and last word is, let the king determine entirely according to his own will, as his forefathers have done, and let him demand for what he determines unconditional obedience and unlimited submission from all his subjects and at all times. It is the well-understood interest of Prussia and Germany, that Russia's former power should remain unbroken, and her former relation to Prussia undisturbed. I am not insensible to the disadvantages into which Prussia was brought by Russia in 1850, in relation to Austria and especially Denmark. These, however, were in fact occasioned less by the one-sided, though not hostile, partisanship of Russia, than by the liberal party, with its chimera of a constitutional confederacy and its new map of Europe. But can all these disadvantages be mentioned in comparison with those acts of deliverance of Russia in the years 1813 and 1849, in all their colossal, world-historical greatness? But where is it written that the Christian powers are bound to secure an existence to Turkey? Turkey shall enter into the so-called family of the European states. That is a new and unprecedented position. It is, in fact, the second and last stadium in the unchristianizing of the public life of Europe. The French Revolution made one state antichristian, by appointing to offices in the government men who were not Christians; but now the united European states as

deed to a political religion, but is far from making politics religious. On the contrary, the new party, knowing that it must wield the temporal as well as the spiritual sword, if it would rule in a country where the police interfere in the affairs of the Church, has recourse to misrepresentation, prejudice, fanaticism, and all the weapons which a *rabies theologica* can invent, in order to dethrone the popular faith and seize for itself the double sceptre. Hence its religious journals are more bitter than the political ones, and the pulpit often seems transformed into the rostrum or the stage.* Characteristic also is it, that these Lutheran conventicles are everywhere springing up just after the so-called "free churches" have nearly all been forcibly suppressed,† and that the govern-

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such are unchristianized, because the Mahometan empire enters among them equally privileged and entitled. May the sword of Germany never come forth from its scabbard for a contest which is to make Europe a divided kingdom between Mahomet and Christ!"

In May, Professor Leo thus wrote in the Evangelical Church Gazette, No. 40, "On the Religious Side of the Oriental Question." Our author "sees clearly the judgments which must befall England on account of the godless position of its statesmen, and especially because it fosters the fugitive revolutionary rabble of the whole continent. What churches without power are worth, we shall be able in time to learn fully in North America, when the divergence of sects has developed more in the direction of the 'free church,' and thus compelled the better-constituted churches to form themselves into political parties,— an event which, with the religious wars following therefrom, will be the first introduction of the pangs through which, out of the great national egg of the United States, new states and nations, truly such and full of character, will crawl out upon that continent; for the present national life of that country is very partial, and bears the same relation to the real life of nations that an embryo does to a full-grown man."

* So Krummacher's declamation upon the "false prophets," at the anniversary festival of the Home Missions in Halle, and his diatribe — so the Genevan *Semaine Rêligeuse*, No. 40, terms it — against the republicans in 1848, delivered within the walls where the Frankfort Parliament had held its sessions.

† A remarkable testimony to the security of our institutions and proof that in our country neither religion nor the state can be endangered by free discussion, has just been furnished by Mr. G. A. Wislicenus, a gentleman esteemed for his moral character, but an avowed atheist, and formerly preacher of an orthodox, and afterwards of a free church in Halle. Here, being proscribed for his convictions, he enjoyed a certain notoriety; till, on the point of being condemned for a book which he had written against the Bible, to avoid imprisonment he fled last winter with his family to New England, where he hoped to have more influence and success. He delivered discourses in Boston and in New York; but finding that, while he had perfect liberty to speak, the people also were at liberty to judge, and were too sensible to be made converts to atheism, he closes his "second heft" of letters "Aus Amerika" with the advice — surprising alike to his enemies and to his friends — to all his fellow-countrymen, to stay at home in the mother country.

ment, which timidly shrunk back when there was real danger, now that the public sentiment has changed, bravely adopts all means to persecute and extirpate them. It is, to be sure, more convenient for a people who are incapable of self-government, and unable to solve the political problems in their history, to submit contentedly to the controllers of their press, and passively commit the cause of the public weal to the officers of the king; and in religion it is far easier for those who profess to have a holy horror of all "sects," but who dare not allow discussion, to silence by force when they cannot subdue by argument, and, wrapping themselves up in the mantle of a pharisaic orthodoxy, to accept unquestioningly what the Church tradition teaches, thanking God that they are the only true Evangelical believers. But such traditionists, who attach no value to what is not in their opinion "specifically Christian," should learn from the Luther of the eighteenth century, that "it is not the truth, in the possession of which one is or thinks he is, but the labor conscientiously employed in the discovery of truth, that makes the worth of a man; for not by possession, but by searching after truth, are a man's powers enlarged, — possession makes him contented, ignorant, proud. If God should hold out to me in his right hand all truth, and in his left hand simply the ever-active desire after truth (even with the condition constantly and eternally to err), and should say, Choose; I would fall down in meekness at his left hand, and say, Father, give! pure truth is only for thee alone!"

The name of a Christian state is here often denied to us, because we have no established church; but how little reason we have to envy the politico-religious institutions of Germany, an examination of its ecclesiastical polity will show. According to the laws, the birth of every child of Christian parents must be notified as soon as possible by the father to the clergyman of his district, who must enroll its name in the records of the Church.* Before six weeks have passed, the police are required to

* In Saxony, if the birth of a child is not reported within the first eight days, the fine of one thaler is incurred. In Prussia, delay in reporting births, marriages, and deaths, beyond the appointed time, is punishable with a fine of fifty thalers, or with imprisonment for four weeks, and the police are ordered to take care that the returns are punctually made.

see that the child has been baptized; if this has not been done, they must threaten the parents with punishment, and, in case of their continued refusal and their remaining in the Church, they must inform the Department of the Interior, that a guardian may be appointed. Special laws determine the names that may be given to the child, the number and confession of the god-parents who must stand as witnesses, as well as the place and time when the ceremony shall be performed; if the baptism is to take place at home, a dispensation must first be obtained from the Consistory.* As soon as the child is six years old, unless the parents employ private teachers at home, they must send it regularly to the public school, (under penalty, after admonition, of twelve and a half cents per day,) where it is taught "religion" by the teacher, or, if he does not hold the popular creed, by the pastor. This instruction, it is ordered, shall consist in committing to memory and reciting the five chapters of Luther's Smaller Catechism, the names, order, and contents of all the books of the Old and New Testament, the texts from which the chief truths of Christianity are to be derived, and the best and most common hymns. The children of Jewish parents are excused from this religious teaching, though they often do not avail themselves of the privilege; but if other persons wish that their children should be withdrawn, the pastor must acquaint the superintendent or bishop of it, "that he may take the necessary means to rectify the matter." No one is allowed to establish a private school, unless he has procured from the school authorities satisfactory testimonials, "not limited to his ability to instruct in respect of knowledge, but concerning his moral and pure disposition in religious and political regard," while foreigners must obtain permission from the police and from the Minister of the Interior. If the instruction of any father or private teacher is deemed objectionable, the children must be examined from time to time by the preacher, who must report the result to the Inspector of Schools. When the

* In the Electorate of Hesse and in Saxony after the lapse of six weeks, and in Nassau after four weeks have passed. the law justifies the application of compulsory measures; and these were actually resorted to, two years since, at a baptism in Nordhausen, and have been recently recommended by a Lutheran pastor to the Consistory in Schlesien.

child has finished his fourteenth year, and can repeat with desirable facility the lessons above indicated, he must then attend twice a week for one year the private instructions of the pastor, preparatory to confirmation. No child can be received to these classes before he has entered upon his thirteenth year, even if he has the necessary knowledge, and none should be dismissed from the school, until he possesses the prescribed qualifications, even if he is fourteen years of age. Parents are not permitted to decide who shall give this religious instruction to their child, but it must be given by the minister of their district, and it is his duty to reject all children who come to him from other parishes, without the "dimissorial" or the consent of their former pastor. The fine of five thalers is imposed on every person who, by employing a child, deprives it of this instruction, and if parents or guardians endeavor to keep back their children, because they are of a different confession, the pastor must at once give notice to the respective Superintendent, "that he may, if necessary, call for the aid of the police." Ten weeks before the consecration, the churchman must deliver to the pastor his certificate of baptism, and after confirmation he receives from him another, which serves in Saxony and Prussia as a card of "legitimation." Persons who are unable to show evidence of their having been confirmed, which can legally be done only by a minister recognized by the state, can neither begin nor continue in any service, but are regarded still as bound to go to school. If the member of a church wishes to confess and commune with another congregation, he must ask for a dismission from his own pastor; and no stranger is to be admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, who cannot prove his right by a certificate of confirmation, "which must be asked for in a modest and unobtrusive manner." Every clergyman can demand that the religious services at the baptisms, marriages, and funerals in his parish shall all be performed by him, and if these take place elsewhere, or are performed by others, he is nevertheless entitled to his surplice-fees.*

* In Hamburg, the baptisms, confessions, and confirmations belong to the deacons, but the publication of the banns to the five First Preachers, who also are entitled to perform the marriage ceremonies. For the attempt to reconcile husband and wife, who wish to be divorced, the Prussian law en-

No marriage can be solemnized in another diocese of the same confession, without the consent of the pastor appointed over it,—which, however, he cannot withhold on receiving half the fee,—which, again, is not to be deducted from the receipts of him who performs the ceremony, but must be paid additionally by the contracting parties. The Evangelical minister can solemnize no nuptials between persons who have not been religiously instructed and confirmed, or between such as cannot prove that they have the consent of their father, which it is necessary that they should possess even if they are themselves of age, and (so says the law) have been already married.* During the week before Christmas, and the fortnight before Easter, marriages are not permitted without the special sanction of the Consistory, and in Good Friday week they are allowed only in the most urgent cases, with the prohibition of all festivities. The so-called "civil" marriage is not recognized as legal, and during the present year the Oberkirchenrath in Berlin has called it "a marriage performed by a worldly judge, which shocks all Christian feeling."

These being the laws that affect individuals and the laity, let us next consider those that concern churches and the clergy. In Prussia, only the societies of Catholics, Lutherans, and Reformed are recognized as "churches";† these have the rights of "privileged corporations," and their preachers enjoy the respect of public officers; but all other denominations, if at all permitted, are allowed merely as "private societies" and "tolerated ecclesiastical associations," possessing no special rights and forbidden altogether the use of bells as well as all public cele-

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titles the pastor to demand from twenty silver groschen to two thalers, according to the property of the parties. The pastor's bill for baptisms, bridals, and burials is usually drawn up and presented by the sexton.

* Noblemen are not permitted, in Prussia, without a dispensation, to take their wives from the class of peasants or the lower grade of citizens; but if they marry from the nobility, the ceremony may be performed at home without a dispensation. The same privilege also in respect of baptisms is allowed in Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse, and in the two last states their banns need not be published in the churches, though this omission by a pastor in the case of other persons would be followed by the punishment of him and them.

† A decree dated 20th August, 1844, ordains that the smaller houses of worship in an Evangelical parish shall be called "churches," and no longer "chapels," which designates chiefly the meeting-houses of the sects.

brations beyond the walls of their place of meeting.* The private and public religious exercises of every church are subject to the oversight of the state, which claims the right to exercise the "*jus circa sacra*" and the "*jus inspectionis*"; though here *summum jus* is often *summa injuria*. Without the state's express consent, no church can build a new house of worship or accept a legacy of more than five hundred thalers; and if it will repair its own meeting-house, the state must first decide that it is necessary and useful. By the law of 1851, "religious societies, which have not the rights of corporations, can obtain the same only by special laws."† It was not till July, 1845, that the "separate Lutherans," who had been bitterly persecuted by the upholders of the Union, which was introduced in 1817, were legally recognized as a sect existing with full rights. In March, 1846, it was decreed that Evangelical Christians who joined the Catholic dissenters would still be regarded legally as members of the Evangelical Church, and bound to contribute to the parish taxes and burdens, and that they must pay to the parish pastor the required fees for "*actus ministrales*," even when they were performed by a dissenting minister. In May, 1847, it was ordered, that withdrawal from the Church can take place only after a formal declaration publicly made before the justice of the place, who is directed to register the same and apprise the respective clergyman, whereupon the declaration must be repeated four weeks afterwards. In January, 1848, the sects of Catholic dissenters, Baptists, and the so-called Free Evangelicals, were declared to be no societies in a legal sense, but to be regarded only as assemblages of single individuals, until they had publicly seceded from the church, and their doctrines and institutions had been thoroughly examined. The law of February, 1851, commands that "he who will leave the church to join a new religious society must be of age, and give notice to the police, for

* The use of bells is prohibited by the Prussian "Allgemeines Landrecht," and by the Bavarian Ecclesiastical Edict, §§ 35, 79. A rescript of 1844 allows the bells to be rung in Prussia, for the Bible-meetings of the Evangelical churches.

† In Bavaria, the forms of faith and the constitution of a new church must be examined before it is allowed, and the state must be consulted in respect to the time, place, ceremonies, and arrangement of its service.

which ten silver groschen are to be paid; — the highest officer has the right to refuse to a preacher of the new church the exercise of his office; — travelling clergymen or pastors can preach only by permission of the government, and their meetings are constantly watched over by officers of the Christian state." A ministerial rescript of 1854 announces, that the state recognizes no legal office in the Church for such persons as have regularly left it; that the registers of births, marriages, and deaths of dissenting ministers possess no *fides publica;* and that, if they perform any act, which has civil as well as ecclesiastical significance, for persons still in the Church, they will be punished. Family worship is allowed, if none are present but members of the family and persons subject to the father's discipline; every meeting beyond this, without the consent of the government, is forbidden, and every one who takes part in such a "separatistic meeting" is punishable by the fine of one thaler, and he who furnishes the room is fined two thalers. The law of April, 1851, threatens all who ridicule a Christian church, or a religious society which has corporate rights, or their objects of reverence, doctrines, and usages, or who represent them in a manner exposing them to scorn and contempt, with imprisonment for three years. The clergy are directed to observe if any devotional Christian writings, which have not been published by the Committee at Berlin, or approved by the Consistory, or stamped by the Superintendent, are circulated among the people, and if so, to inform at once the government of the diocese. No person can be ordained as a preacher, who has not finished the *triennium academicum*, passed the examination *pro licentia concionandi*, and also the second *pro ministerio*.* Ministers are strictly enjoined to admit no stranger into the pulpit who is unknown to them, even if he declares that he is an ordained preacher, no student of theology who cannot present a certificate from the superintendent of the parish, no graduate who has not obtained a license to preach, and no candidate for the ministry who has been licensed elsewhere, if he has not been confirmed by a Prussian Consistory. Can-

* In Saxony, three examinations are required, and in Hanover the preacher must be at least thirty years of age.

didates, it is required, shall preach without notes, and refrain from pronouncing the benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." The pastors are appointed either by the king, the patron, or the Consistory (who may at any time demand their sermons for examination), or are elected from three candidates proposed by the presbyter.* The new preacher at his ordination, the expenses of which and of his examination he must himself defray, must bind himself to the creeds, and swear "to be true and obedient to his Royal Majesty of Prussia, my most gracious king and lord, and to the Royal House, as becomes a servant of the Christian Church and State." Participation at the university in associations contrary to the law exclude natives and foreigners, since 1827, from clerical and school offices in the Prussian states. According to the regulation of 1847, naturalized foreigners can be appointed to no office in the Church or in the school, without the express consent of the chief of these departments, which is given only when special usefulness may be expected, and when the person has discharged his military service either here or at home. The prayer for the ruler of the land is to be offered regularly after the sermon, and in the Rhine Province and Westphalia the hymns for public worship must be selected from a collection which has been prescribed by the Synod and approved by the king; for the clergy to condemn the government is considered hierarchical and unevangelical. Pastors often receive honors as well as office from the king, as, for example, the "Order of the Red Eagle, Third Class, with the loop"; and a decree of November, 1846, commands, that, when his Majesty makes journeys which are officially announced, the clergy must assemble at the railway-stations and the places for relays, and that, if he spends the night, the superintendents, who are all appointed immediately by him, must be introduced to him at his place of residence.

Such are some of the requisitions of the laws of Prussia, (if they are not in every case stringently enforced,) notwithstanding the patent of the 30th of March, 1847, the

* It is very rare that churches who have no pastor are allowed with perfect freedom to choose their pastor, as is guaranteed to the Evangelical churches in the Rhine Province and Westphalia by § 4 of their constitution.

constitution of the 5th of December, 1848, and that of the 31st of January, 1850.* We see from them, that every child's religious development is placed from its very birth under the influence of the state;† that its baptism, doctrinal education, and confirmation are matters almost of necessity; that it is bound to the belief of certain dogmas, at an age when it is incapable of forming an independent judgment upon them,—just as young girls are chosen to bear the sacred images in Catholic processions, because, as it is said, they must be carried by pure virgins; and that, after having been thus forced into the Church, every means is taken to prevent their coming out of it. We see, too, how the government, having control of the school, the Church, the university, and the press, is enabled to maintain its own particular views, finding in return its most zealous supporters in its civil, clerical, and military officers, who owe to it their present position, and look to it for promotion in the future. The consequences of thus making the kingdom of Christ a kingdom of this world are incalculably pernicious. It destroys the faith of the people, who, perceiving that the forms of worship are prescribed by the king, and that the teaching and preaching must accord with his commands, while they themselves have no part in the maintenance of the public services, consider religion to be an affair of the state, instead of regarding it as a personal matter. The strong conservatism and orthodoxy of the

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* For confirmation of the preceding statements, see Richter, "Kirchenrecht," fourth edition, 1853; Boche, "Der Preussische legale evangelische Pfarrer," third edition, 1852; Heckert, "Handbuch der kirchlichen Gesetzgebung Preussens," two volumes; and the official "Preussische Gesetzsammlung."

† "Children are born to their parents, not to the state. Let us, then, leave to the parents the share of responsibility which belongs to them, for the preparation of them for the present and for the future world. Instead of this, parents are obliged by the state to send the youth at six years to the common school, and at thirteen years to be instructed for confirmation; and if a substitute for the public school is sought in private instruction, this also is placed under the control of the state, and all these regulations are executed by the police force. If we reflect on this mode of governing, to which we have all been too much accustomed, it is found to rest on the supposition, that there is no reason in the parents to make them conscious of their own and their children's profit, that there is no church to remind them of their responsibility, and no God to whom unconscientious parents must give account. All that we should leave to reason, to the Church, and to God, is assumed by the already over-occupied power of the state." — H. W. J. Thiersch.

government drive many to the very opposite extreme; the creed which was put upon them in childhood, and on their acceptance of which then depended the prospects of their success, they instantly put aside as soon as they are of age; and if they leave the country, they renounce with their allegiance to the state their attachment to the Church, casting off at the same time their religion and their loyalty. From this more than from any other cause is to be explained the bold infidelity which has reigned in Germany, as well as that which has been imported to our own shores. The effect produced upon the Church, notwithstanding all that is now said and written in its behalf, is seen in the deadness and stupor that everywhere prevail, in marked contrast to the ceaseless activity manifested in the literary world, where the principle has always been acknowledged, *Die Wissenschaft und ihre Lehre ist frei;* in the Church and state there is no life, because there is no freedom. Inasmuch as heretical opinions are prevented from coming to the light, a seeming unanimity of belief is indeed secured; but in reality the poison is thus driven deeper into the system, and the sects are all within, instead of without, the Church. Every Protestant now calls himself "Evangelical";* Rationalism sprang up in the very bosom of the Church; and the unity of the Evangelical Church is as much a fiction, as the boasted political unity of Germany. But the Church is not only corrupted, it is greatly endangered by being linked so closely to the state; for the enemies of the latter are naturally also hostile to the former, and the same blow that shall prostrate the one will be very likely to overthrow the other. The consequences of the clergy being made officers of the state are the want of independence of the clergy, and their endeavors to secure the favor of the rulers. Hence the clerical office-seeking, which the Consistory of this province has recently denounced as "a sore evil on the body of the Church, which in its present form and exten-

* The statutes of the Prussian "United Frederic" University require that, "according to the original foundation, only teachers and officers of Evangelical confession are to be admitted and appointed in the University of Halle-Wittemberg"; yet Lutherans, Calvinists, Unionists, Hegelians, Tubingers, and materialists are at present professors, and Dr. Baur, as is well known, is an "Evangelical" Professor of Theology in Tübingen.

sion is as corrupting for the pastors as for the pastoral office," and which they have attempted to check by transferring all applications to the Superintendents. This, however, does not touch the immense system of private patronage, the extent of which may be inferred from the single instance of Berlin, where twenty-three of the eighty-eight pastorates are filled by the king, and twenty-seven by the magistrates. So also are to be explained the waverings in sentiment of those who seek to sail with every new wind of doctrine, in order either to obtain or to retain an office. Students who were disciples of Feuerbach at the university become New Lutherans as soon as they are candidates for the ministry; and old men, who are known to have no sympathy with the movement, nevertheless join in the cry, that they may not be left altogether behind the age. It is no wonder, that, when such are the conditions of holding office in the Church, the number of students of theology has perceptibly declined; and that it has been found necessary, "in order to prevent the constantly increasing want of Evangelical candidates and the embarrassments arising from it to the Church," to offer to all who, after January 1, 1855, during the next five years successfully pass their first examination before they are twenty-five years of age, freedom from military service, as an inducement for them to enlist under the banner of the cross.*

How far the circumstance that in Berlin the funerals of the poor are seldom attended by a minister of religion is owing to the fact that they are unable to pay the required fees, we will not undertake to decide; the circumstance, however, is very common, and very sad, for the lower classes especially need the consolations of religion, and at such times in particular should the poor

* It might be expected that where every man is required to bear arms, (the only democratic institution in the country,) where the support of the standing army consumes half the revenue, and where the performance of military duty is made a condition of the permission to emigrate, the Peace reform would be regarded as impracticable. It seems strange, however, that those are obliged to be drilled in the art of war who are preparing to be heralds of the Prince of Peace; but the late Minister of War assigned as his reason for refusing to exempt theological students from the common service, that, as it was well known that they studied little during their first year at the university, they might as well be serving their country as spending their time in beer-drinking and duelling.

have the Gospel preached to them.* But when baptism may be enforced by the police, and confirmation is made the prerequisite of apprenticeship, when every one who has been baptized is considered a member of the Church, and the essence of Christianity (as in this idea of a "Christian state") is placed in the outward acceptance of a confession, instead of being found in regeneration, the religion of Jesus can be only degraded, as it has always been whenever it has been elevated to the throne. We know by experience how moral questions are perverted by being made subject to politics, and much more is this the case with religion. It is also a necessary consequence of lending the patronage of the state to one party of believers, that hatred is engendered against the rest. Though the "Universal Laws of the Land" provide that "no one shall be disturbed, called to account, ridiculed, or persecuted for his religious opinions," and though *suum cuique* has ever been the motto of the crown, yet Baptists, Methodists, and Quakers are generally despised,† and other sects have little encouragement to hold meetings in a country, to which the police must first give their consent, and which they have the power to dissolve. Yet these state-churchmen complain when this system is carried out in Catholic countries, and at the Kirchentag, in Frankfort, Pastor Pressensé, from Paris, in recounting the persecutions to which Evangelical Protestants were exposed in France, mentioned particularly that "proselytism, that holy necessity of true faith," was denied to them, and he asked for the intercession of the Synod. And yet on that very day the

* Richter reveals a sad state of things when he says (§ 223): "Unfavorable circumstances have occasioned that frequently the surplice-fees form the chief income of the clergyman, and too often the remission of them for the benefit of the poor is demanded of him who is not less poor. Hereby is pointed out one of the principal imperfections in the institution of the Church, as well as an urgent duty for the same to assist its ministers, that they may discharge the duties of their sacred office without anxiety for their daily bread; for this the surplice-fees afford a scanty means, and their inadequacy has often been lamented."

† The persecutions of the Baptists have lasted from the Reformation to the present day, (see Prot. Ch. Gaz., p. 447,) and Hengstenberg has lately written a series of severe articles against them. The term Methodist is here often used as a synonyme for fanatic; Quakers are regarded as no better than proselytes of the gate, and dissenters in general have even fewer privileges than in England, — where their condition has been compared to that of the free blacks in our country!

Baptists had been excluded from taking part in the discussion of the subject of pedobaptism, for which the lecturer admitted that there was "no express apostolic command, nor a single instance under apostolic authority," because "the debate must be conducted upon the basis of the creeds of the Reformation." The principle laid down by one of our most recent writers on ethics,* that the state must protect every man in his religion or irreligion, so far as public freedom permits, would be regarded there only with horror; and it was therefore not surprising, that, when deputies from the Mormon church came to Berlin, to seek an interview with the king, knowing that he had taken such interest in their writings as to order a complete collection of them through his ministers at the United States and Great Britain, they were at once arrested by officers at the station, brought before the judge of police, questioned about their doctrines and the founder of their sect, and then ordered to leave the city in the first morning train. Our practical defence of the voluntary principle may be stigmatized by the Germans as "North American Indifferentism"; but we ask any impartial observer to decide where is the most indifference to religion. We do not believe in a Christian state which consists in establishing outward forms of faith, and in forcing these upon all the citizens. One of the Fathers has said, *Preces et Lacrymæ sunt arma ecclesiæ*, and the experience of every day proves that neither does the exclusion of Jews, Heathens, and Mahometans from office necessarily secure a Christian government, nor the compelling all persons to become members of the Church *ipso facto* make a religious people. But we are all convinced that this unevangelical alliance is the πρῶτον ψεῦδος in the European science of government, and the state religions of the present and of the past should teach us what value is to be placed upon a system of doctrines which rests so much for its support upon the power of the sword.

Let it not be thought, because our subject has led us to unroll the dark side of this picture, that we are insensible to the excellences of its brighter side. We are not wanting in admiration for the merits of the country

* Hickok, "System of Moral Science," p. 204.

which has given to the world the three chief elements of modern civilization, whose language is adapted as no other alike to poetry and philosophy, whose scientific and literary firmament is studded with stars of the first magnitude, from Copernicus and Kepler to Humboldt and Gauss, and which, if inferior in political power and territorial extent, may yet justly boast, like Greece, of being intellectually the master of the civilized world. We fully appreciate the many virtues of its people, among whom are men of the broadest views, the profoundest learning, and the most genuine and sterling piety; and we are convinced that, as a nation, we should be greatly benefited, if we could combine the ideal and social elements of their character with the practical qualities of our own. Neither should it be supposed that this new sect is wholly destitute of characteristics which entitle it to commendation and esteem. Even among the Pharisees was a Gamaliel and probably a Nicodemus, and to the highest credit of this party it can be spoken, that it numbers among its members many like Cornelius, "devout men, who fear God with all their house, give much alms to the people, and pray to God alway." These are distinguished by the fervor of their preaching, the zeal they manifest for Bible-meetings, and their interest in the poor; and it is the pietistic element in their religion, which gives it great superiority to the dead orthodoxy of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless, while we testify with pleasure to these praiseworthy traits, a multitude of facts (of which we can here give only a part) constrains us to reaffirm the statements previously made; and perhaps the very eminence of the country, with the exclusive claims to Christianity which are preferred for it, exhibits its defects in a more striking contrast, as the position of the great often renders their vices more conspicuous and more censurable.

1. The extreme Lutheranism of this party is put beyond all doubt by their opposition to the Union Kirchentag and Gustavus Adolphus Association; by the statement of twenty-nine Bavarian pastors in support of the protest of the thirteen professors against the creed adopted in Berlin; by the remonstrance of the Archdeacon of St. James's church in Stettin, against the attempts of the Pommern Consistory to turn it from the Union to the

Lutheran confession, and the refusal of this Consistory to confirm the colleague chosen by the French Reformed Church, because he had been bound to the Lutheran creeds; by the language of Dr. Kahnis, "Unless the Reformed Church accepts the Lutheran creed, I will have no union, and when it denies the communication of the Holy Ghost in baptism, this is a heresy, which alone makes every union for ever impossible"; by the declaration of Pastor Besser, at the Mecklenburg Conference, "The Lutheran Church alone is the Church, and all other societies who call themselves Christian are only bands (*Rotten*) or sects, which we still term false churches, in the same sense as we call a bad thaler a thaler"; by Hellevig's denunciations of the Union as "the miserable fruit of a miserable spirit of the age," introduced "in the hour and power of darkness," and therefore "the holy witnesses of the truth must threaten this outrage with the curse of God, sacrificing its authors to a speedy damnation, but letting those whom they have misled become hardened in the vanity of their hearts, as is announced in the Old and New Testament (Ps. xxxi. 12, 2 Pet. ii. 1) for the times of apostasy"; by the opinion of the Lutherans of Breslau, that marriages between Lutherans and Unionists are the same as those between Protestants and Catholics, and the prohibition in their statutes, that no clergyman or other officer of the Church shall live in such a "mixed" union; and, finally, by the words of Nägelsbach: "How shall we conduct towards the Reformed, who live among us? We are called upon to give up our combined church government, with all its consequences in the organization of Consistories, Chapters, Congregations, and Synods; to renounce all communion with the Reformed and Unionists at the Lord's table; to forbid the attendance of Reformed and Union churches; to demand a change of confession at marriages between Reformed and Lutherans; and to divide the associations and institutions for Christian purposes according to confessions. These demands are in part well grounded, and we must gratefully recognize what has been undertaken with zeal and perseverance towards their attainment."

The writer of the long article upon Professor Müller's book on the Union, which fills the November number of the Review for Protestantism and Church, and is never-

theless not finished, maintains that the Union thrust itself into the house of God, and yet "the son of the bondwoman will inherit with the son of the free." To illustrate the Lutheran view of baptism, Caspari says: "Queen Cleopatra invited Antony to a splendid feast, and set before him nothing but a little cup of vinegar; but in this she had dissolved a pearl worth two tons and a half of gold. So the water of baptism is in appearance nothing but common water, but God has deposited therein all the treasures of heaven, and has transformed all its drops into priceless pearls." Another, following Luther, calls this "the water of the Divine Majesty himself," and barbarously terms it "ein durchgottet Wasser."

2. The hostility of these partisans to learning is attested by their denunciations of modern culture, as "the pure product of heathenism in the midst of Christendom," and by their opposition to classical authors like Herder and Schiller (to Leibnitz's philosophy Matt. xxvi. 24 has been applied!); by their desire to substitute the Fathers for the classics, to increase the hours for "religious" and diminish those for "worldly" instruction at the public schools;* by the recommendation of the Consistory of Würtemberg that Chrysostom should be read

* "People are beginning here and there to see the impending danger, after it has more than reached its height. They demand with justice simplicity of instruction. At the same time, in order thoroughly to remedy the matter, they demand more instruction in religion, and thereby favor the fundamental error on which the whole system of German education is built. 'There is too little religion taught in the schools,' they say, and think to have pointed out the cause of the evil. It is not true what these well-minded people say. There is *too much* religion taught in the schools. So much, that fathers and mothers think themselves justified when their hearts, out of which religion should flow into the hearts of their children, are cold and insensible. So much, that every one is confirmed in the delusion that religion can be learned like writing and reckoning. So much has it been made a task at school, that the holy name of God and the mysteries of the Christian faith have sunk to the same level as 'once one,' and become for life an empty clatter of words. There is not too little religious instruction in the schools, there is too little religion in the teachers. But if this deficiency is supplied by increasing the lessons in religion, let care be taken that a destructive poison does not arise out of the mere deficiency. Better no words about religion, than religious instruction from an irreligious man. Not rationalistic, but, on the contrary, orthodox instruction, imparted by a morally dead teacher, is the most injurious. In the ignorant person there usually is a susceptibility for Christianity, which remains to be later acted on. But on him who has been forced to learn by heart the truths of Christianity from an unholy teacher, there generally settles a deadness which nothing can remove. He has long known the mysteries of the faith, but they have become to him corpses which cannot be raised to life

in the lower schools, and the language of that "organ of faith," the New Prussian Gazette, "We know that the Evangelical public schools never intended anything else than to prepare the child for the Church, and that the education of all who have been baptized to become confirmed Christians is the first and exclusive object, all intelligence serving only as a means to this education, and all knowledge being only a small part of this result," — by which is meant that faith, and not knowledge, should be the basis of the public school, and that intelligence should be subordinated to the creed. The Academic Senate of Berlin has recently forbidden the advertising of private lessons (Repetitorien) in the university, on account of the superficial preparation of the students who come to examination. As lately it was announced that two new statues would be erected on the Opera Place, in the same capital, it was proposed, in bitter satire, that by the side of Blücher, opposite to Frederic the Great, should be placed the statue of Gerlach, and on the other side of Marshal "Forwards," the statue of Professor Stahl, with the motto, *Die Wissenschaft muss verdreht werden.* That theologians are not wanting to grace this circle of the illiterate and unscientific is testified to by Röster,* who says: "In our day it would almost seem that many preachers considered the symbolic teaching of the Church to be alone worthy of their diligence; and, as a general thing, knowledge, strictly so called, is now placed by theologians far too much in the

by all the efforts of faithful pastors. An education without Christianity is a great calamity for children, but an education to a spurious Christianity is often just as bad. Vehement insisting upon conversion, filling them with religious words, overlooking their natural sphere of life, and undervaluing that which can be reached by natural means, we reckon to these errors."— *Prof. Thiersch.*

* Translated in the Bibliotheca Sacra for July, 1854, p. 527. Well does Schleiermacher say, in the Discourses on Religion, in language which almost seems written for the present day: "We should not have so much reason to complain of the increasing sectarianism and party spirit of pious associations, if there were not so many clergymen who do not understand the religious needs and emotions of others, because their standpoint in general is too low. Hence the poverty of the news which are so often uttered, when means are spoken of by which to remedy the so-called decay of religious institutions. It is an opinion which perhaps will not find much applause, but which I cannot conceal, that a deeper speculative culture will best remedy this evil; the necessity of this, however, is not admitted by most clergymen, and those who superintend the education of clergymen, from the delusion that they would thereby become only the more unpractical."

background. It would be lamentable if this tendency should continue to predominate; for a thorough historico-critical searching of the Scriptures (John v. 39) is the life-breath of Protestantism." Witness also the new hymn-books, which are used in their churches;* listen to men, like Sander, who attach so much importance to merely reading the Bible through,† or to Hoffmann, who insists that every word in the Scriptures is the word of God, notwithstanding some is expressly stated to be the language of Satan, and who recommends that the whole Bible, without omissions, should regularly be read in families and schools, — "the genealogies perhaps by extracts, and the objectionable passages seriously, but entire." In their Biblical exegesis, bolts of the old prophets are hurled against the rationalists, which were originally intended for the Assyrians and Chaldees. Delitzsch discovers in the Gospel of Matthew the whole Pentateuch *in parvo* (Genesis in the account of the birth of Jesus, Exodus in the history of the return from Egypt, &c.).‡ Hengstenberg learns from the first book of Moses that the snake once walked gracefully and upright, and he has ascertained that the glorious reign of a thousand years, mentioned in the Apocalypse, commenced, quite unknown to men, at Christmas in the year 800, and ceased in the year 1800; that consequently we are now living at the time when Satan has been let loose upon the earth (Rev. xx. 7, 8); that the Pope is the Antichrist, Gog and Magog signify the demagogues, democracy and rationalism are the last deceptions of the old serpent, the crowns (ix. 7) designate the "sovereign people," the long hair (ix. 8) denotes the great excesses,

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*The following, from the Pyrmont collection, is a part of a communion hymn to Jesus, to be sung by youths and maidens coming to confirmation: "Komm, mein Liebster, lass dich küssen, lass mich deiner nicht mehr missen; — wünsche stets dass mein Gebeine mich durch Gott mit Gott vereine." See also the Ev. Ch. Gazette, No. 101.

†"I know," says Sander, "from the lips of a dying woman who said, 'I will hasten to read the Bible through, that when I arrive there I need not be ashamed — as my deceased aunt used to say — when the Lord shall reproach me, Thou hast not yet read my word through!'" Far different, however, will be the rebukes uttered in that day, at least according to Matt. xxv. 42, 43.

‡See Dr. Lücke's Programm, "De eo, quod nimium artis acuminisque in ea, quæ nunc præcipue factitatur sacræ scripturæ, maxime evangeliorum interpretatione."

and the marks (xiii. 16) refer to the black-red-gold cockades of the "antichristian revolutionists" of 1848. Hoffmann pronounces that "the first three chapters of Genesis give more light upon psychology than all that Plato, and Aristotle, Malebranche, Descartes, Kant, Herbart, and Hegel have thought and written upon it; nay, the best that these deep thinkers know upon the subject they have from them." The Lutheran pastors of the Prussian province of Saxony not long since resolved, that newborn infants are not only regenerated by baptism, but even have the capacity of faith, — a "monstrous supposition," as Dr. Steinmeyer has called it; and a professor of theology recently declared from the *cathedra*, that all which is now ascribed to Moses was actually written by him, even the account of his death and burial. Schöpffer has just published a book, entitled, "The Bible does not lie! or Proof that the Biblical Doctrine of the Creation agrees in its literal Interpretation with the true Results of Science," which he has previously declared to be, that the Copernican system is altogether false, and that the earth is stationary and in the centre of the universe. Verily, does it not seem as if the materials for another Dunciad (*difficile est satiram non scribere*) might be gathered from the writings of these theological know-nothings, whose principle appears to be, *Credo quia absurdum est?* We are now not surprised to hear Vilmar say: "In this temple which is built up perfectly in the Lutheran symbolical books, the Church rests and manifests itself, and it can never suffer these to be torn from her. This creed is eternal, so that only those who stand upon it go with joyful assurance into eternity, while those who abandon it abandon also a participation in the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection, and eternal life. We must acknowledge that Luther is the centre of the Church, and that with him it goes forwards towards eternity, resting in the creed which all who have beheld the glory of the future world have confessed with him." We are not astonished that Kahnis writes: "A young man comes to the university with good powers and an interest in the Church, and naturally seeks a guide for his theological studies. This cannot be the Bible, since all confessions and parties seek and find their doctrines in it. Not the unexplained, but the explained Bible must guide his studies. Our

fathers gave such a youth the creed, — this is the sum and substance of the Scriptures." Or that he closes his last book on the history of German Protestantism since the middle of the last century, with the chivalrous and spirit-stirring cry: "The watchword of our Church in this struggle can only be, Hold fast what thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Our crown is our creed."

3. From these unprotestant views of the insufficiency of the Scriptures, and this more than unprotestant canonization of Luther, the transition is easy to open Romanism. In the high position assigned to the "office," in the value attached to the very language of Scripture, — as is indicated by the new school regulations of October 3, 1854, which prescribe, that because "the divine agency has revealed itself in particular words, therefore the Biblical history should be related in the words of the Bible," — and in the exaggerated importance and dignity given to the Church, we see already preparations of the way to Rome. It is not sufficient that a doctrine is *christlich*, or taught by Christ, if it is not also *kirchlich*, or sanctioned by the Church.* This word, for which we have no fit corresponding adjective, has now become the shibboleth of orthodoxy. Hence the title "Church," in contradistinction to the merely "believing" theologians. The Lutheran journal recently established is significantly named "Kirchliche Zeitschrift," Philippi calls his new work on dogmatics "Kirchliche Glaubenslehre," and Lohe's former "Three Books on the Church," which were afterwards followed by Delitzsch's "Four Books on the Church," have this year been succeeded by Kliefoth's "Eight Books on the Church." The canon is again established, "Qui non habet ecclesiam matrem, non habet deum patrem," and some even assert that the term Protestant belongs only to Lutherans, since they originally protested against the decree of the Diet of Spires, in 1529. The Catholic tendencies of this party are more clearly manifested in the expressions of Kahnis: "In an age like ours, a part of Christianity falls away when any Romish

* How different the bold statement of Luther, "Only that which teaches us Christ is apostolical, nothing else, even if it be from Peter or Paul"; and his other words, "In the first place I ask, that people will forbear to use my name, and will call themselves not Lutherans, but Christians."

institution falls"; "No separate covenant with the Reformed at the expense of our agreement with the Romish Church"; — and in the language of Leo, concerning the allies of the Turks: "European so-called Christians are now licking the hands of these monsters. In such things we perceive deeply what Christendom has lost in the unity of the Church, which once had an organ that declared its rights independently of the selfish lusts of individual nationalities, insisted that Christians could consider only Christian nations as having a right to be thought legitimate, and took care that men's heads did not become so confused as to permit the repulsion of horrible force to be confounded with revolution." In a lecture in Gnadau, Göschel lately expressed the wish, that at least one of the three festivals in honor of the Virgin, which were abolished by law a hundred years ago, might be revived, as well as those for the commemoration of the Apostles and the angels Gabriel and Michael.* At an ordination in Cassel, Vilmar said: "The pastoral office is the living, actual continuation of the office of our most holy Redeemer, and thus performs and repeats by its own power all the acts which he performed." And on another occasion he declared: "The clerical office alone has divine authority, in perfect measure and in rich fulness, to assemble and to form the Church. No other, — not the world, nor the believers, nor the Church, even if it were a congregation of saints. It could not be this without the clerical office, in which lies the power of the law and the gospel, the power of

* Calvinists are as little pleased with the ministers standing with their back to the people, giving the benediction with the sign of the cross, praying before pictures and candles at the altar, as with the numerous festivals of the Lutheran Church. By the law of 1851, balls and similar festivals are prohibited on the evenings before Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, fast days, and the day for the remembrance of the dead, and also on the evenings of the last three days, Ash Wednesday, and all Good Friday week; theatrical exhibitions are forbidden on Good Friday, fast days, and "holy eve." At the last festival for the dead (Todtenfest), no objection was made that in the Reformed Church the "Missa pro Defunctis" was performed, and that the words were sung, "Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriæ, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu! Libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas Tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum, sed signifer sanctus Michael, repræsentet eas in lucem sanctam, quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et semini ejus. Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus; tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus," etc.

the sacraments, the power to bind and loose." * Several Lutherans in Quedlinburg protested against the decrees of the Synod at Breslau, as suppressing Christian freedom, restoring an unscriptural clerical order, placing the resolutions of synods and the creeds side by side with the Bible, prohibiting pastors, elders, and teachers from marrying without the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities, and denouncing as heathen those who have been excluded from the Church; and they declare, "Whoever does not see in these decrees the New Lutheran Papacy is stock blind." It has also been affirmed, that in confirmation the Holy Spirit is communicated by the laying on of hands, that the teachers of religion in the schools should all be ordained and the prayers be offered only by clergymen, that every public religious service should conclude with the observance of the Supper, and that when no communicant is present the minister should partake alone, which is expressly forbidden by the laws of Prussia, and indirectly by those of Saxony. There is therefore need enough that the cry "No Popery" should be raised in this country, when so many deny the principle, "the Bible only the religion of Protestants," and, advocating a union with Catholics rather than the Reformed, openly avow the preference *Lieber römisch als calvinish!*

4. It is necessary also to substantiate the assertions which have been made in regard to the moral sentiment and practice, for those at least who have never visited the large cities of Germany, or its military and university towns. Though coarse profanity is very rarely heard, and Hogarth's representations of the career of vice are here seldom realized, the evils are not mitigated, that under a milder form they are more generally diffused, that the names of God and Jesus are so often taken

* See Curtz, "The Clerical Office and the Pastor's Rank," Leipzig, 1854, and "The (Pastoral) Office of the New Testament, according to the Teachings of the Scriptures and the Lutheran Creeds. Nine Theses again explained and defended against Professor Höfling by Superintendent A. F. D. Münchmeyer." pp. 83. From the "Answer of the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, to the Letters of Admonition of the Lutheran Pastoral Conferences of Leipsic and Furth," (Leipsic, 1854, pp. 40,) we observe that Rev. Mr. Grabau, in Buffalo, has declared, not only that the pastor possesses the right to excommunicate, but that the congregation is bound to obey him in all things not contrary to the word of God, — of which, however, he is judge.

lightly on the lips of children and ladies, and that social qualities compensate so readily for moral ones.* We say nothing of the world-renowned gallery of madonnas and mistresses, which is frequented by youth of both sexes, at Dresden, or of the naked statues on the bridge at Berlin. We speak not of the gambling-hells (Spielhöllen), supported in part by women, at the fashionable watering-places, — whose atmosphere has been compared to the sulphurous damps of Puteoli, and four of which have been licensed by the "most Christian" of all the German states, the Electorate of Hesse, — nor of the increase of the prosecutions for perjury, and the incredible number of cases of divorce, which have already attracted the notice of earnest men of the middle school. We will not allude to laws, of which it has been said, that probably, in the legislation of Christian nations, never was anything so horrible enacted. It will suffice to refer to the Prussian statistics, which show that the number of crimes against morality in 1853 was fourteen per cent. greater that that of 1852, and thirty-five per cent. greater than that of 1851; that in the month of October, 1854, more than one eighth of the births in Berlin were illegitimate; that in four hundred and sixty-nine places in Mecklenburg, during the last year, this was the case with nearly one half, and in seventy-nine it was true of all. We are not speaking here of Hamburg, or of Munich; it is in Prussia that the number of convicts has so increased, that in Halle, Zeitz, Lichtenburg, and Naumburg the extensive prisons must be enlarged and additional ones erected. A recent circular of the Consistory of Magdeburg states, that the records of the houses of correction show that the number of criminals multiply from year to year, and that immorality is spreading among the lower classes of the people.† It says: "The increase of certain crimes and vices, such as perjury and sins of the flesh, reveal deep-prevailing wickedness and alienation from God"; and the journal which publishes this an-

* Characteristic was the objection of a layman to a sermon which condemned the vices of a neighboring city, that it was unfair to impeach the good fame of the place, for it certainly was a "sehr gemüthliche Stadt."

† See also the "Pastoral Letter to the Evangelical Clergy of the Province Saxony, by General Superintendent Dr. Möller, on the Conduct of Christian Masters to their Servants," pp. 12, 13.

nounces the dismissal of two preachers in Thüringen for the latter cause, the one a superintendent, and the other a pastor, both zealous supporters of the home missions.

Such facts, which contrast the progress of vice and the progress of orthodoxy, prove certainly the necessity for some other than a mere theological reformation. The accusation is often urged against the Rationalists, that their sermons contained too much moral preaching; but so far as this has fallen into discredit, and the doctrines of the inability of human nature, the poverty of good works, the duty of trusting solely to the merits of Christ and believing all the articles of the creed, have been substituted in the place of repentance and newness of life, little has been gained, though the altars of all the churches face towards the east, and the bells are struck regularly three times in the day, to remind the people of their higher, spiritual relations. Ecclesiastical and moral reforms are not necessarily identical, as has just been illustrated in Saxony, where, shortly after the writings of Röhr, Dinter, Tischer, and others were forbidden in the churches, having two years since been prohibited in the schools, corporal punishment was restored, and extended not only to witnesses, but also to women.* The charges brought against the English and French for upholding the Turks, and against the Americans for harboring the Mormons with their polygamy, sound strangely in a country whose Argus-eyed police is chiefly vigilant in suppressing all books which are written against the Church or State. And yet the Germans haunt us with "making a business of piety, as of everything else," and call themselves "the Israel of God." One Christian word, however, upon marriage, education, the treatment of servants, and the condition of society, has been uttered by a dissenter, though it is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The celebrated Irvingite and late Professor of Theology

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*The speech of Mr. Rittner, delivered on the 16th of October, in the Second Chambers, against the anathema issued by the Minister of Worship, elicited a commendatory address from his constituents, urging him to "fight out this battle for the Protestant freedom of thought and teaching." In reference to the other regulation, the Kladderadatsch recommended, that, if any one wished to beat his wife, he should go to Dresden; and it suggested that the enactors of this law were all probably married men.

in Marburg, H. W. J. Thiersch, discusses these great practical questions with such ability, truly religious tone, and freedom from all extravagance, that his little volume, "Upon Christian Family Life," (Frankfort and Erlangen, 1854,) deserves to have an extensive circulation, both there and in our own country. In language stronger than any that we have used, he says: "Under the rule of similar principles of administration, the large cities of Europe have become what they now are, shambles in which innocence and peace, happiness and the welfare of souls, day and night are murdered. They are such, not only with the knowledge, but in part with the approbation, of the governments. When a father and mother must send forth their child into the world, they lift their hands in prayers and benedictions that it may be kept from the wicked one. They look to the government, which, appointed by God, should be the protectress of all that is good, and should aid with its stronger arm the weaker care of parents; and they see that this government lends its protection, not to innocence, but to seduction. In the anguish of soul and bitter pain which these things excite is mingled astonishment at the blindness which prevails, and which is one of the greatest enigmas of the moral world. For no delusion is so foolish and none so fatal as this: to fancy that morality can be sacrificed and religion preserved, that the bond of marriage can be loosened and that of loyalty tightened, conscience and peace of mind be destroyed, and at the same time in the state peace, integrity, and conscientiousness be maintained; to imagine that the foundations of all social welfare which God has laid, innocence, chastity, conjugal fidelity, the peaceful happiness of families, can be given over to destruction, if only the pillars of the civil edifice, which the state has devised, are duly protected by iron coercion and subtle espionage." Contrast with this the rigor of some extreme reactionists in Pommern, who will forbid the consecration of marriages on Sunday, that the Lord's day may not be desecrated by the performance of an act so sacred, that the Catholic Church has even elevated it to a sacrament.

5. Our remarks upon the State and its connection with the Church were dictated by no sympathy with the anarchical radicals in the one, or with the atheistical

agitators in the other. No true American can advocate a republicanism which is modelled after that of France, or a democracy which is identical with communism; though, on the other hand, a comparison of the Prussian and American constitutions, an examination of the laws which regulate the press,* restrict the right of public meetings, and do not recognize the first principles of Magna Charta, are sufficient to refute the ridiculous assumption, which is often made by the most intelligent, that we are not yet ripe for a monarchy. In consequence of the political reaction, the concessions extorted by the people in 1848 have, one by one, been gradually retracted, while those who were then considered to belong to the extreme right are now denounced as liberals. In the debate upon the freedom of the press, on the 17th of March, the principle was laid down in the lower house, that "an opinion is justifiable in a Christian land only when it is not antichristian, and in a monarchcial state when it is not anti-monarchical." Leo has censured Stahl for conceding that "there is a certain truth in the error of revolution," and though the speech of the latter was circulated with the daily papers, and even colported as a religious tract, the answer to it,† which exposed its fallacies and reproved its sentiments, was condemned and confiscated. The leading journal in Berlin has declared, that the representatives have to deliberate only upon internal affairs, since, as to the foreign policy of the country, it is their glory that Prussia is the king and the king Prussia; and on the 15th of December, the proposal to answer the address from the throne was rejected, Gerlach opposing it as a pretext to bring the foreign policy into discussion, which the government greatly depre-

* We have neither the great learning, nor (thanks to our free press) the great ignorance, which are so strongly contrasted here. The time has indeed gone by, since the King of Saxony exclaimed, on beholding some Americans whom he had permitted to witness the royal dinner, "Gods, they are white!" though the writer was recently asked, by a merchant's wife in a university city, how it happened that he looked no differently from other people, for she had certainly learned at school that the Americans were red. He answered her, however, that the red men were now almost as scarce in his own state as in hers; but she could hardly believe it, and he was obliged to appeal to the pale faces of his countrymen to prove he was no exception.

† "In Characteristic of the New Prussian Policy. A Letter to Professor Stahl, in Berlin." Weimar. 1854. pp. 105.

cated, and declaring: "Prussia is not out of the European alliance. Is it not in friendship with Russia, and is not Russia European, whose territory is as large as the rest of Europe, whose empress is the sister of our king, and whose heir apparent to the crown is the grandson of Frederic William the Third? Was it not European in 1813 and 1814, when Vienna, Paris, and unfortunately also Berlin were very un-European? In the 'decided majority of the country,' which is referred to, we meet an old acquaintance, who in 1848 declared for the acts of the various revolutionists." And the deputies were convinced by the argument, that "when a father speaks, his children should be silent," and demonstrated again that their country still retains the right to its ancient title, Borussia.

In consequence of the ecclesiastical reaction, the constitution granted to Oldenburg in 1849, which guaranteed to the churches entire freedom to choose their pastors, has been so far modified, that now the selection must be made from three candidates proposed by the Consistory. In Lippe-Detmold a similar edict of 1851 was annulled in March, 1854, as "the product of crazed opinions in excited times," and the old law of 1684 was thereby restored. The Bavarian church government, in May, prescribed the liturgy and books "true to the creed" to be used in the prayer-meetings, and the ministry of Hanover, in July, rejected a church-warden for his liberal views, notwithstanding he had been unanimously elected.* We might cite instances of the dismissal of school-teachers on account of their theological opinions, of the attempts to bind the professors to the creeds, † and might

* The confirmation of Mr. Hentze was made to depend upon his declaration that he did not agree with another pastor; this, however, he refused to make, adding: "Whilst I hold to the confession of the Evangelical Church, and consider myself a member of it, I demand entire freedom of faith and conscience, and hereby declare that I allow myself to be restricted by no consistory or ministry in my Evangelical right to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. I demand this right as the holiest and greatest which a rational being possesses, and I solemnly protest against all un-Evangelical hierarchical attempts to restrict it, and to pervert Evangelical freedom into blind submission. As a believer in the Gospel, as a Protestant Christian, as a member of the Protestant Church in Ottendorff, I demand my full rights, and I call upon the Royal Consistory to sustain my election as church-warden, and to induct me into office."

† Professor Guericke says, in his Review, that the attempt has been made to restrict his freedom of instruction, "in a real papistical manner."

prove how much the order of the Free Masons has been opposed, because orthodoxy is not made a condition of membership. We might point out the minute details into which the laws respecting the Church have run, regulating even the manufacture of the bells, the tone of the organs, and the coat-collars of the clergymen; might show that the ministers are burdened with duties which civil officers should perform, and that the vexed question of "mixed marriages" is but one of the many complicated problems occasioned by the union of Church and State. We have spoken of the privileges enjoyed by the Baptists in Prussia;* yet they are highly favored in comparison with the members of the Free Church and the Jews. The persecutions of the "Free Christian Church" in Magdeburg, a deistical society of more than a thousand souls, demonstrate that there is less religious toleration in this "Christian state" than there is in Mahometan Turkey, or than there was in heathen Rome. Obliged to conduct its religious services after all the other churches had been closed, its meetings often dissolved by the police, under the pretext of their being held for political purposes, — a charge which, even if true, is indicative of the political liberty here allowed, — tormented in every manner by the "law's delay" and the "insolence of office," the congregation was at length deprived of the right of assembling together, because at its last two meetings historical information was communicated with moral truth, in violation of the law which forbids instruction to be given without special license

* The English and French correspondents of the New York Independent of November 9 and 23, 1854, confirm the statements which we have made above. The former writes, that, in 1851, the London Evangelical Alliance sent a deputation to the German Kirchentag at Elberfeld, entreating them to use their influence to suppress and discountenance persecution. They received no reply, and in 1853 a larger number of English, French, Germans, and Swiss asked the Synod, through Merle d'Aubigné, "Will you not use your influence to discountenance the discreditable intolerance exercised by all the states of Germany?" Again they gave no answer; they simply said, in general terms, that they loved all their brethren in Christ. M. d'Aubigné's pamphlet on the subject was apparently without effect, and the council has received no reply to their letter of the present year, which enumerated the instances of persecution in the various German states. The writer adds, "It is pretty evident that the State-Church men of Germany have yet to learn what are the first principles of civil and religious freedom."

from the government. According to the decree of 1851, not only must the pastors exclude the members of this confession from communion with the Evangelical Church, from being witnesses at baptisms and from assisting at marriages and funerals, but the baptisms, confirmations, and marriages performed by their preachers are declared to have no validity or efficacy; and Richter justifies this by saying, that "if a society understands by Father, Son, and Spirit in their confession something different from the Church, a ceremony performed by them cannot be regarded as a baptism, even if it is performed with the Christian baptismal formula." It is also forbidden to grant the use of the Evangelical churches to the Free Church for purposes of worship, its ministers are strictly prohibited from performing any official act in the cemeteries, and the preacher of the Free Christian Church was threatened with a fine of twenty-five thalers and expulsion from the burial-ground if he attempted to deliver an address at the grave.

Jews are practically interdicted from marrying Christians; since December, 1823, they have been excluded from academic chairs, and since March, 1822, from being instructors of youth. Christian clergymen cannot take part in their services and celebrations, Christian missionaries must not be hindered in their labors among them, but no Christian can be admitted by a rabbi into the membership of the synagogue, who has not been formally discharged from his own church, which the pastors must endeavor, if possible, to prevent, and if not, must inform the Superintendent and the Consistory. Jews possessing estates with which are connected the rights of advowson and superintendence over church property cannot exercise these rights, though they must bear the burdens which they entail. By the law of 23d July, 1847, Jews are required to contribute to the support of the system of churches and schools, though they have no share in the administration of the patronage of the Church, of which they are members. The providing a separate Jewish burying-place is the indispensable condition of the toleration of a synagogue, — a regulation which would doubtless meet the approval of those English bishops who refuse to consecrate cemeteries equally open to churchmen and dissenters. In many places

Jews are not eligible to the office of mayor, and in the twentieth session of the Second Chambers the Minister of the Interior declared, "Civil rights are indeed independent of religious confession, but the government cannot recognize that by this is meant the right to obtain offices." In former times and in other countries the proscription was yet more severe. Well may the poet ask, as he stands by the graves of Hebrews, gathered from different countries in the same resting-place,

> "How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
> What persecution, merciless and blind,
> Drove o'er the sea — that desert desolate —
> These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?"

and find the answer in laws like these,* enacted against the descendants of a people by the followers of Him whose last words were breathed in prayer that they might be forgiven.

Lutheran orthodoxy and Prussian absolutism are twin sisters, both deadly hostile to our republicanism and to our sects. Both also are united in denouncing the supporters of the sick Samaritan who had fallen among thieves, and no one who opposes either can hope for a position in the school, the Church, or the state. In Nassau a Lutheran pastor who had preached against the union has been sentenced to the house of correction for three months, and condemned to pay the costs, for "inveighing against the established Church," and books and articles written against the government are every day confiscated. Such measures of force, however, in addition to being a confession of weakness, serve only to bring the whole system into contempt; and accordingly we find the papers speaking of a political trinity consisting of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria as the bond of union between the two, and the German Punch representing a "Berliner Rind" who, in spite of all police regulations, still runs about unbaptized. It is true, that in Prussia since June, 1850, in

* We have preferred to be guided by the written law rather than the varying practice, and refer therefore for these, as for our former statements, to Richter, a standard authority, and to Boche, who entitles his book "An Exhibition and Representation of Valid Laws, Ordinances, and Prescriptions for the Official Duties, Rights, and Obligations of Prussian Evangelical Clergymen," and who says that he has omitted antiquated laws.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin since December, 1849, and in Baden since 1853, an Evangelical High-Consistory has existed, separating in part the Church from the state. Yet as its members in the former states are appointed by the King, and in the latter are subordinate to the Minister and Grand Duke, the connection in fact is still retained. The Consistory of Coburg has even lost its independence by having been united with the state, and Jacobson admits that the one-sided administration of the consistorial form of government destroys the independent life of the Church, reduces it to a mere state institution, and causes its members to lose all interest in it.

The affinity of Lutheranism and despotism is indicated by Maltzahn, who thus couples the ideas of ubiquity and of monarchy: "He who, as Luther, sees God the Lord present in both natures everywhere, humbly commits the rule to him, and holds to the government which is by the grace of God, and not to that which springs from the plenipotence of the people." The political creed of the "loyal league of Hesse" also declared: "The God who is with us, and whom we acknowledge and confess to have testified, in the days of the revolution, that princes are by the grace of God, is Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of the Father, the only source of the Holy Spirit, of whom the whole Bible, Old and New Testament, bears witness. We believe and confess that the power of the temporal sword is fully revealed in the Scriptures, and that the people have no other power than that of supplication, intercession, and prayer to Him, who gives this office to whom he will. We believe and confess that in the right use of this office are included all temporal blessings on earth, and that all curses, like famine, pestilence, and war, are occasioned by its non-recognition or misuse, and are to be regarded as the punishment therefor." Absolute monarchy and absolute priesthood are thus the representatives of Jesus Christ, the only true God; kings and priests receive his spirit, and all blessings to the people come exclusively through them. If any one still doubts of the character of this movement, let him peruse the "People's Paper for City and Country," which declares itself to be the only large, entertaining paper in North Germany which is conducted in a decidedly Christian conservative manner; or

the New (P)russian Gazette, which is also styled the Paper of the Cross. We think, however, that from the outlines which we have sketched an idea can be gathered of its form and features. *Ex ungue leonem!*

E. J. Y.

Art. II.— THE DRUSES,— UNITARIANS OF MOUNT LEBANON.*

The work whose title is given below is modestly called by its author "a compilation." "To dignify the performance by the title of History," he says, "would be absurd." We may affirm, however, that the "absurdity" in this case would be much less striking than in the case of many works which bear unquestioned such a title. The author underrates his achievement. He has produced one of the most readable, fascinating, and valuable books which have ever been written on the "Lands of the East." The field is a new one, and a most interesting one; and it has been excellently gleaned. An elaborate map at the beginning of the first volume enables one without confusion to follow the description of the twenty-one districts into which Mount Lebanon is divided, and to mark the winding of the streams, the position of the towns, and the general aspect of the region. In the introductory chapter, the curiosities, the antiquities, the Scriptural and classic traditions of the land, are briefly noticed. Ten chapters are devoted to a general description of the country, its natural scenery, its productions, its political divisions, the manners and customs and occupations of the people, and incidental sketches of the principal towns and the conspicuous families. Nine chapters more treat of the Moslem rule in the mountain, from the time when it was taken by the Arabs, in the

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* *Mount Lebanon. A Ten Years' Residence from* 1842 *to* 1852; *describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, with a full and correct Account of the Druse Religion; and containing Historical Records of the Mountain Tribes, from Personal Intercourse with their Chiefs and other authentic Sources.* By Colonel Churchill, Staff-Officer of the British Expedition to India. London. 1853. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 390, 398, 399.

year 821. The account of the heresies of that religion which successively arose is curious, and shows that the Christian faith is not the only one which has been vexed by the multiplication of sects.

The second volume is mainly given to the Druses and their religion. In the third volume the history is continued, and there is a full description of the Maronite people and their religion. A long acquaintance with that people seems to have left upon the mind of Colonel Churchill less pleasant impressions of their character than a passing traveller is likely to bring away. They are not his favorites among the native tribes. The volume brings the history down to the wars of Ibrabim Pacha and the fall of Acre, since which time, although the lordship of the region has once or twice changed hands, the position of its native tribes has not been substantially altered. Contests between the Druses and the Maronites are constantly breaking out, and the last one was hardly quieted when we passed through the land a year ago. Our author is happy in his personal sketches, and gives graphic delineations of the character of the Emir Fakaradeen, the great Druse ruler of the seventeenth century, of Djezzar, "the Butcher," the usurping Pacha of Sidon, and of the Emir Bechei Shehaab, an extraordinary man, the latest, and perhaps the greatest, of the remarkable rulers of Syria.

We propose, in this paper, to confine our remarks to that portion of Colonel Churchill's work which treats of the "Unitarians" of Mount Lebanon. So far as we know, this is the first extended notice of that singular religious body which has appeared in the English language. Burckhardt, in his Travels, devotes to them a few pages, but his account is imperfect in almost every particular. Nearly all the more recent volumes of Syrian journeys pass them by with a bare mention. The only work of importance in any language upon the sect is the elaborate Dissertation of Baron Silvestre de Sacy, in two thick French octavos. As a discussion of the dogmas and the ethics of the sect this work is admirable. Its sources are the writings of the sect which have fallen from time to time into the hands of Franks, and are deposited in considerable numbers in the principal Western libraries. Of this work, Colonel Churchill has evidently

made diligent use, while he has been able, by his own acquaintance and observation, to give a more exact statement of the manners and characteristics of the people. The information which De Sacy has given him is precisely that which it is most difficult to get upon the spot. The secrecy enjoined upon the Unitarians, almost in the beginning of their sect, has become not merely a habit, but the most sacred of principles. Travellers, with most painstaking inquiry, can learn nothing from these masters in the art of evasion; and even the missionaries, who for years, at Abeigh and Hamdoon, have instructed the children of these strange tribes, know no more of their doctrines than when they first began to teach. The initiated of the sect are never converted; and, however pressed, no one of them can be brought to sell his book. He would sooner die.

The Unitarians of Mount Lebanon are usually spoken of as "the Druses." While, in accordance with their policy, they show no indignation when called by this name, they really reject it as false and insulting. It recalls to them only an accursed heresy, — the insolent assumption of the rebel Davazi, who suffered the just penalty of his crimes and falsehoods, and has received in the writings of their chief prophet the title of "the Calf." It is a stigma, — this name of "Druse," — fit only to be applied to apostates from the faith. In speaking of the sect, however, it is in many respects more convenient to use the false name than the true one. We shall, therefore, if for no other reason, to avoid suggesting any resemblance of the Unitarians of Mount Lebanon to our own Christian body, speak of them as "Druses."

The Druse era begins with the year 408 of the Hegira, or A. D. 1020, the year when Hakem first declared himself to be God. Its first great fact is the Incarnation of Deity in this sublime personage, who is called universally by Druses, as Jesus is called by Christians, "our Lord." In this doctrine of the Incarnation, they do not deny the fact of previous incarnations. They only add this to the number, but they close the list here. The Lord Hakem is the last, the perfect Incarnation, the result of all the partial manifestations of Deity that have come before. He was perfect God in the year when he declared himself to men, and he will exercise the functions of perfect God in the last day and at the final judgment.

Profane history does not give to this last manifestation of Deity an enviable character. If the annals of his age are to be trusted, his brutal fanaticism was equalled only by the license of his life. He has a bad eminence in the list of Cairene Caliphs, and rivals in their line the fame of Caligula and Nero. In compensation for the wrongs he inflicted, not only on Jews and Christians, but on his own Mussulman subjects, in burning their houses, murdering their favorites, shutting up their women in the closest imprisonment, he gave them all the boon of a better religion, which might unite the contending bodies into one last Holy Church. His acts of terror forced some to acknowledge his pretensions; but more of his converts were attracted by his flaming and extravagant zeal. It is the assurance of success to the founder of a new religion, if he establish mysteries and withdraw himself from men. The worship of Hakem began on a hill near Cairo, and multitudes of the ignorant flocked there to witness the signs of its power. His speedy disappearance (which the unbelieving say was caused by his assassination) only strengthened the faith of his adherents. The shrewd Hamzé, who was divinely charged to sustain and continue on earth the faith of his friend and Lord, made profitable account of his taking off. And it became a subject of joy to his followers, that he had so soon applied the test to their faith; so soon left them, to prove who of them were spiritually, and who only temporally, joined to him, — who had heartily accepted his doctrine and who had sought only personal rewards in his service. No Druse ever admits that the Lord Hakem died, or even that his disappearance is any actual separation from his followers. A relation as intimate as Jesus promised to his disciples, the Lord Hakem sustains to the true believers. *He is in them and they in him.* The earliest and most gifted interpreter of the Gospel of Hakem was Hamzé, the son of Ali, the son of Ahmed. Through him we learn the scheme of doctrine, the principles of ethics, the precepts and the mysteries of the new religion. He also has supernatural honor, and is permitted to manifest in his body the "Universal Intelligence," the "first-born" of God. He is the constant companion of Hakem, is the Mediator for all time between the Invincible Lord and his subjects below, and is

to be the final judge. In fact, Hamzé is, in the Druse system, what Jesus is in the Arian theory, the "Word," the Creator of the world.

Coming at about an equal distance in time between the Gnostic speculations and the Swedenborgian methods, the Druse theology seems to repeat the one, while it anticipates the other. It borrows from the Koran some of its dogmas, and from the Bible some of its morality. It has an interior and an exterior order, both simple and capable of very distinct statement. The mystery of the Druse religion is rather in the secrecy which hides its doctrines than in their essential ideas; they are veiled from sight, but are not in themselves, when brought to the light, at all difficult to be understood. The unity, the eternity, the omnipotence, the incomprehensible nature of God, are laid down with the greatest precision. The relation of the five subordinate ministers of the first rank to each other and to the Supreme Being is also very accurately stated. The interior or spiritual titles of these ministers are the "Universal Intelligence," the "Universal Soul," the "Word," the "Preceding," and the "Following." These five orders of ministers the Druse theology borrows from the Batenian sect of the Moslems, with this difference, that while the Batenians represent them on earth by *classes*, by generic names, such as "Natek," "Asas," "Imam," "Hodja," and "Dai," the Druses represent them by *single figures*, — by actual persons, living at the date of Hakem's incarnation, and among the number of his friends. The "Intelligence" is Hamzé; the "Soul" is Ismael, son of Mohammed Temeemi; the "Word" is Mohammed, son of Wahab; the "Preceding" is Selama, son of Abd-alwahab; and the "Following" is Ali, son of Ahmed, surnamed Moktana Bohaedeen. This last was, next to Hamzé, the most distinguished writer of the sect.

These five principal ministers are all Æons of the Supreme Divinity. Each has its separate function, and their order is logical, each suggesting and helping to create the next below him. The incarnation of these Æons is in every instance in the figure of *men*. But in the spiritual world, as they unite to create each other, they represent both *male and female* principles. Below these five ministers, there are three others of an inferior

class, and below these, again, three orders still lower. These last, being *Orders*, and not merely individuals, are capable of indefinite multiplication. The "Dais," the "Madhooms," and the "Mocassees" are merely the higher and more religious class of the believers, who form the connecting link between the Church on earth and the Church in heaven. Hamzé lays down special rules for their direction. They have each a portion of *missionary* work to do among the tribes; — the first, to expound the Unitarian doctrine; the second, to invite men to leave their false religions and embrace the true; and the third, to give glimpses of truths yet to be revealed. The early change of policy, however, which was forced upon the Druse leaders, limited very much the sphere of missionary labor, and to-day the precepts under this head are quite worthless. It would take too much of our space to state even concisely the functions of the several ministers of the Druse spiritual hierarchy. We can only mention the Druse view of the chief doctrines of theology concerning God and man, and their relation to each other.

The simple unity of God is the starting-point of the Druse faith. No blasphemy can be worse than that which in any way divides or impairs this unity. It is a unity of substance and of person, of will and of action. There is no Pantheon, no Trinity, no Duality, in the Druse conception of the Divine nature. All other beings are created, all others are inferior; even the "Rival," who is the Druse Devil, is a subordinate person. This one, single, personal, incomprehensible God, — for whose greatness no speech can be too high, of whose power, wisdom, justice, love, no tongue can worthily tell, — this one God is the only proper object of worship. The Druses regard their faith as the purest form of Monotheism that the world has known, the farthest removed from every form of idolatry, as superior to the Jewish conception as that was superior to the gross forms of Paganism. Their first tenet includes the radical principle of all doctrine and duty. Whosoever denies, evades, or weakens this doctrine of God's unity lacks the first element of faith. In regard to the nature and creation of man, while the Druses hold that man was made in the "image of God," that he was created male and female, and made, through the temptation of Satan, subject to sin, they by

no means admit that the material used was the "dust of the earth," or that the whole race is descended from a single pair. They insist that it degrades the "image of God" to say that it was made of so mean a substance as "dust"; that even the most pure and precious substances are too poor for so noble a work; that, if you take the Mosaic account literally, "diamonds and emeralds" must be received as the earth which was used in man's formation, but that it is better to interpret the whole as an allegory. Humanity is merely the figure in which God clothed his image, after this had fallen through *sin.*

The Druse theology is not more successful than previous systems in settling the question of the origin of evil. It ascribes this to the work of the "Rival," the Devil, who is in ceaseless strife with the "Soul," God's second minister; but it does not tell us where the Devil came from, or why he should be created. On the *consequences* of sin it is more explicit. These are, alienation from God, confusion of knowledge, division of religions, false principles of science and action, war, and hatred; and to those who are not brought back by the light of Hamzé, perdition. Hamzé is Messiah, authorized to remit sin, to reconcile men to God, and undo the wicked work of the enemy of souls. In his mediatorial office, there is no trace of substitution. He makes no change in the purpose or the character of God. His disappearance corresponds to the ascension, but not to the crucifixion, of Christ.

The sin of man, according to the idea of the Druses, is the result of the free will of each individual. They are Pelagians on the subject of man's liberty and God's decree. They believe in predestination so far as the *length* of every man's life is concerned, but not in the predestination of all his acts. They hold that the number of souls in the world is limited, and remains always the same. There is no new spiritual creation. When one body dies, the soul that has dwelt in it enters another, and so has continued to change from the beginning, and will continue so on earth unto the end. Only a select few of the higher rank of souls are privileged to exist in a disembodied state. The Druse Transmigration differs from that of ancient Greece and Pagan India in not

connecting the bodies of lower animals with human metamorphoses. The spirit which has once been appointed to animate a human form is never assigned to any meaner body. Hamzé eloquently denounces the idea of such a confusion of natures as the ancient doctrine of Transmigration justifies. It is to him a most blasphemous heresy. "When an impious man," he says, "asserts that the souls of the enemies and adversaries of Ali will pass into dogs, monkeys, and pigs, and others into birds and frogs, he lies against our Lord, and utters a gross falsehood; for it is contrary to common sense, and inconsistent with the justice of our Lord, that, when a man gifted with reason and understanding should have become guilty before him, he should make him undergo his punishment under the figure of a dog or a pig. These animals have no conscience, and can have no idea of what they did, supposing they had formerly existed in a human form, and would be wholly ignorant of the faults which they had committed. Where would be the wisdom or the justice of such treatment?" (Vol. II. p. 177.)

The doctrine of Transmigration furnishes to the Druses a convenient and very practical scheme of retribution. The wicked, in the passage from body to body, keep on retrograding, the good keep on advancing, always, in either case, with opportunity of change. Change, however, is not antecedently probable. He who is nearly a saint to-day, nearly fit to be released from physical conditions, was a virtuous man ages ago. Temeemi, or the Soul, one of the five chief ministers, was once John the Baptist, and before that, Elias. The name of Hamzé, when Christ lived, was Jesus; though he was not Jesus the son of Joseph, who was a subordinate spirit. In common with the Mahometans, the Druses have a profound reverence for the Hebrew saints and prophets, and they quote in their sacred books largely both from the Old and the New Testaments.

The final resurrection is to separate for ever the just from the unjust. On that great day, the Judge of all the earth will receive unto himself the bodies of faithful Unitarians, that they may be spiritualized, glorified, and absorbed into the Divine Essence; while the rest of men shall be left to the destruction which shall consume all

mortal things. The number of the saved will be very few, since it has pleased the Lord that his doctrine should be hidden from the profane world. The enjoyment of the Druse heaven is not affected by the condition of the lost. It is positive, and separate from all sight of torments. The redeemed souls neither mourn that their unbelieving friends are not with them in the realm of light, nor rejoice in the sight of their woe and their burning. The metaphysics of the Druses are so closely joined to their theology, that it is difficult to separate them. Temeemi's tract, called "Tinder," from its leading illustration, (as other tracts are called the "Calf," the "Candle," &c.,) contains the substance of Druse psychology. The life of man is threefold,—his soul, his body, and the intelligence which unites these and brings out his capacities and his vital energies. These three parts correspond to the tinder, the steel, and the flint. As the tinder is nothing but inert and worthless substance until the steel strikes from the flint upon it a living spark, so the soul is inactive, base, and ignorant, until intelligence, acting in its form, communicates to it the divine spark and inflames its being. The joy and glory of the living soul is spiritual wisdom. The chief end of man as a thinking and reasoning being is *to get wisdom*. There is no separate province for the heart and the understanding. Conscience and reason in the soul of the true believer are identical in their operations and in their aim. There is only one true science, which is the knowledge of God. In this consists all wisdom, all virtue, all love. Without this, there is neither mental strength nor moral soundness. To meditate the Divine Unity, till the thought of it shall bring submission to the Divine Will, peace of mind, indifference to outward things, superiority to all accidents of life,—this is the highest need and office of every believer. Without the forms of the monastic state, the Druse religion is a system of quietism, a blending of all the spiritual forces into one constant process of learning to *know God*.

The ethical system of the Druses is comprised in *seven* commandments. This number is undoubtedly borrowed from the Mahometan system, but the precepts themselves are quite different. The first commandment is "Truth in words." This obligation is absolute in regard to

initiated Unitarians, but admits of exceptions in regard to the world's people. A Druse must always speak the truth toward his brother, but toward an outsider, truth to his religion will often compel him to speak falsely. He may lie when it becomes necessary for self-defence, or to screen himself from a charge of murder, or to escape the payment of a debt when he has not means to pay. As a general rule, nevertheless, the truth is to be spoken to all, as a matter of right to the faithful, and a matter of courtesy to all others. The common notion of Lebanon Christians about the Druses is that they are arrant liars; but this arises from their studious concealment of their views, and their simulation of the faith of other religious bodies. The more true the Druse is to his religion, the more skilful he is in acting a lie. He prays in the mosques as devoutly as any Moslem. He wears an elegantly bound copy of the Koran at his girdle. When Christians visit him, he will produce a copy of the Scriptures, and talk about the words of David and Paul as if he were half a convert. This is all part of his plan, — obedience to that order of Hamzé which enjoins perfect secrecy in matters of faith. In ordinary transactions, the truthfulness of the Druses is far before that of their Moslem or their Christian neighbors. They hold to their word, they perform their promises. And only the exigencies of war or of religion can lead them to violate even to an enemy the faith which they have plighted. The second Druse commandment is to "help, watch over, and protect one another." This does not exclude the temper of *self-reliance*, which is also earnestly enjoined upon the faithful. Each man is to be independent, and never to ask for aid until he is in extremity; but no one may refuse to give aid when it is needed. The Druse community have shown in their wars the influence of this precept. No monastic fraternity, no Masonic Lodge, can have a more thorough mutual dependence than the members of their religious house. It has enabled their small body for ages to resist and defy the superior forces which have been sent against them. The third Druse commandment is "to renounce utterly every other form of religion"; and the fourth is like unto it, "to keep separate from all infidels of every name and kind." These commandments in

the beginning required *outward* renunciation of the faith and society of infidels. But since "the door is shut," and no more proselytes can be received, and only injury can come to the faith by openly professing it, they now require only *spiritual* renunciation. A Druse fulfils these precepts, if he hates false religions and rejects infidels in his *heart*, though he may all the time pretend to be friendly. The Catechism lays down subtle directions on this point, which remind one of the contemporary glosses of the Western Schoolmen on the Catholic ethics.

The other three commandments are semi-theological. They enjoin the brethren "to recognize the Eternal Unity of God," "to be satisfied with his acts," and "to be resigned to his will." These are but three forms of an intense and profound piety. Their doctrine is not exactly the Oriental fatalism, since the will of God means rather the teaching of Hakem through his ministers, than every event which happens. Whatsoever religion commands, must be done, even if it be the sacrifice of a child. All trials, too, should be patiently borne. If an *unbeliever* can say, "God's will be done," and submit to the decree, should not this much more be the language of a "Unitarian" believer?

Other special precepts are given in the Druse writings of honesty, chastity, meekness, and mercy. The Unitarians are forbidden to kill, to steal, to covet riches, or to practise cruelties. These special precepts are all included in the seven chief commandments. One who knows and understands the greater will not need any better direction. Whatever be the practical morality of the Druses, their theory is as high and pure as that of any religious body in the East; — may we not say, also, as of most religious sects in the West? Their toleration of falsehood in matters of faith is morally no worse than the relic-worship and the Jesuitism of the Roman Church, than the subscriptions required to the English "Articles," or the phenomena of "revivals," as they have been witnessed again and again in New England. If the Druses are commanded to lie in *concealing* the truth, they are nowhere ordered to lie in *telling* the truth.

The substance of the Druse creed, which we have

thus imperfectly stated, is given in these words of Mr. Churchill. "To confess the Unity of the Godhead; to imbibe into their hearts with praise and thanksgiving and exultation the sublime revelations and teachings of the Universal Intelligence, for the perpetuation of which amongst mankind they are the chosen and peculiar vessels; to submit themselves cheerfully to all the dispensations of Providence, whatever they may be, without endeavoring to draw down blessings, or to avert calamities, by prayer; and, finally, to look forward with undoubting faith to the future advent of Hakem, and Hamzé the Messiah, to make the Unitarian religion triumphant through the whole world, — such is the belief and consolation, such are the hopes and expectations, of the Druses." (Vol. II. p. 243.)

The Druses are commonly believed to have no religion, simply because they have in their communities none of the externals of religion. They have no Sabbath, no church or mosque, no priesthood, and, so far as the world can see, no sacred rites. Their Ockals, which is the name of the initiated, (derived from the Arabic "Akl," which means "Intelligence,") though privileged and respected, are not a priestly class, have no authority by their position to teach, to dictate, or to pardon sins. They can be distinguished from the rest of the people only by the air of reserve which they wear, the superior purity of their lives, and the deference paid to their opinions. Some of them are ascetics, live in retirement, remain celibate, and mortify the flesh. Such practices are not, however, required of them, and add nothing to their influence. A Druse Ockal gains no honor by imitating the Maronite friars or the howling dervishes. The right to become Ockals is not limited to any particular class. The poorest of the people who are able to understand the sacred truths, and are willing to submit themselves to the discipline of the order, may join it. They are required to subscribe a creed, and to pass an ordeal, before they are admitted into the inner secrets. None but the Druse people can become Unitarians, or receive any light whatever concerning the Unitarian faith. Yet the weekly meetings are freely opened, and Franks and Moslems are welcome to see all that is done there, and learn all that they can, — which is just noth-

ing at all. The meeting seems to be only a pleasant social party, enlivened by conversation, walking to and fro, the distribution of creature comforts, sweetmeats, fruits, and the like, in sauces; and the single sign of its religious character is in the devout reading of the Koran. It is only when the strangers have seen enough, and have taken their departure, that the ceremonies of the brethren, if there are any, begin. Of these Colonel Churchill, though ten years resident in the Lebanon, is wholly unable to tell from personal knowledge, and we could not learn from the missionaries, who had had intimate dealings with the Druses for a quarter of a century, that they had ever witnessed a real Druse religious service. It is easy to conjecture that the sacred books are brought out and read, the vows renewed, the faithful instructed by the wiser members, and exhorted by the more zealous; that sermons are delivered, stories are told, perhaps hymns are sung (since Arab prose is half poetry, and some writings of the sect are called "Canticles"); and, above all, that the grand advent of the Lord Hakem, as an invisible conqueror from the lands of the East, the splendor of his array, and the glorious terror of his march, are rehearsed in lofty strains; — but all this is conjecture. Daring Franks, like Catherwood, and lucky Franks, like Dr. Barclay and his family, have explored the forbidden precincts of the Mosque of Omar, but no Frank or Moslem has told for seven centuries what he has seen of the Druse mysteries in their "Holowés."

The Holowés are not churches, or even meeting-houses, except on the regular Thursday evenings when the Ockals hold their "receptions" and expect their friends. In the upper mountain-ranges, like the Maronite convents, they are perched on the brow of the crag or the point of the peak, but usually they are undistinguishable in the mass of village houses. They have no religious furniture, nothing to mark them as more sacred than other places. The income from lands and property which belongs to them is applied to charitable uses.

The conditions of becoming an Ockal are not easy. The candidate has first to be "propounded," and his general fitness to be discussed. Then he has to promise to dress plainly, and to live soberly, abstaining not only

from intoxicating drinks, but from *tobacco.* To a German or Spanish Christian, this last kind of abstinence would be a severe enough self-denial, but to any Oriental it is still more severe. A year of probation, during which he is strictly watched, must pass, before he can become even a novice, or be admitted a proselyte of the gate. After that, if he bears the trial well, he is gradually initiated, takes the white turban, and enters into the secrets of the fraternity. His position, however, is never secure. They who admit have power also to exclude. And any one falling-off from the strict morality enjoined by the sacred book exposes the offender to discipline, perhaps to expulsion. Women as well as men are subject to this discipline, and special rules are given to meet their besetting sins. The Druse religion allows more to women, more equality of right and privilege, than any other religious system of the East. There is, indeed, the same custom of seclusion which shuts up women in the harem when they are wedded, and allows them to go abroad only in veils and with fit attendants, but at home they are respected and treated almost as equals. Among the Druses, the female children are instructed, and one sex can read and write as well as the other.

The Ockals are the wise men, the counsellors. But the government is in the hands of the Sheiks, who exercise an almost despotic authority. These Sheiks, who hold the land in feudal tenure, constitute an aristocracy of the mountains. They rule their vassals by unwritten laws, and are supported by the sentiment of loyalty and the patriarchal traditions of the people. They are physically the handsomest, most agile, most powerful men of the tribe, keeping by intermarriage their purity of blood, and changing it often enough to save the race from degenerating. In everything they must lead, — in the management of labor, the disposition of civil affairs, the collection of taxes, the sports of the Meedan, and the stratagems and exploits of warfare. The Sheik is entitled to the services of his whole village in case of necessity, and those of the peasants who farm his private property or live in the houses which he owns must be always ready to do his bidding. His own house, which may be larger, higher, and more pleasantly situated than the other houses, has to Frank eyes no resemblance to a

palace and no approach to comfort. It is the hotel of the village, and travellers are warmly welcomed and freely entertained. No bill is presented for food or lodging, but a reasonable "backshish" will not be refused. The accommodations are not very inviting, and unless the weather be very bad, a single night of Druse hospitality, even in the princely mansion, is quite enough to satisfy a visitor's curiosity. One has but a slim chance of undisturbed repose, and the bill of fare is neither long nor choice. The Sheiks live but little better than their retainers, and, if they begin a meal like lords, with their servants around them, generally have their fingers in the same dish with the servants before the meal is over. Of animal food there is but a slight portion.

The house of a Druse Sheik is not only the inn for Frank travellers, but it is also an asylum for fugitives, and sometimes a hospital for the poor and sick. A hunted outcast may rely upon the protection of his host while he is within its walls. Wandering minstrels are taken in and aided. All classes of the people are welcome, — those the most who make the most trouble, — viz. the Ockals. The conscience of an Ockal, like that of a Jew, will not permit him to eat the food of infidels. He must have a portion apart, from the honest produce of the soil. Not recognizing the right of Turkey to tax the free citizens of Lebanon, he refuses, even as a guest, to use the fruit of any gain which comes from this tax. The Druse Sheiks, not being, for the most part, devout Unitarians, are ready to take money in any lawful and some unlawful ways, and a considerable part of their revenue will always be from what they have got by plunder or by favor. To this the Unitarian demurs, and requires a fare which has been provided from honestly gotten substance. The Sheiks cannot spare the presence of their wise men, and so submit to the nuisance of this extra provision.

The houses of a Druse village are strangely huddled together, with no variety except that of material. They look sometimes like barracks, — to which Colonel Churchill compares them, — and sometimes, ranged as they are in terrace form, like huge flights of gigantic steps on the side of the mountain. The village is usually placed near some narrow pass, at which it may be

defended by a small number of men. Near this is the Meedan, or play-ground of the village, where the loungers bask in the sun, the old men sit with their pipes, watching the sports of the children, the horned and veiled ladies make their promenade, and the spirited game of the "Jereed" is constantly practised. This animated pastime has an antiquity as great as "the tournament" of Christian lands, and indeed is a tournament in more primitive style and with ruder weapons. The "jereed," which gives it the name, is a short lance, about an inch thick and four or five feet long, of stout wood, and rounded at both ends. It is held with a firm grasp around the middle. The game is played on horseback; and in fact one of its principal objects is to train and exercise the fine horses with which the Sheiks and wealthier Druses are always supplied. There are usually from one to two dozen engaged at a time, an equal number on each side. As the Meedan is not more than thirty or forty yards wide and perhaps twice as long, when the whole party are engaged together, rushing forward, wheeling, hurling the lance, pursuing each other, shouting, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in rage, the scene becomes highly exciting. It is not unattended with danger. The footmen who rush in to pick up the jereeds as they fall, and hand them to the combatants, are exposed to the horses' feet; and the blunt lances, sent as they are with the double force of the gallop and the rider's arm, often inflict severe wounds. The rules of the game forbid passionate encounters. But the passions of a fierce race like the Lebanon mountaineers, cannot be controlled by rules. The sports of the Meedan have given rise to violent and lasting feuds. The vengeance which one is forbidden to inflict upon his adversary is often turned upon the adversary's horse, and victorious riders purchase dearly their triumph, in the loss of their most precious treasure.

The occupations of the Druses are few and simple. Most of them are tillers of the soil; a few follow the necessary mechanical trades; the women spin and weave and embroider; the children are at school. The labors of agriculture (except on the plain of the "Bakaa," which is the Arab name for the valley of Cœle-Syria) are difficult and toilsome. Artificial terraces are to be made,

and renewed year by year, the small patches of soil in the crevices of the rocks turned over, planted, and watered, wholly by hand; — patience and industry must supply the want of the ordinary implements of husbandry, which would be useless in such a region. The part of the mountains which the Druses inhabit is the least fertile by nature, but they have made it beautiful with their gardens, their orchards, their groves of mulberry and olive and apricot. No foot of land is lost: wherever the root of a tree, a vine, or a shrub can penetrate, the ground is planted. The Druses are not, like their Christian neighbors, drawn off from labor by perpetual holidays. They have no saints to deprive them of their revenues or compel them to idleness. And though they share the Oriental love of repose, and work for the needs and enjoyments of the hour rather than in the spirit of accumulation, they are compelled by these needs to nearly incessant toil. For they have to provide not only their own subsistence, but the regular tribute to their Sheiks, to the Syrian Pachas, and to their great lord, the Turkish Sultan. They are liable at any time to be called upon for their quota of the "present" which the policy or intrigue of their rulers may decree to make.

Few of the Druses are rich, even according to the standard of wealth in the East. Most of their families own a horse or a mule, some sheep and goats, some acres of rocky land, perhaps a clump of fir-trees, in addition to the fruit-trees which they have planted and reared. Their possessions lie on the hills around their village. Yet they have an admirable custom, which Colonel Churchill from his observation declares to be *universal*, which saves them from such extremes of poverty and misery as are everywhere witnessed among Christians and Moslems in the East. Each man, and each family, has a *reserved fund*, which he never draws upon except in case of pressing need, never lends, or spends for any of his ordinary calls. It is his resource against the uncertainties of war or tyranny, which may compel him for a long season to omit altogether his labors, or drive him away from his home. He will submit to great privation rather than touch this sacred fund. Sometimes this is bequeathed from one generation to another, and continues an heirloom in the family.

War is to the Druses a natural and congenial occupation. Every male child is acquainted with fire-arms and trained to their use. The long gun, the sabre, and the dagger are their favorite weapons. The warriors can be mustered in an incredibly short space of time, and they obey with alacrity the summons of their chief. They are always prepared, ready for a hand-to-hand combat, a night ambush, or a long march. In their native mountains they are invincible against an equal, or even a greatly superior force. They intrench themselves in their natural rock fortresses, barricade the pathway, and when their ammunition is expended hurl down clubs and stones upon the heads of their foes. In the plain, their desperate charges have often routed large bodies of regular troops; though here, from lack of artillery, they fight at a disadvantage. They bear bravely all sorts of privations, want of food, of clothing, of sleep, — encumber themselves with no baggage, and keep courage even under severe reverses. Success, however, has with them its prestige. And when one of their Sheiks has proved himself weak in his plans or unfortunate in his enterprises, they are too ready to forget their former attachment and change their fealty to some more lucky leader. No mere diplomatist can ever become popular with the Druses. Cunning must have force and courage with it to make it tolerable in their communities. With all their adroitness in concealing their religious opinions, they love better a straightforward dealing in their political affairs. Their rulers, indeed, are often adepts in the art of deception. But they excuse this to the people by more sterling qualities. Cruelty and tyranny are more tolerable than meanness. The Druses will fight for a leader whom they fear, but not for one whom they despise.

They have no special military dress, no martial music (unless one will consider their few war-songs such, which are sung rather in the villages than on the march), and no insignia except the banner of the tribe. To bear this is a distinguished honor, granted only to tried valor. Their pay, which they expect regularly when they go as allies in some general expedition, varies from one to five piastres a day (from five to twenty-five cents of our money), according to the length and hardship of the campaign. When they defend their own homes, they ask no pay.

Their style of warfare is not honorable, according to the strategic systems of Western Europe; but no soldiers are more sensitive to the laws of honor than the Druses.

Their customs of domestic and social life in most respects resemble those of the Moslems, but have some peculiar features. The *horn*, which once adorned the forehead of every respectable female in Lebanon, Christian or infidel, now is confined to a portion of the Druse communities. From the villages by the sea it is disappearing, and is shown there only as a relic. But in the higher mountains it greets the traveller at the gateway, and recalls to him the song of Hannah in the Hebrew story. It is not a graceful ornament, even when its material is costly and its chasing elaborate, and it seems hardly possible that such an addition to the female head-dress can be either convenient or comfortable. In frequent instances, however, it is a permanent fixture, and she who can wear it most steadily gains thereby consideration with her tribe.

Polygamy is forbidden by Druse morality, nor can he who has one lawful wife insult her by adding other women to his harem. The wives of the Ockals are entitled to the same rights as their husbands, and the dignity of the marriage relation is much better preserved by them than by any Christian sect of the East. Divorces are easy, but once agreed upon are irrevocable. The division of property, in such cases, acts in the woman's favor. She has always the half, and in many cases the whole, of the substance which she brought in dowry, or has received since her marriage. Once divorced, both parties are free to marry again. Landed estate, however, cannot belong to women. The males alone are proprietors of the soil. A considerable portion of the wealth of the women is in their dress, and especially in the tresses and braids of their hair. We have seen in the case of more than one female child, in the Lebanon, gold pieces to the value of one or two hundred dollars thickly woven into these braids. This may be the compensation for the inferior value which is placed upon the birth of female children. A Druse father is rich in his household according to the number of his sons. When these are born, he receives presents, and consults the initiated for a lucky name; — but his daughters are not welcomed to the family by any demonstration.

The marriage ceremonies of the common people are simple, and less curious than those of the Moslems, but when the daughter or son of a Sheik is married, there is a brilliant festival, lasting for several days. There are sports upon the Meedan, long processions, a sham-fight between the party of the bride and bridegroom, in which the former seem to take the citadel of the latter by storm, abundance of music, and most lavish entertainments. The only stoical person is the bridegroom, who must seem as unconcerned as if he were pursuing his ordinary business, it being undignified for one in his position to be moved by such an unimportant event as marriage. A Druse noble may be excited in the game of war, but the meaner charms of love must not disturb his serenity. His friends and retainers may be enthusiastic, and manifest their joy, but he must show no undue emotion, either for his own bliss or for their congratulations.

The fervor of grief when a Druse Sheikh is buried is the counterpart to the festivities which celebrate his wedding. The crowd is immense, the howling lugubrious, men and women rush up to the bier, kiss frantically the corpse, and sing over it their dismal and perpetual refrain. The only calm mourners are the neighboring Sheiks and the elder Ockals, who offer the excellent example of sedate meditation. The funeral of an Ockal, if less largely attended, is not less strongly marked by manifestations of sorrow. The most eminent men of the tribe vie with each other for the honor of bearing his body. If he has been conspicuous in virtue, his death makes him a saint, and the fragments of his dress, and portions of his hair, are kept as amulets and sacred relics. His tomb becomes a shrine, lamps burn there, and daily pilgrimages maintain its sacredness. Stories of miracle are not wanting to glorify the departed Unitarians of Mount Lebanon, and complete the gift of prophecy which in their lifetime they possessed.

The numbers of the Druses are variously estimated. Colonel Churchill reckons them at 60,000, including all the villages in the parallel ranges of mountains, and all the scattered families from Damascus to Sidon and Tripoli. In the southern portion of the Lebanon proper, which belongs almost exclusively to them, as it has be-

longed for seven centuries, they number about 25,000, four thousand of whom are Ockals, or Unitarians. Here are their principal towns and their strongest castles. In the centre of this district of Southern Lebanon is "Deu El Kammar," the capital of the "Manaasif," a city of some 8,000 inhabitants, for a long series of years the residence of the ruling Emir. Here are the splendid palaces of "Muctava" and "Ebtedeen," marvels of barbaric grandeur, rivalling the traditions of the Caliph's palaces in Cairo and Bagdad. Here is "Shuyfat," the mystic home of the female saint, "Sitt Haboos," whose function was at once that of philosopher, lawgiver, and oracle, Aspasia, Egeria, and the Pythoness in one. Here is the village of "Bakleen," from which the most valuable manuscripts of the Druse religion were brought away. Here are Abeigh and Hamdoon, where the American missionaries have established schools, and labor almost hopelessly to beguile the people, through the influences of Christian civilization and education, into a Calvinistic faith. This part of the mountain was the most frequent residence of the houses of Maan, Jumblatt, and Shehaab, which have tyrannized over the tribes in successive ages. The fame of the great Emir Bechir, of the last-named house, is undoubtedly remembered by many of our readers.

In the Antilibanus, the Druses are most numerous in the neighborhood of Mount Hermon. Hasbeya is a town which they claim, and in which their fugitive leaders have often found shelter. Around this high mountain their villages are built, close up to the snow line, above the limit of culture. At the Druse town of El Medjdal, the fountain from which the people draw water is at least one hundred and fifty feet below the lowest line of houses; and in the most barren and desolate gorges the communities are most likely to be met with. In general, the Druses avoid the open plain, though in the "Bakaa" they frequently seek forage for their herds and horses. A few are found in the vast valleys of the "Hauvan," and even beyond Damascus their families are scattered. But the Lebanon is their home, and there are their history, their honor, their wealth, and their holiest shrines.

Our sketch of the Druses, though meagre enough, has been extended too far to permit any historical summary,

or any special notice of their heroes. There have been among them great men, wise men, and holy men, warriors who have battled at vast odds the Turkish and Egyptian princes, philosophers who have foiled the Catholic and Protestant missionaries with their own weapons, and true saints, who have proved by their works the sincerity of their faith. The interest of Colonel Churchill's narrative is heightened by several of these personal sketches.

As compared with the other tribes of the Lebanon, in all the nobler elements of character the Druses must be allowed the highest rank. They are brave, truthful, generous, free from the low cunning which marks the Bedouins, and from the credulous superstition of the Maronites. They covet intelligence, and they welcome light, while they love the simple habits which their ancestors have left to them. Without set forms of religion, they show a sincere reverence for the name of God, and for the attributes which all true believers assign to him. Their *hypocrisy*, if such term fitly describes their pretence now of Moslemism and now of Christianity, is the result of their exceeeding faithfulness to the truth which has been delivered to them, and is not a selfish cover to unbelief. They are slandered both by their Turkish and Christian neighbors, who value excessive piety above all other virtue, and deny all righteousness to the people where there is no mosque or chapel. But if a wide and warm brotherly love, a free hospitality, a chaste and sober life, an ardent patriotism, a deference to wisdom, an independent spirit, which will make any sacrifice to keep freedom, and a fidelity to religion, which will bear insult rather than compromise its cause or reveal its secrets, — if these be the qualities of a worthy character, then are the Druses entitled to an honorable name. Their faith, close as it is kept, and inoperative for that reason as it must be upon the mass of the people, is certainly clearer, simpler, more spiritual in its elements than the faith of the Greek or the Latin Church, or of the Arabian Prophet. Its incarnations of doctrine in Hakem, Hamzé, and the rest, are no worse than the pretensions of saint-worship, which materialize all the attributes of God, and confuse all spiritual ideas. A letter-writer, whose idea of the Druses was derived from the ignorant

slander of his Mahometan dragoman, calls the Druses "the Mormons of the East." The comparison is not just in any point. Even the origin of the Druses, ridiculous as it seems, is far more respectable than the origin of the Latter-day Saints. Hakem's villany was on a larger scale than the rascality of Joseph Smith; and the writings of Hamzé and Bohadeen are decidedly superior in insight, in philosophy, and in ethical dignity, to the theology and the ethics of the book of Mormon. They improve upon the Koran, and reconcile that morality which belongs to the native temper of the East with the morality of the Gospel. We may confess that there are many Christian societies, many bodies of men in the world, who hold to the unity of God, who do less credit to the name which they bear than the Unitarians of Mount Lebanon.

C. H. B.

Art. III. — LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

Mr. Downing's work, the title of which we give below, is too well known to require further notice at our hands, than an expression of our gratification at the evidence afforded by the high price paid for the copyright at Mr. Putnam's sale last spring, and the more recent appearance of a fifth edition, of the appreciation in which it is held. It first appeared in 1841, and it still continues to be the standard work on that subject in this country, while it has taken rank abroad with the best publications of the kind.

It is curious to mark man's progress from age to age, from generation to generation, or even from year to year, in the art of adding to the comforts and pleasures, or ministering to the wants, of his existence. Every new discovery of science or art opens the way to some new refinement of physical or intellectual enjoyment. The

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* *A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening adapted to North America, with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences.* By A. J. Downing, Author of "Designs for Cottage Residences," etc. Fifth Edition. New York: Riker, Thorne, & Co. 1854. 8vo.

luxury of yesterday becomes the necessity of to-day, and the few who at first appropriate the new discovery, and find a pleasure in the distinction it gives them, have scarce time to enjoy their monopoly before it is seized upon by, and becomes common with, the masses. This is equally true of useless, or worse than useless acquisitions, and of those of sterling worth. The multitude will follow the lead of those they look up to, in trifling fashions as well as in wise customs, in false taste as well as true; nay, even more readily, since the uneducated mind is more attracted by the glare of the former, than by the simplicity, the charms of which are less obtrusive, in the latter. It is not our purpose to inquire into the relative proportion of good and evil which has resulted to mankind from the progress of civilization. In the culture of the good is to be found the surest means of eradicating the evil; and it is therefore the part of wisdom to make the most of the real benefits we receive, by developing to the utmost their capacity, not merely for adding to our physical comfort, but for improving our individual and social character.

Of the luxuries of this class, which the discoveries of the present age have enabled us to enjoy, perhaps none comprises greater advantages to the inhabitants of cities, than the ability to possess a rural home, with space enough for the exercise of taste and ingenuity, and so easily accessible from the city by the aid of steam, that the flight over the ten, twenty, or thirty miles' distance between comes to be regarded as a pleasant portion of one's daily experience. Every year the city is stretching farther and farther into the fields. Old-fashioned country seats, whose walls once echoed the greetings of old-fashioned hospitality, are abandoned, first to boys and ghosts, and then to engineers and bricklayers, under whose magic touch they are speedily transformed into streets and blocks. Choice lots are carved out of farmer's fields, miles away from town, and bought at extravagant prices for cottage sites; large tracts are purchased by associations, and laid out in streets and squares to form rural villages, where men, whose dwellings till now have been in narrow alleys teeming with disease, become proprietors of lots, and feel that, morally and physically, they have advanced in the scale of being.

Every railroad becomes a salient point of the city, and the busy mart, which heretofore has been so called, is now but the heart of this widely extended metropolis, sending its life-giving impulses to its farthest extremities, and showing its healthy beatings in the hues of beauty it imparts to them. This great change in the habits of so large a portion of the population of our own and other cities cannot fail to have a powerful effect upon the social system. It involves many changes in habits of intercourse, giving on the one side greater freedom from conventional formality, and on the other greater room for the exercise of a generous hospitality. The tendency of rural life is to strengthen and refine the character; to make man more manly and yet more gentle; to make woman more womanly, yet more self-reliant; to give to each more originality, by a fuller development of moral and intellectual, as well as physical, character. These advantages, however, are not to be had without effort. The art of securing the highest degree of enjoyment from the sources of interest peculiar to the country is in fact one which it takes time to acquire. Not that a man must necessarily be miserable till he has learned to take an active interest in rural pursuits. Books, and the society of friends, or active sports, as riding, shooting, etc., may prevent *ennui*, and are always to be classed among the rational means of enjoyment in the country. But the labors of the garden and orchard, when prosecuted with intelligence, possess an intrinsic interest, which, once secured, will supersede the attractions of other active pursuits, as the study of the theories which govern them will furnish employment for sedentary hours. We must learn to open our hearts to Nature's witchery, to love the study of her ways, and to seek out the mysterious wonders of her works. It matters little how the work is begun. He who sets himself seriously to study the natural history of the simplest plant will find the subject quite as wonderful and incomprehensible as that of table-turning and spirit-rapping, and productive of much more satisfactory results. Let him then follow it up, and explore the endless variety of form, color, and habit of the floral world, examining with the microscope the undeveloped beauties whose most secret part reveals to him no imperfection but that of his own powers of comprehension; let him

engage in the work of culture, planting the seed and watching the developing of leaf, bud, flower, and fruit, studying the hidden agencies of their growth, and testing theories by experiment; and by the time he gathers the first-fruits of his labors, he will need no further instruction in the art of living in the country. It is probable he may require an assistant, for his complaint will be that he has not time for what he finds to do; but he would no more resign the charge of his garden or greenhouse to his gardener, than the sportsman would give his gun or rod to his attendant while he contented himself with carrying the game.

Gardeners, by the way, may as a general thing be ranked among the difficulties incident to the pursuit of rural felicity. On estates where the garden arrangements are elaborate, one or more gardeners are of course required. If the proprietor knows enough to appreciate the worth of a really good gardener, he may be able to secure one whose intelligence will add greatly to his own interest in the subject, while the man himself will perform his duties with the more energy and fidelity, that he feels that his efforts will be appreciated. If, however, the proprietor knows nothing of the matter, and thinks it economy to stint the gardener's wages, the chances are that he may be imposed upon by an ignoramus, who tells him he was once gardener to some Grand Duke of Red Morocco, and between the meanness of the master, the conceit of the man, and the ignorance of both, the garden will become only a source of vexation, possessing little to excite the interest of the owner or the admiration of his friends. On small estates, unless the proprietor is familiar with gardening, the most satisfactory course is to employ only an intelligent laborer, and attempt nothing at first beyond the simplest operations. If he employs a professional gardener, the natural dislike of showing his own ignorance and awkwardness will prevent his applying his own hand to the work; but in the other case, having no fear of being laughed at behind his back, his interest in the subject, being the result of of his own studies and experiments, will become continually more absorbing. Of the pleasures incidentally connected with the garden, the power of making presents of the fruit of one's own labors is certainly one of the

highest. A rare bouquet to one who can appreciate its loveliness, a dish of blushing fruit, or a basket of choice vegetables, contributed on some special occasion to a friend's bill of fare,— or a rich cluster of grapes to bless the fading sight of some poor consumptive, to whose parched lips they seem almost a foretaste of heaven,— affords a degree of satisfaction to the giver from being the result of his own skilful labor, which can be but faintly realized by him whose gifts involve only a demand upon his purse.

The quantity of land required for the country residence of a citizen will of course vary with the tastes, means, and objects of the individuals. The man who goes into the country with the intention of securing the greatest amount of rational enjoyment and satisfaction from the advantages it affords, will hardly be satisfied with less than half a dozen acres; and if he has any fondness for agricultural pursuits, or ambition for an estate of higher pretensions than a suburban villa, he will require a much larger tract. As the majority of the class to whom we now allude, however, are those whose occupations will call them daily to the city, it is safe to assert that the demand for places of much less size than the above will be greater than for those of larger dimensions. But it is not always easy to procure such a tract, and bring it into tasteful form. If one could trust to advertisements, it would be as easy to procure a cottage surrounded by every charm the poet could fancy, as it is (on the same authority) to prevent or cure every disease to which the human frame is subject. But the reality which in most cases meets the eye of the inexperienced citizen is such a fearful falling off from the idea conveyed by the glowing description which induced him to visit it, that his heart sinks at the thought of the labor and expense required to make it habitable. Farmers are unwilling to divide their lands and sell off a few acres, the loss of which may seriously detract from the value of what is left, and they naturally expect a very high price for such lots. A great deal of property is lying idle within easy access of the city, however, which might in a few years be made exceedingly valuable for building-sites, by a judicious expenditure in tasteful improvements; and it seems somewhat remarkable, (considering the proofs

which every day's experience affords of the value of places possessing the advantage of natural attractions,) that the attention of capitalists has not been drawn to those on which the same effects might be artificially produced. The reason may perhaps be, that it is comparatively an untried field. Examples are wanting to prove what may be done, the only approach to it thus far being the experiments of speculators, who lay out rectangular villages with the aid of a surveyor, and offer rural felicity for sale in lots of thirty by fifty feet. Our faith is strong that such investments might be made with great certainty of a profitable return; but we would urge a nobler motive upon those who have it in their power to carry out such a design. Believing, as we do, that the cultivation of a love of rural life, and a correct taste in objects of natural beauty and interest, will prove the most powerful preventive and corrective of the growing tendency to luxuriousness, extravagance, and ostentation, we should hail such an effort to direct and encourage its growth and development, as ominous of the triumph of refinement over vulgarity, of manliness over effeminacy, of all that is true and pure and lovely over all that is loathsome and obscene.

The motives which lead men to seek the country have doubtless many elements in common, some one or other of which may be the predominating one, according to the character of the individual. Most citizens have only general, and often very vague, ideas upon the subject, and are influenced in their selection by opportunity, the chance of a bargain, or the fact that others whom they know have preceded them, rather than by a knowledge of the circumstances on which their comfort and happiness must in a great degree depend. That the subject is worthy of more careful consideration will be acknowledged by every one who is capable of feeling the truth, that the spot he selects may in a few years become bound to him by associations which will make it sacred, growing more dear to him with every added year of existence, — a haven of refuge from the cares and anxieties of daily life, in which the evening of his years, as of his days, may be spent, and to his children a home, whose influences shall be life-long. These results are possible. Upon their realization depends the true charm of a rural home, and

it is upon the vague desire to secure a place to which the affections may cling with a stronger hold than to mere bricks and mortar, that the general wish of citizens for a country home is based. There are many persons, no doubt, who have no higher idea of a home than its value in dollars and cents, its means and appliances for physical comfort, or its capacities for displaying their wealth; and there are also many very worthy and excellent people who have no conception whatever of the refining and holy influence of the contemplation of the beauties of nature; but these do not constitute the majority of our race. Most people who are not actually vicious can appreciate, in a greater or less degree, the blessings and good influences of a home; and are capable of feeling that, although the spirit to be acted upon must exist in the heart, it may be strengthened and increased almost indefinitely by culture and the charm of tasteful surroundings. The sense of this truth, however, is very far from proving the capacity to carry it into practice. We see people continually, who, with an earnest wish to create the beautiful, produce (perhaps with a lavish expenditure) a result as far from what they intended, as the child's first awkward attempt at drawing a tree is from the graceful and flowing lines of the original. The art of producing such a combination of natural and artificial objects in the construction and arrangement of a country residence as shall make up a harmonious whole, and impress the mind with such sensations as are in conformity with each other and with the general aspect of the situation, is one which requires certainly as much effort of imaginative and creative power as the delineation of a similar scene on canvas, for it is in fact a creation of which the painting is only an image. It is therefore equally worthy of being ranked as one of the fine arts; and yet its performance is for the most part intrusted to mere laborers, or men who have no higher conception of the beautiful or the picturesque than is comprehended in the ordinary education of a gardener. Few persons have the time or the taste to become intimate with the details of the subject, though many have enough of an innate sense to prevent any very offensive infringement of its rules. Regarding it as involving questions of much higher import than those of mere physical comfort, we propose to

consider some of the elements on which its moral influence mainly depends, well aware, however, that any attempt to convey an idea of the effect of natural beauty upon the mind to one who has no innate love for it, is as idle as would be a description of the effect of a fine piece of music to one who had no responsive chord in his own breast. In either case, we can speak only to those who have ears to hear.

In what does the true charm of a rural home consist? What are the elements which make it dear to the heart, — a place to be thought of in absence with hallowed feelings, which shall burst into a glow of delight on our return? The answer is indicated by the fact, that such sentiments cannot pertain to a city home. They spring from an innate love of natural beauty, the want of which cannot be supplied by magnificence of architecture and artificial decoration, which in fact are only ornamental in a rural home so far as they harmonize with the surrounding natural scenery.

The vulgar rich man spends a fortune in the construction of his villa. He uproots a natural growth of forest-trees, and levels the knoll on which they stood, to give a clear view and an even slope from the house to the road. A grand gateway, with porter's lodge beside, gives entrance to grounds adorned with serpentine walks and fantastic flower-beds, and vases and statues and fountains of elaborate design, whose aquatic performances scarcely rival those of a respectable syringe. Trees are planted in formal correspondence with each other, but with no perceptible object, and producing no other effect than that of increasing the stiffness which pervades the place. Conspicuous above all is the house itself, proclaiming the respectability of the proprietor in every gable and eaves-drop, and insisting upon it with all the force of vulgar magnificence. The place derives its character from its profusion of artificial embellishment. Its smartness is inconsistent with ease or dignity. The leaven of home comfort is wanting in its composition, and the whole establishment is but an exaggerated piece of dandyism. It is obvious that no perception of natural beauty could have existed in the mind which conceived it, for the pervading expression is in direct opposition to that of nature. Natural scenery may be grand, or picturesque, or simply

beautiful, and in either case art may accord with it and contribute to the development of its peculiar characteristics; but whatever its prevailing expression, it always possesses a dignity which is inconsistent with mere prettiness, and its charm is gone from the moment it is made subsidiary to art.

The elements of natural beauty are only in a very limited degree under our control; it follows, that their presence gives a value to any position as a site for a country residence which the eye of taste will at once recognize, but of which it is not easy to convey an idea, since it is beyond the compass of our ordinary standards of value. The man who is just beginning the work of planting ornamental trees on a spot of bare ground may get some perception of it, if he will take the opportunity, when his mind is filled with the satisfaction derived from his work, and admiration of the thrifty plants he selected with so much care from the nursery, to walk to the nearest fine old oak or elm, left perhaps by chance a century ago when the forest was cleared, and, standing at its foot, cast his eye upward through its wilderness of giant arms. As he does so, and realizes its grandeur by comparison with the puny saplings which but now were the objects of his admiration, he will perhaps find himself making the calculation, that the accumulated interest on the cost of all these saplings, for a period equal to the life of the patriarch at whose foot he stands, would but faintly express the relative value of the latter, if it were possible to remove it. Planting trees is certainly one of the most interesting of rural occupations, and nothing gives a stronger feeling of local attachment than watching their growth and development. Still, it is exceedingly desirable to secure a position on which there is already a natural growth of trees, or even a single fine specimen, which may serve as a nucleus for further plantations, and will prove a source of unceasing pleasure and satisfaction, which, however difficult to analyze, will not fail to be readily acknowledged. The effect of trees upon a landscape is capable of greater variation, and is more entirely under our control, than that of either of the elements we have to work upon; and whatever other natural beauties may belong to any situation which is to be occupied as a country residence, trees are indispen-

sable to their development. Even if the situation offers no decided characteristic of its own, a graceful and attractive expression may be given to it by a tasteful arrangement of such varieties of trees as, singly or in groups, may blend together into an harmonious whole. The art of making such combinations and arrangements is one which can only be acquired by study and observation, and cannot be carried out except upon estates of considerable size; but the principles on which it is based may be applied wherever trees are to be planted for purposes of ornament. How continually these principles are transgressed, or rather how rarely the slightest deference is paid to them, is but too well known to every one whose tastes are sufficiently cultivated to enable him to distinguish the expression of different varieties of trees. The graceful forms of elms and maples plead mutely, but in vain, against the formality of straight avenues, — and firs and spruces, whose picturesque outlines seem intrinsically suggestive of rugged rocks and dark ravines, have become equally associated with box-edged grass-plots and ten-foot front yards, in which by common consent they seem doomed to perform sentry duty.

Now if the grounds to be planted are not of sufficient importance to warrant the employment of a landscape gardener in arranging them, the exercise of a little common sense on the part of the proprietor will enable him to avoid unmeaning formality in the disposition of his trees, and at least give them the appearance of having been planted with some definite object. He may not be sufficiently familiar with the subject to be able to decide what varieties of trees will group well together, or how the different groups should be arranged to produce the best effects of light and shade; but he can tell where he needs a shelter from prevailing winds, or a screen to hide an offensive object, and he can ascertain without much difficulty which side of his house requires shade. In other words, if he knows nothing of the laws of taste, let him apply the rule of utility, using what judgment he can in the selection of varieties of trees, and planting them where they will best effect the desired purpose, and the result will be an obvious adaptation to the demands of comfort, the force of which will be increased by the absence of all formality, while the natural beauty of the

trees themselves will give a charm to the place which they could not confer if planted in stiff uniformity, and with no apparent object but to be looked at. A plain house, whose architecture aspires to nothing beyond good proportion, and whose surroundings consist only of an easy and graceful disposition of lawn, trees, and shrubbery, requiring no care but to be kept clean, may impress the mind with an emotion of pleasure and satisfaction, while an elaborate attempt at elegance may excite only a weary sense of the care and labor required to keep up a perpetual sacrifice of comfort to a love of display. The disposition of the occupant will show itself, whether his means are large or small. The good taste which may be discerned in the very simplicity of the cottage and its grounds will reappear in richer development in the elegance and refined adornment of the palace and park, while a vulgar fondness for display is equally evident in the finical arrangement of the place which is measured by feet, and the gaudy magnificence of the great estate.

Water is to the landscape as the eye to the face, — the feature which imparts life and expression to all others. Whether in large and lake-like bodies or in small and rapid streams, it gives a vital power to all the surrounding scenery, which impresses itself with delightful effect upon the mind of the beholder. Fortunately, also, its power is not confined to its immediate vicinity. It acts upon the mind with scarcely less force when gleaming at a distance, or seen at intervals between the hills and trees, than when close at hand. The effect of hills also is to give a character to the country about them which cannot be monopolized by any one locality. It is so much easier, however, to give expression to grounds where the natural inequalities of surface seem to suggest an arrangement which will develop their attractions, that it is always desirable to secure their presence.

The natural character of a country residence is derived from the elements we have enumerated. It is the province of art to carry out the principles they suggest, either by the tasteful improvement of the advantages they offer, or the creation of such artificial embellishments as coincide with their general expression. There is always abundant room for lavish expenditure within the bounds

of good taste, and he who so uses his means is doing good service in the cause of popular education; but no large outlay is needed to secure an expression of elegance and refined home comfort, wherever a reasonable amount of natural beauty can be secured.

Do we sufficiently realize how rich an inheritance we possess in the endless variety of such scenery within access of this city? Hills of every shape, from the gracefully rounded summit falling gently into the plain, or continued in the undulating line of the range, to the rocky precipice, abruptly descending to the darkly wooded ravine; water, in its various aspects of sublimity and beauty, from the mighty ocean, with its living panorama of coming and departing sails, to the crystal stream rushing in capricious wildness among rocks and hills, or flowing demurely through meadows redolent of clover, whose dream-like beauty finds expression in its rippling voice; rocks, and trees, and shrubs, and trailing vines in infinite variety of beautiful and picturesque combinations; — all are within our reach, and are daily becoming the sites of homes for ourselves and our children. The value of such homes in their effect upon our character as a people is inestimable. It is to their influence we are indebted, in a great degree, for the characteristics of energy, enterprise, and perseverance, for which we have become proverbial; and he knows but little of what constitutes national worth, who thinks we should be gainers could we exchange the rocks and hills of New England for the monotonous scenery of a level country, though its soil were inexhaustibly fertile, or covered mines of untold wealth. And if these possessions are of such value, is it not incumbent upon us to search out the secret of their power, and strive to develop to the utmost its capacity to elevate and strengthen and refine our natures?

We acknowledge the importance of a national taste for the beautiful in art, and strive to instil it into our children, and to cultivate it in the minds of the people. But a love for the beautiful in nature is the true foundation on which such a taste should rest, and it can develop itself in no more attractive or refining form, than in the arrangement of those objects of natural beauty which surround and give a character to our homes.

The works of Downing have wrought a revolution in the style of rural architecture, which can be appreciated by those who can remember when only one form of ornamental houses seemed to exist in the minds of rural architects, and the country was dotted over with Grecian temples of twenty-five by forty feet. To him also, more than to any other man, belongs the honor of creating and directing the taste for rural life which is now so universal. It is true that he wrote just at the time when such writings were most needed, when country homes were just coming to be regarded as necessities instead of luxuries. But, apart from the credit due him for perceiving and seizing upon the right time to speak, he deserves our gratitude for saying the right thing, and in the right way, so as to impress its truth upon those who felt its need. Few men have exerted a wider influence, or have a higher claim to the title of public benefactor, than he. The arrangement of grounds was to his mind a subject of equal importance with that of rural architecture; but the effect of his works is not as generally perceptible in the surrounding arrangements as in the buildings themselves. An architect must be employed upon the house, but the necessity of laying out the grounds in accordance with any distinct rules, or with any reference to the building itself, is rarely recognized. Even architects themselves are often apparently unconscious of any necessity of adapting their designs to the features of the surrounding scenery, or of arranging the grounds in the immediate vicinity in conformity with the building itself. The consequence is evident in the appearance of a very large portion of our country-houses, which are utterly out of keeping with the natural features that have been introduced for ornamental purposes about them. We see costly, and often very elegant and tasteful houses, whose effect is lost or destroyed by the entire want of support in the arrangement of the grounds. People do not seem to realize, that objects which in one case may be ornamental, or at least inoffensive from being rendered necessary by peculiarities of the situation, may be obtrusively disagreeable in another, or that the assembling together of a number of different objects, each in itself beautiful, by no means insures a pleasing combination.

In certain situations it becomes necessary to construct

terraces in order to secure the use of land otherwise too steep for cultivation. The obvious necessity of the case diverts the mind from the contemplation of its formality, and perhaps excites a feeling of admiration for the ingenuity displayed in securing such an advantage in so unpromising a spot. This admiration will be heightened, however, if the terraces have been so concealed by curves, and varying angles, and plantations of shrubs and vines, as to give the appearance of natural inequalities of surface. Yet it is by no means uncommon to see houses elevated on artificial mounds, as if for the express purpose of giving an opportunity to form terraces, whose faces and angles are graded with the precision of the glacis of a fort. We see trees planted without any reference to future effect, sometimes in rows, sometimes in formal correspondence, or sometimes in clumps impervious on every side. The patches of lawn are cut up with all manner of chintz-pattern flower-beds, and trellises and arbors are constructed, of such elaborate designs that the vines which cover them are obviously of secondary importance as matters of ornament.

In public grounds it is still worse. The name of "Public Squares," by which for the most part they are known in our cities, is highly appropriate, from its literal truth. Everything about them is square and stiff, except the individual trees, whose natural grace cannot be cramped into angular form, and is in itself a perpetual protest against the surrounding precision. The finest park in any city in this country is Boston Common. It is but a patch, compared with the parks of some European cities, but, excepting the public grounds at Washington, no American city can boast of a park, within its populous limits, containing more than a fifth of its area, — which amounts to nearly fifty acres, in the midst of the richest and most aristocratic portion of the city. If the anomalous territory beyond it, which has so long remained in a transition state between a public receptacle for rubbish and a public garden, should ever fulfil the hopes which have been indulged in regard to it, an addition of twenty-five acres will be secured, divided only by a street, which, being lined with trees, will form a fine avenue between the two. We have at present no suggestions to make in regard to this tract,

beyond what may be indicated by our remarks upon the Common.

The object of a park is to secure to the dwellers in cities the opportunity of enjoying the contemplation of such objects of natural beauty as the growth of the city must otherwise destroy. In order to accomplish this, the most interesting and pleasing objects of natural beauty should be selected, and so arranged as to present the greatest possible variety of attractive scenes and combinations, exciting the curiosity continually to further search, by partial concealment, yet ever preserving the expression of nature so truly, that no appearance of design is betrayed.

We insist upon this condition in a park more earnestly than in any other ornamental ground, because its very object is to present the strongest possible contrast to the streets and blocks around it, which must of course be all artificial. In its natural capacities for such a purpose, we have in the Common all that need be desired. It comprises almost every essential element of natural beauty, and presents such a variety of features in its natural arrangement of hill and dale and plain, as to afford opportunity for a continual succession of charming effects, by a judicious development of their peculiar attractions. Here might be collected an endless variety of trees, shrubs, and plants, arranged in natural groups and combinations, yet with such regard to artistic effect that the apparent area should be indefinitely increased, and every turn of an avenue should disclose to the eye some new object of attraction, affording a source of untiring interest as well to the student of nature or picturesque effect as to the mere rambler seeking enjoyment without caring to analyze its sources. It would furnish a school of design, open to every one who chose to enter, whose attractive power would make it a popular resort, and whose lessons would exert a silent but powerful influence upon the character of the people.

To compare the reality with this supposed case, let us imagine a stranger to enter the Common for the first time at the corner of Beacon and Park streets, at the season of richest vegetation. His first sensation is one of surprise and delight. The grandeur and beauty of the trees, the spacious avenues, the verdant lawns, and

the nice keeping of the whole, excite his admiration, and the change from the heat and dust of the streets is indescribably refreshing. He pauses to enjoy the scene and to decide in which direction to turn his steps. The chances are that he will select the Beacon Street Mall, for the simple reason that it is the only one the whole extent of which is not perceptible from where he stands, and his curiosity is excited to see the portion which is concealed. He walks slowly on till he reaches the verge of the descent, and again comes to a stand. He now sees that this avenue is precisely like all the rest, — a broad, straight gravel-walk lined with trees, — and if he keeps on, he will have nothing for it, when he gets to the end, but to come back again, or else turn to the left into another and precisely similar walk, the whole length of which he can see from the spot he now occupies. Several paths diverge from this point, and he looks from one to another in search of some attractive object to turn the balance in favor of either, but he sees only straight gravel-walks, lined with trees. One of them would lead him to the shore of the little lake which lies at the foot of the hill, but he sees every inch of its surface and boundaries from where he stands, and nothing induces a closer examination. Beyond it are two or three pretty knolls, but the whole of their outlines is visible, and there is no reason to suppose that any further discoveries could be made from their summits. He begins to be painfully impressed with the monotony of the place. The effect is much the same as that of a collection of beautiful flowers, each in a separate phial. You acknowledge their loveliness, but your pleasure is provokingly marred by your sense of how much it would be increased by tasteful arrangement. He has not traversed a tenth part of the area, but he has seen the whole of it, and unless he requires exercise there is no imaginable reason for extending his walk in any direction. What should we think of a painter, who, taking the surface of the Common for the groundwork of a landscape, should produce no more picturesque results than a series of straight avenues, bordered with formal rows of trees, and having no reference to the natural inequalities of the ground, but, dividing the lawns into geometric figures, should fritter away every opportunity for effect of light

and shade, or picturesque combination, in senseless repetitions of the same unmeaning forms? Imagine, instead of this, the paths to wind among irregular groups of trees, sometimes clothed with a thick undergrowth of shrubbery and adorned with the graceful festoons of the Virginia creeper, or the delicate foliage and brilliant flowers of the trumpet vine, at others forming open groves springing from a velvet sward, the combinations and divisions of the different masses, as we change the point of vision, producing the most pleasing effects of light and shade, giving in one place the appearance of a continuous wood, disclosing unexpectedly at another a partial view of the distant hills of Brookline, or spires of Roxbury, now intersecting the view on every side by dense masses of shrubbery, now affording a glimpse of the lake through a vista whose perspective is increased by the arrangement of the objects which line the sight, and at another turn emerging upon a broad expanse of lawn, whose outline is lost in deep bays between the projecting capes and islands of wood. In the detail the interest is kept up by the variety of trees and shrubs composing the plantations, which mingle with each other in natural and easy gradations, arranged with such regard to their relative size, forms, and hues of foliage as to produce the most attractive and pleasing effects. Descending towards the lake, of which we get glimpses through the pendant boughs of weeping elms and birches, we find its contour so concealed by wooded points and curving shores, that its whole outline cannot be perceived from any position. A growth of white pines skirts its opposite shore, through whose tops the wind sighs sweetly, and on the knoll beyond the forms of grand old hemlocks rear themselves and spread abroad their arms, inviting to the benediction of their grateful shade.

All the varieties of trees and shrubs indigenous to our soil, or capable of thriving in our climate, could here be collected in the positions most congenial to their natures. What a rich museum of natural history would thus be opened! What an interesting field to a foreigner, and what a useful school to our own citizens! Is it consistent with the New England character for shrewdness, that we should be willing to devote a tract of such vast

pecuniary value to purposes of ornament and recreation, and be content with a return so far inferior to its capacity? Have we not sufficient evidence in the unqualified admiration of all classes of visitors to Mount Auburn or Forest Hill, that the truly beautiful is recognized and appreciated even by those who cannot analyze or describe the cause of their emotions of pleasure? — and is there any shadow of reason for giving a greater degree of formality to grounds intended solely for ornament and pleasure, than to those devoted to the most solemn services we are called upon to perform? And yet at this day, not only are new towns laid out without the least reference to beauty in the arrangement of the streets, but their public squares have not, to our knowledge, in a single instance, aspired to anything beyond the stupid repetition of straight shaded walks.

Strenuous efforts have been made for some time past, in New York and Philadelphia, to secure tracts of sufficient size for parks, and a donation of upwards of thirty acres has been made to the latter city by an association of gentlemen who purchased the land for the purpose. It is, however, some miles distant from the central parts of the city, and of course comparatively inaccessible to a large portion of the population, and this must of necessity be the case with any lands which can at this day be procured. In this we have an inestimable advantage in our Common, which is not a long walk from the most remote portions of the city. May we not hope that the progress of rural taste will erelong lead to the commencement of improvements, whose results will enable future generations to point to the Common as an evidence, not only of the wise generosity of our predecessors, who bequeathed this rich inheritance to us, but of our own refinement and good taste in developing and increasing its intrinsic charms?

H. W. S. C.

ART. IV. — AUGUSTE DE GERANDO.

WHEN De Gerando left Hungary for France, in the spring of 1848, filial piety retained Madame De Gerando by the side of her father, whose failing health required her care, and whom she was unwilling to deprive of the solace he found in his grandchildren. Engrossed by the duties of the daughter and the mother, she passed, after her husband's departure, several tranquil and happy months at Hosszufalva. The prospect of a speedy reunion, under circumstances the most happy, softened for her the regrets of separation. Her husband's letters arrived with regularity, and spoke of his continued health and cheerful hopes. The intelligence which reached Hosszufalva of the course of public events in Hungary was most satisfactory. A spirit of generosity and conciliation seemed to prevail after those brilliant days of March, the epoch of a double triumph: that of constitutional right over imperial usurpation; that of the spirit of justice and Christian fraternity over chartered privilege and time-consecrated prerogative.

Hungary, so long violently held back in the path of progress, had performed the work of a century in a few days. She asked to share her advantages with the sister state. The reunion of the two countries was one of the demands made by the Hungarians in the first days of their peaceful victory over the Austrian government. The king had signified his assent. It remained for the Diet of Transylvania to ratify the wish of Hungary. The assembling of this Diet was looked forward to by the liberal minds in both countries with a feeling of hope mingled with grave anxieties. Opposition was feared on the part of the Saxon deputies. The union of the two countries once effected, the reformed constitution of Hungary would become that of Transylvania. The distinctions of race which had been maintained in the latter country would be at once abolished, and all special privileges of classes and nationalities would be merged in the common rights of Hungarian citizens. But would the Saxons be content to resign the distinction of being one of the three privileged nations of Transylvania, in exchange for civil liberty, for just laws, for the power of

unchecked intellectual development? Above all, would that class into whose hands all the political power in this once democratic colony had passed, emulate the disinterestedness of the Hungarian nobility, and accept the equality which the reformed constitution of Hungary imposed?

Another cause of solicitude existed. A large proportion of the peasantry of Transylvania was of the Wallach race. It was precisely this class of the population which had the most to gain by the union with Hungary, whose liberal constitution abolished every arbitrary distinction, and rendered the religious persecution which the Wallachs of the non-united Greek Church had suffered on the part of the Austrian government henceforth impossible. By this union, also, the peasants of Transylvania became, like those of Hungary, proprietors of the land which they had held as tenants. It would seem that the nobles, who had relinquished a large portion of their property in favor of their former vassals, might have counted on the gratitude of these, and their adhesion to the new order of things. But it was known that causes had been at work which might deprive the country of the benefit of all these sacrifices. The policy of the Austrian government, which founded its strength upon the divisions of its subjects, had found a favorable field in Transylvania, where the diversity of nationalities and creeds, and the recognition of these distinctions in the constitution,* rendered it easy to keep alive national and religious jealousies. For a long course of years, also, this country had been the scene of the secret machinations of Russia, who

* It is to be remembered that, although the constitution of Transylvania recognized distinctions of race, the non-Magyar population on the Magyar territory was not, even before the reforms of 1848, practically deprived of any privileges enjoyed by the Magyars. The Magyar peasant was on the same level with the Wallach. The Wallach noble enjoyed all the privileges belonging to his rank, equally with the Magyar. He had the right of suffrage, and could be elected to the Diet. The distinction was, that the Wallach nationality was not recognized. The Wallach in the Transylvanian Diet was regarded as a Magyar. A great number of the nobles of Transylvania were Wallachs. De Gerando says: "In the district of Kövár there are a hundred Wallach nobles to one Magyar, and in other counties, as in Hunyad, Zárand, &c., almost the totality of the nobility is Wallach." (La Transylvanie, Vol. I.) It may be added, that, of the nobles who were regarded as Magyar and who spoke the Magyar language, a great number were of Wallach origin. The Wallachs are chiefly found in the Magyar and Saxon territories. There are very few among the Szeklers.

aimed at uniting under her dominion all the populations of Europe professing the Greek religion. To these causes of fermentation was added the recent awakening of the spirit of nationality among a portion of the cultivated class of the Wallachs, who aspired to assure to their nation, not an equality of political and religious rights as citizens of Transylvania, but a supremacy to which they believed their numbers entitled them. They desired the maintenance of the separation between Hungary and Transylvania, and the erection of that portion of the latter state in which the Wallach population was in the majority into a Wallach Waiwodate. This party was small in numbers, but active and ardent. Some of its members were actuated by personal ambition; others by a sincere enthusiasm. There were among them men who were mere creatures of the Austrian government, and there were others, again, who cherished yet bolder projects than those that were avowed, and who looked forward to the formation of a new and independent state, which, under the name of Roumania, should comprise all the territory on which a Wallach population was found. These last knew well that the Austrian cabinet would employ them solely to serve its own ends, but they hoped, on the contrary, to make use of the Austrian support to carry out theirs.

It was known that some of the prominent members of the Wallach national party and some of the more influential Saxons had been summoned to Vienna and admitted to a conference with the ministry. The object of these negotiations was not doubtful. It was well understood that the representatives of Saxon and Wallach nationality were to be won to serve the interests of the reaction by concessions and ample promises. The apprehensions excited by these alarming circumstances were momentarily dissipated. Among the Wallachs were not wanting men of enlightenment, who saw that the true interests of the Wallachs of Transylvania required them to attach themselves firmly to the cause of the Hungarians, and lean upon that hardy and indomitable race which, through so many centuries, had maintained for Transylvania and Hungary a distinct existence, and had secured to those countries all of independence and liberty they had hitherto enjoyed. They would,

without doubt, defend with the same energy and tenacity the newly acquired rights, rights which they had not won for themselves alone, but for all the inhabitants of the country. It was the interest, therefore, of the Wallachs to accept the privileges offered them, and to expect from time and the increase of wealth and intelligence among themselves the full enjoyment of that influence which their numbers must infallibly give them in a country in which the right of suffrage was nearly universal, rather than to listen to the proposals of the Austrian cabinet, whose designs of complete subjugation could not be better served than by the maintenance of the separation between Hungary and Transylvania, and the subdivision of these countries into petty states. Thus reasoned the more enlightened and patriotic among the Wallachs of Transylvania. Nor were their words unheard by their countrymen. Religious liberty and the undisturbed enjoyment of the fruits of their labor, were what the majority of the population desired. They asked a quiet life, and troubled themselves little with political questions. The affairs of their own village were of more importance to them than those of Europe or of the country at large. If the Hungarian ministry had had no other enemy to contend with than the spirit of disaffection among the people, — if it could have given its full attention to the carrying out of the salutary measures which had been decreed, and could thus have won the confidence of the people by the solid advantages bestowed, — the transition from the old order of things to the new might have taken place easily and safely. Some local disturbances might have occurred, some casual frays. National jealousies would not doubtless have been at once extinguished, but a community of interests is the strongest bond of union. All that was wanting was to bring the various populations to realize that this bond existed. For this, time was not allowed the Hungarian government. In the mean time the nobles in many of the counties on the Magyar territory had invited the peasants to enter at once into the possession of the privileges already secured to the peasants in Hungary by the new constitution, and to take part with themselves in the election of the deputies to the next Diet, at which the question of the union with Hungary was to be decided.

The 28th of May, the day fixed for the meeting of the Diet, arrived. It assembled at Kolosvár, the chief city of Transylvania in the Hungarian territory. The people gathered together in crowds around the house in which the assembly met, waiting to learn the result of its deliberations. At length it was announced to them that the union with Hungary had been decreed without opposition. This news was received with enthusiastic plaudits. Schmidt, the Saxon deputy from Hermanstadt, and Lemény, the Wallach bishop, were loudly cheered. In response to the acclamations of the people, the Saxon deputy and the venerable Wallach prelate went forth to them, to address them and receive their congratulations. Schmidt, the Saxon deputy, took occasion to refer to the reports which had been spread of the intended opposition of the Saxons to the union, and appealed to the vote given by himself and his colleagues on that day as a proof of their groundlessness. Lemény, the Wallach bishop, exhorted the surrounding multitude to unity, and to fidelity to their country and king, promising, in the name of the Wallachs, friendship and loyalty. Thus the day which had been looked forward to with so much anxiety was closed amid general congratulations and apparently universal harmony.

Madame De Gerando followed the progress of events with deep interest and confident hope; her father, with quiet despondency. When the news of the fall of Louis Philippe and the proclamation of the republic in France was communicated to him, he was far from sharing the enthusiasm of his son-in-law and daughter. He foresaw that the movement would become European, and, with the cautious misgiving of age and experience, — perhaps with the prophetic insight of the man who stands near his grave, — foreboded its results for Hungary. He saw the rapid triumph of the liberal cause, the momentary re-establishment of the national independence; he saw the hidden plottings of the crafty imperial cabinet, the too patient trust of the confiding Hungarians, the sudden disenchantment. He saw, on either side of Hungary, her two powerful enemies, rivals for dominion, but prompt to give each other the hand when their interests called them to smother in blood the kindling hopes of their common victim and common enemy, the people.

He saw the heroic defence, the magnanimous but vain self-devotion. He saw the night of despotism settling down deeper than ever after the transient illumination.

Madame De Gerando exerted herself in vain to banish his dejection, and inspire him with more cheerful thoughts. Events soon took place which justified his apprehensions, and compelled her to share them. The first disheartening news which reached them was that of the success of the Austrian intrigue in the South of Hungary. Rumors of the preparations made by Jellachich, under the direction of the cabinet at Vienna, for the invasion of Hungary, soon followed. The signs of the same influences at work in Transylvania were not long in taking a definite form. After the acceptance of the union with Hungary by the Diet of Transylvania, the Austrian cabinet carried on its intrigues with greater activity than ever. In the territory of the Szeklers its efforts failed completely. Among the Saxons it found able coadjutors. The apprehensions which had been entertained in regard to the opposition that the Saxon aristocracy might offer to the union had not been unfounded. The threatened loss of their privileges, and of the monopoly which they had hitherto enjoyed of all honors and offices, made them the faithful allies of the reaction. They gave their aid in fomenting agitation among the Wallachs, who were to be made the chief instruments of carrying out the projects of the Austrian cabinet. Emissaries were sent among this people, with instructions to flatter them with vague and extravagant promises, and to assure them that it was the design of the Hungarians to deprive them of the advantages the king had accorded, and to reduce them to absolute servitude. The result of these machinations soon showed itself in disturbances which broke out in different parts of the country.

As the plans of the Austrian cabinet matured themselves, the insurrection was more completely organized. A so-called Wallach committee was formed at Hermanstadt, which acted in concert with the commander-in-chief of the imperial forces in Transylvania. The country was portioned out into districts, at the head of each of which was placed one of the leading Wallach agitators with the title of Prefect. Under the Prefects were other officers, entitled Tribunes, Centurions, &c.

The Centurions were responsible to the Tribunes, the Tribunes to the Prefect, who was himself amenable to the Wallach committee. The committee reported to the Austrian commander-in-chief. He received his instructions from the Austrian cabinet, which thus directed from a distance the whole conspiracy. The Wallach frontier regiments afforded an important military force ready to be employed to begin the civil war. Their number was increased by new levies. The hope of plunder placed at the disposal of the agitators large numbers of the lowest class of the population. Urban, lieutenant-colonel of one of the frontier regiments, was empowered to issue what were called letters of protection. These letters exonerated those holding them from their allegiance to the Hungarian government, and promised them the support of the imperial troops, in case of any proceedings against them on the part of the Hungarian authorities. In all the Wallach villages an oath of allegiance was administered, not in the name of Ferdinand V., king of Hungary, but in that of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the inhabitants, after being instructed in the alleged treasonable designs of the Hungarians, were required to swear that they would attack and pursue all the enemies of the Emperor to their utter extermination. Even those villages in which no spirit of disaffection to the new order of things, and no hostility to the Magyars, prevailed, but which desired to remain at peace with their neighbors and continue their ordinary occupations, were forced to take the oath and to receive the letters of protection. The wretched inhabitants, placed between two dangers, that of being massacred by their own countrymen on the one hand, and that of being declared traitors and rebels to the Hungarian government, if found with these letters in their possession, on the other, chose the least imminent, and accepted the protection which seemed the most powerful. Thus was that state of anarchy, of terror, of general distrust, fully established, by which the Austrian cabinet hoped to profit, first, for the overthrow of the liberal Hungarian government, and afterwards for the complete subjection of the deluded instruments of their country's ruin. The Austrian commander-in-chief, General Puchner, following the instructions of Latour, affected to be on the best terms with Baron Vay, the Hungarian

commissioner in Transylvania, and earnestly disavowed complicity or concurrence in the proceedings of Urban. After the invasion of Hungary by Jellachich, all motive for dissimulation ceased. The signal for the outbreak of the civil war was given. General Puchner himself soon laid aside all disguise, and declared openly against the Hungarians. The country then became the scene of the most frightful calamities. The insurgent Wallachs, in separate bodies of six or eight thousand men, — composed in part of regular troops, in part of peasants armed with scythes, pitchforks, &c., — under the command of their different leaders, Janku, Prodan, Gregorio, and others, began their ravages. They fell by night upon the Hungarian towns and villages, burning and plundering and massacring the defenceless inhabitants. The county of Alsó Fejér, in the southern part of the country, was especially the scene of fearful atrocities. The estates of the Magyar proprietors were devastated, and the Magyars found upon them, men, women, and children, were put to death, often by lingering tortures.* It was thus that Magyar Lapád, Csombord, and Buzas Bocsard were ravaged. At the mining town of Zalathna, two thousand Magyars were murdered, and the mines destroyed.

The news of these terrible events reached the family at Hosszufalva. The greater part of the proprietors in the district of Kövár left their estates and took refuge in the nearest cities. Count Emeric Teleki, placing entire confidence in the peasants on his estate, although they were almost all of the Wallach race, long refused to follow their example. The danger of his grandchildren, however, at length decided him to depart. The following passages from a letter addressed by Madame De Gerando to a friend give an account of the last days which she passed at Hosszufalva with her father.

"My father's former subjects, threatened by the insurgents with having their houses burned if they did not attach themselves to their cause, and, on the other hand, in danger from the Hungarian government if they joined the Wallach resistance, came to throw themselves on their knees before my father, imploring him

* The accounts given of the atrocities perpetrated by the insurgents in the southern part of Transylvania surpass in horror all that the imagination can conceive.

not to abandon them, but to aid them with his counsel. He had determined to remain, when an unexpected circumstance and the love he bore his poor grandchildren made him change his resolution. My father possessed a considerable collection of weapons, objects much coveted by the Wallachs. He had several times sent to the magistrates of the neighboring city, requesting them to send and take possession of these arms, — so much the more valuable that there was a general want of them, — and not let them run the risk of falling into the hands of the insurgents. The magistrates constantly delayed sending the wagons necessary for the transport. One evening the intendant arrived, pale with fear, and announced that the insurgents were about to fall on the village; that they intended to kill him, and to pillage the house of the seigneur. There was nothing to be done but to prepare for death or distant imprisonment. My father made his arrangements. He had his strong-box concealed in his library, hoping to preserve it for those who might escape. For myself, I recommended my children to the care of my cousin, praying her to carry them to France, if our lives were spared; for I prepared myself to accompany my father, if, as had been the case in some instances, the Wallachs should carry him to Naszod in order to take him before their chief, Urban. My poor father never went out in winter without being wrapped in furs. I prepared therefore his great pelisse, his furred cap, his lined boots. I thought I should be able to obtain for him, by my prayers, permission to clothe himself in these garments before being exposed to the piercing night air. All these arrangements being made, my father bade us a touching adieu, and retired to his chamber, where he passed the night lying upon his bed, but without undressing. My cousin and I did not think of sleep. I passed nearly the whole night in packing our trunks; for I was determined to prevail upon my father to quit this dangerous place, if we had the good fortune to escape this time. The night was very dark, and a fine rain was falling. After I had prepared the trunks I stood at the window in the large room which overlooks the court-yard, listening for the slightest sound, and every moment thinking I heard the clatter of the scythes of our assailants. Happily, the darkness of the night prevented them from coming. At about four o'clock in the morning I sent the servants to have the horses caught that were to draw our carriages. But all our coachmen were absent, having been forced by the Wallachs to join them. It was therefore very late before our carriages were ready. Towards the break of day my beloved father rejoined us. O with what emotion did we press him in our arms! for the evening before we had thought that his venerable head might be exposed to the most cruel outrages. We did

not think then that he was restored to us only for so short a time. I urged him to prepare for the journey. He consented at last, but unwillingly. He had made up his mind to fall there where he had lived. At noon we were at length ready to set forth. A crowd of peasants occupied the court-yard. They entered the audience-room for the last time. There they listened with ardor to the voice of him who had so long been their father. The women wept and lamented in a heartrending manner, and thus they surrounded our carriages. After an hour of parley my father at last succeeded in reaching his carriage, having promised his peasants not to abandon them, but to be still their protector, and their advocate with the Hungarian government.*

"We quitted Hosszufalva in three carriages drawn by six horses. We took the precaution to avoid the high-road, where, as we learned later, a troop of Wallachs were lying in wait for my father, to make him prisoner and keep him as hostage. My father always travelled in a reclining posture. I was seated beside him, always presenting myself at the window of the carriage when we met dangerous-looking men. I asked of God to be permitted to receive the blow which might be destined for my father. The children's carriage followed ours. At length, after long anguish, we saw the spires of the city rising before us. We were saved! O, that feeling of happiness is not to be described!

"A few weeks after our departure, our house at Hosszufalva was pillaged, and the precious sabres of our ancestors fell into the possession of unworthy hands. We could never discover any trace of them."

Their trials and dangers were not over, even after they reached the city.

"In the little city of Nagybánya," writes Madame De Gerando, "where we had taken refuge in a house belonging to my father, we did not live much more tranquilly than in the country. Almost every night an attack was expected from a Wallach troop commanded by Dimbag, a creature of Urban. Often the tocsin was sounded in the middle of the night. Then, again, women were continually coming in tears to my poor father to ask his advice. My father received news that his unfortunate son had been obliged to fly from his estate with his wife and child; but the communications were interrupted, and he could not learn whether they were yet in life or had been murdered."

In the midst of his sufferings and anxieties Count

* Some of the peasants on the estates of Count Emeric Teleki had been, like so many others, forced to accept the "letters of protection."

Emeric did not forget his promise to his peasants. His death was in fact hastened by his exertions in their behalf. He interceded powerfully with the authorities in favor of those unfortunate men who, compelled by terrorism, or in some instances, perhaps, seduced by persuasions, had entered into relations with the insurgents, but whom he had known as peaceable and industrious men, and who would become such again when the present excitement was over, and order re-established. He represented that all the guilt lay with the leaders, and urged the employment of conciliation and indulgence with the common people, so easily led away by men of superior education, but so easily reclaimed by kindness and generosity. For many years his health had required such care, that, even on a short excursion in his carriage, he was obliged to maintain a reclining position. Since the death of his wife he had rarely left his house. Yet now he returned at once to the active habits of his days of strength. He made himself once more the protector and advocate of the humble. He sought interviews with the men in power, in order to make representations in favor of persons who had been taken prisoners under compromitting circumstances, and frequently passed whole hours waiting his turn for an audience. These excessive fatigues, joined to the anxiety he suffered both on account of his family and the affairs of his country, soon brought his life to a close. He died on the 29th of December, 1848. He had been, in former years, one of the most energetic advocates of the reforms which had at length been successfully accomplished. He had seen with pleasure the power pass from the hands of the great landed proprietors, of whom himself was one; he had cheerfully given up to his peasants the greater part of his fortune, when the abolition of the *corvées* was decreed. And now, on his deathbed, he saw the fruit of these sacrifices lost, the class for whose advantage they had been made excited to the plunder and murder of those who had benefited them; he saw the prosperity of the country destroyed, and a frightful demoralization gaining ground. And all this prepared beforehand, in cold blood, by the ministers of that power which claimed over this country the right to govern and protect! In the midst of such griefs did this excellent man breathe

his last. It is impossible, in contemplating the mournful close of this admirable life, not to echo the thought expressed in one of Madame De Gerando's letters, written several years after: "God surely will not leave his virtues without a recompense. It will descend upon his little exiled grandchildren."

After the death of her father, Madame De Gerando was enabled to return to Hosszufalva, the authority of the Hungarian government being then re-established in that part of the country. She thus describes her return to the paternal house: —

"After his death we were able to convey him home to his last dwelling. We entered this deserted house, deprived of him who had been in all times its soul. The cold was extreme. We wandered about like shades with the poor little children, through these rooms, so long animated by the happy life of the family, now bare and deserted. It was here that my good brother appeared to us one day, standing at the door of the mournful chamber where the rest of the family were assembled. He came from the tomb of his son to follow the bier of his father."

Madame De Gerando passed the rest of this sad winter at Hosszufalva. She had not in her sorrows even the solace of receiving the expressions of her husband's sympathy. His letters to her were intercepted or lost, and thus to her other griefs was added a poignant solicitude on his account.

De Gerando, in the mean time, as we have already seen, was suffering the same anxieties. His apprehensions were at length in some degree quieted by the letter from Pest which he received at Nancy, in the month of March, which gave him assurance of the health and safety of his wife and children. But the same letter brought the intelligence of the death of his father-in-law. He makes allusion to this event in a letter to M. Dumesnil. It would appear that the melancholy circumstances which attended it had not been communicated to him.

"*Nancy*, 26 *March*, 1849.

"Write me a few words, dear friend, for your prolonged silence disturbs me. I have not had anything from you for a month. Every day I expect, and nothing comes. I call to

mind that you have now an excess of labor at the close of your lectures. . . . . I imagine a thousand reasons for your silence, in order not to be obliged to attribute it to any disastrous cause. But reassure me, for I have need of it.

"I must not delay telling you that I find myself much better. My recovery makes progress daily. The improvement is so great that it strikes every one who sees me. I hope, therefore, to return in the course of the next month. I rejoice in the thought of finding myself again with you, and of bringing one face more, a fraternal face, to your diminished table.

"I have read, with profound emotion, the close of the third volume of the 'Revolution.' There are passages that I have read over five times in succession, and that I have only ceased to read because the tears filled my eyes. I confess that M. Michelet has surpassed himself. He has understood this revolution so well, that he is, in fact, the first who has written its history. At every page an illusion is dissipated. How many falsehoods, how many misunderstandings, how many mistakes, very honest sometimes, but purely senseless, are now put an end to! What a magnificent thing to reconstruct, by the sole force of heart and genius, an epoch which has not been seen, — to explain the soul, the passion, of each day! From this, dear friend, let us draw this conclusion, that one is strong as Samson when one seeks truth sincerely, when one loves only truth.

"Still the same silence from Transylvania. I have no direct news, and my letters do not arrive at their destination. But I have received from Pest news of my family. It is thus I have learned the death of my father-in-law, who had been ill for a very long time. He sank away quietly, without those violent struggles of nature which he had dreaded. This has softened for me the bitterness of this news, for which the long sufferings of the invalid had already, in some degree, prepared me. I learn that my wife and children are well; but it is cruel to think that they, like me, are obliged to live upon conjectures.

"In the mean time, political affairs appear to be improving. Italy will, I hope, reconquer its independence. Hungary is again taking the offensive. It is impossible that these happy events should not have an influence on our fate here. This good thought contributes not a little to my convalescence. But in the future, what shall we do with our ex-friend F——? I cannot recover from my surprise.

"Adieu, dear Alfred. Believe always in my fraternal tenderness.

"A. De G."

The following letter, addressed to Madame Quinet, was written from Nancy, ten days after the preceding: —

"How kind you are, dear madam, to think of me in my exile. Your dear letter, and the pretty pen-wiper which accompanied it, have given me the most lively pleasure. I have made use of it from the moment I received it, and I think of your kind heart every time I see upon it the name of my little daughter, of that angelic little being, whom I so much desire to make known to you. Thanks, thanks, madam! In the midst of the thoughts which crowd on each other in my poor head, the remembrance of my friendships — and you know that you and M. Quinet are there in the first rank — consoles and strengthens me. And what courage do we not need now, when we see around us so many failures and disappointments? Alas! our dearest, our most legitimate hopes, are they to vanish so soon? What heart, what true heart, has not throbbed at the spectacle that Italy lately offered us? But the presentiments of M. Quinet have been realized. Yet do not let us be too hasty to condemn a people which has felt in its soul the true tradition of life. Let us keep a portion of our blame for ourselves, who are prostrate in the mire, without even daring to own it to ourselves.

"You will easily imagine, madam, that, in the midst of these political preoccupations, my poor Hungary is not forgotten. Behold her now struggling between Austria and Russia. It is not without shame that we suffer this murder. I feel it to be once more my duty to return to Hungary. I thought, after the days of February, that it was here we ought all of us to act, and that France had once more become the head-quarters of liberty. But all is changed. France is wherever the contest for freedom is going on, and it is from without, after the victory, that the regenerating breath is to come which shall renovate our dear country. You see my route is traced out, and you must not be surprised if I should make only a short appearance in Paris, to take, as soon as possible, my course towards the Danube. My health, in regard to which you are so kind as to inquire, has improved much during the two months I have passed here. The entire quiet has restored me, and that was the remedy I chiefly needed. Alfred had informed me of the illness of M. Quinet. I have suffered with him, for at the same time the affairs of Italy were going on, and I knew all he must endure, finding himself condemned to inaction.

"I wish it were in my power to answer as your heart desires the questions you ask in regard to my family. Alas! no, I have no direct news of my wife. I have not received a single letter from her since I have been at Nancy, and I had already expected letters for several weeks in vain when I left Paris. A friend, who lives at Pest, has recently given me good news of her, and it is upon this I live. I learned, at the same time, that none of my

letters have reached my wife, who is, without doubt, suffering a cruel anxiety. It was already four months since a letter from me had been received, when my friend informed me of it. In times like these, such anxieties are mortal, and the thoughts of my family, in which at least I ought to find a source of happiness, are sometimes so gloomy, that I am obliged to force myself to turn from them. Yet a few weeks, and I shall free myself from this torture, by returning to those who are the objects of my anxiety.

"I shall probably return to Paris in ten days. The fine weather drives me forth, and warns me that it is time to put an end to this life of idleness. You know one of my first visits will be to the Rue Mont Parnasse, and with what pleasure shall I see your friendly faces again!"

On the 13th of April he writes to M. Dumesnil:—

"I wrote a short time since to Madame Quinet, who had had the goodness to write to me, and I have let several days pass between my reply and this letter, in the hope that I might be able to speak with certainty in regard to my return. I am contending with my brother and his friends. They wish to retain me here until the end of the month. But I find myself well enough to begin to work again. What strength is yet left to gain, the fine weather will soon give me. I hope, therefore, to be among you by the end of next week. I think of you, dear Alfred, and of what you must suffer, when I read the news from Italy. But I have, in the depths of my heart, the same faith that animates you. I know we must triumph. If I suffer, it is to see so many victims fall. But, as we see them fall, let us say to ourselves that it will be our part to spare their murderers.

"I am preparing to return to Hungary. I only know vaguely, as yet, what I shall find to do there. But I know that we sleep here, and that there they wake and strive. It is this that decides me. I have the conviction that I shall serve France more effectually than it would be granted to me to do here now.

"Shall you have recommenced your lectures when I return to Paris? I trust you have arranged your lessons in order, and that you will give them to me to read. But I depend, too, upon hearing new ones. I must enter on my functions once more, and occupy my seat in the centre of the hall, where your sympathetic look falls so often. I will tell you, without modesty, that I am sure it has sought me more than once. . . . . Do not forget me, I pray you, when you write to our excellent Noel, — a noble heart and eminent intellect. Remember me, also, to Préault. Do not let me leave Paris without having been with you to his studio, nor before you have shown me, at St. Gervais

I think, the Christ you have so often described to me. Adieu for a short time, my friend. You know the pleasure that I promise myself from seeing you again.

"Yours, from the best of my heart,

"A. De G."

He writes again to M. Dumesnil on the 24th of April: —

"Your letter, dear friend, has decided me to remain at Nancy one week more. I shall leave it next Monday, the 30th. I must tell you at once, that I have at last direct news of my wife. Not one of my letters had reached her, and the two that I have received from her were brought by a traveller. They are only a month old. The health of my wife and children was excellent. The little man already speaks Hungarian and French, and recites verses which his sister teaches him. She herself reads every kind of book, and every description of letter, large or small. But what gives me more pleasure than this magnificent literary success is, that she has passed through the winter without any of those attacks of fever from which she suffered the year before. Since receiving these happy letters, since hearing of the successes of the Hungarians over the Austrian armies, my strength is doubled. Everybody finds me transformed. I had need of these consolations, my friend, for my look saddens, like yours, wherever else I turn it. What a grief for us, these events in Italy! . . . . . I have already told you, and I persist in believing, that it is from abroad the regenerating breath will come to us, — will return to us, rather, for it is we who gave it, — and we shall then receive the recompense of the sentiment of universal fraternity that we felt on the 24th of February.

"I have read this morning, in the *National*, the protest of M. Quinet against the expedition of Cività Vecchia. I recognize our master in it! Tell him I thought of him when this proposition was submitted to the Assembly. And these men call themselves Frenchmen, without knowing what that name imposes!"

De Gerando returned to Paris early in May, and immediately resumed his labors. Some passages in a letter which he addressed, on the 17th of that month, to M. Noel, will show in what spirit he worked: —

"O my friend, what times are these, and how good it is to live now! Do you understand those people who only think of repose, who only aspire after nullity? The generations blessed

by God are those that shine, that suffer, that fecundate, that create, — generations like ours! I need not tell you how much I have desired to see you in such solemn conjunctures. But you are always present at my conversations with Alfred; and we communicate with one another continually, notwithstanding the distance. Is it not so? Do we not feel the same blows? Have we not the same hopes and the same griefs? We suffer for Rome and we glory in Hungary, my Hungary! Ah, here is what stirs the soul! Since '92 I know nothing so beautiful as this. One day or other I will talk to you about this. To-day I will answer your questions.

"I have good news from my wife and children. The youngest of my children, the little boy, who is named Emeric, but whom we have surnamed Attila, on account of his heroic mien, is of a superb patriotism. When his mother, who brings him up as a Spartan, tells him some good piece of news, such as a defeat of the Imperialists, the young conqueror stops all the passers-by in the street, with an adorable gravity becoming a man of two years, and says solemnly, 'We have conquered!' I will not answer for his understanding all he is saying, but you may imagine what such little beings become, in whom patriotism is developed even before the intelligence."

He writes again to M. Noel: —

"*Paris*, 29 *May*, 1849.

"You have understood, dear friend, that my reply to your first letter was the article on the Hungarian war. You ask me to speak to you of Kossuth. I have done so. Only, as I was about sending you my letter, I reflected that I might send it, at the same time, to the crowd of our unknown friends. This is the reason I have printed what was at first only written for you. I will not thank you for all your sympathetic words. But I like to have it established that you, Alfred, and I have but one heart. There is our force. And it is thence I draw my confidence in the destinies of our France. We are not alone, my dear Noel. How many unknown brothers do we not count, whose hearts beat in unison with ours? And do we not feel that the future is theirs, is ours, — that all which now fights against us will soon crumble into dust?

"Write to me often, my friend; your letters have an odor of the woods that vivifies. You are right to live in the country. In these times, we must either be in action, have a direct influence upon what is going on, in order to prevent evil, or else retire into the midst of the fields, to gain refreshment and strength by repose and meditation, in order to be ready and strong at the appointed hour. Although spending my strength

here uselessly on the field of battle, where I fight as an obscure soldier, yet I cannot withdraw. I remain, though I effect nothing.

"I accept your prophecy in regard to the Russians. We will convert them rather than fight them."

De Gerando delayed his departure for Hungary, finding he could still be useful in France. In the month of June he began the publication in the *National* of a series of articles, under the title, "Les Steppes de Hongrie." It was his intention to have these essays republished as a work in two volumes. The first part of this series appeared in the *National* in the month of June. The second was published in the month of August, after he had left France for Hungary. We extract from this yet inedited work some portions of the chapter on the popular traditions of the Hungarians. The legends which a people preserves with care, and delights to repeat, offer one of the best means of forming a judgment of its character. It would be hard to find, in the traditional stories of any people, a legend giving greater evidence of elevation of sentiment on the part of those by whose firesides it has been repeated for centuries, than the Hungarian legend of Peter Szapary.

"With no people is the love of country a more profound or more universal sentiment than with the Hungarians. The souvenirs of its history, even of remote date, are still living in the popular imagination. It is not without astonishment that the traveller hears, in the remote mountains of Transylvania, the Szekler shepherds relate the life of Attila, with details as precise as those of the historians.

"The popular traditions relate chiefly to two subjects. They perpetuate the remembrance of the wars that Hungary has maintained against the Turks, or they retrace the history of the Magyar people during its nomad life, and go back to the time of the Conquest. The first rarely receive poetical embellishments. They have only the interest of the simple narration. It is in the legends of the more ancient time that the Oriental imagination of the Hungarian people blooms forth. Around an historical incident — for there is always a fact at the foundation of the fable — are grouped details with which some energetic sentiment, or perhaps merely the aspect of the region, has inspired the popular fancy.

"The shepherds are, in an especial manner, depositaries of the national legends. From our conversations with the narrators

of traditions whom we have met, and at whose hospitable bivouacs we have seated ourselves with pleasure, we have retained more than one poetical legend, more than one touching history. In giving a faithful translation, made almost from dictation, of two recitals, which present the characteristics of the two classes of which we have spoken above, we regret that we cannot convey to the mind of the reader all the interest with which the region, the circumstances, the character of the narrator, invested them for us.

" At a short distance from Buda is a little village called Erd. To learn its history it is enough to pass through the cemetery. Above the Christian tombs with which it is filled, you meet here and there gravestones which have served by turns the generations of all ages. Latin characters, now nearly effaced, have been superseded by turbans rudely cut, and between these letters and lines, half worn away, appear Hungarian inscriptions freshly traced. Nothing more tragical than these traces of passing conquest on the monuments of death!

" When, after Soliman had treacherously seized upon Buda, Erd fell into the hands of the Turks, an Ottoman chief, Handja Beg, celebrated for his valor and his cruelty, established himself there. This infidel had a particular resentment against a brave Hungarian cavalier, Peter Szapary, whom he had more than once met in battle, and before whom he had always been forced to give way. One day, while, intent on vengeance, he was meditating an attack on his enemy, the janissaries brought him in prisoner. The brave Christian had been taken in an ambuscade.

" Handja Beg utters a roar of joy. The Hungarian stands calm and stern, awaiting his fate. Handja Beg reflects an instant, but his project is quickly formed. He orders the rich garments of his captive to be restored to him, and has him conducted into the field near the church. He then sends for a plough to which one ox is attached, and beside this ox he fastens the noble lord. A janissary, armed with a goad, urges the team, and the share of the plough turns up the soil.

" All the people of the neighborhood come round to look upon this sad spectacle. All weep at the sight of the misery of the hero. Peter Szapary had been the intrepid defender of his country in the combat. He had been always humane and kind, as are all the brave. The grief was universal. The peasants of Érd, Tetény, Marton Vasar, Velencze, the citizens of Buda, and of Weissenburg, swore to pay the ransom of the prisoner. Handja Beg demanded much gold, but all the gold he demanded was brought to him. When he had counted the sum, he sent for Szapary, who appeared, wasted by fatigue and covered with

bleeding wounds. 'Dog!' cried the Mussulman, 'thy subjects have paid thy ransom. Go! But do not fall into my hands again, for I will not spare thee.' A proud look was the only answer of the Hungarian.

"The place of Peter Szapary was at the head of the army. The joy of the hussars was great when they saw him in the camp. The enemy also was made to feel his presence, for he revenged his captivity by victories over the Turks. Irritated by these successes, Handja Beg mounts his horse, assembles his men, and advances against the Hungarians. The combat between the two enemies is long and bloody. Handja and Szapary seek each other out. With their curved sabres they deal one another terrible blows. But the God of the Christians triumphs over that of the infidels. Handja Beg, disarmed, remains in the power of the Hungarians.

"Peter Szapary visits the wounded. He bestows rewards on the most courageous. Then, having returned to his tent, he orders the Beg to be brought before him. The countenance of Handja is changed, but anger flashes from his eyes. 'Beg,' said the Hungarian, 'when I was thy captive I suffered a thousand deaths. Dictate thyself thy sentence. To what wouldst thou condemn thy enemy if thou wert Szapary?' 'He should perish.' 'Learn then what is the revenge of a Christian. Thou art free!' A violent emotion was visible on the features of the Mussulman. He extends his arms towards Szapary, and cries: 'I merited tortures. To escape them I have swallowed a mortal draught. But before I cease to live, let thy generous hand give me baptism, that I may die a Christian like thee.'

"The field on which Szapary toiled is still shown at Érd, and the place is so full of this souvenir that the village is called indifferently by the Hungarian name and by that of Handja Beg. In the Hungarian cottages are found illuminated engravings representing the Hungarian lord fastened to the plough. He is magnificently dressed in red and green velvet, and gold spurs shine on his yellow boots. In the distance is seen a weeping crowd, driven back by the janissaries. These bad engravings, like the portraits of John Hunyadi, of Matthias Corvinus, are the product of local art."

"The little city of Iaszberény, the chief town of a district inhabited by a tribe called Iazyges, is one of the places where the greatest number of souvenirs of the earliest period of Hungarian history have been preserved. . . . . It is not without foundation that history and tradition agree in placing in this region the first encampment of the Huns, the Avars, and the Hungarians. Not far from Iaszberény are seen the remains of those famous intrenchments that the Avars raised in Pannonia. . . . . The

traces of one of the immense ditches dug by them, and which extended from the Danube to the Theiss, are still perfectly visible for an extent of twenty leagues. It is discovered beside the Danube, near Godolo, then it is seen to pass by Fénszaru, and to stop at a little distance from the Theiss. Two or three leagues from this place, towards the north, a similar trench is seen, which terminates on the banks of the Theiss, at a place called Aroktó. These are both called 'the trench of Tsorsz,' from the name of the chief who had them dug.

"Now this is what the legend relates in regard to the trenches of Tsorsz.

"A long, long time ago, oceans of years ago, before the Hungarian people inhabited their beautiful country, Rad was the king of the Lombards. He became master of Pannonia by the force of his arm. The waters of the Danube watered his kingdom, and he raised his camp on the fertile banks of the river. Rad was a valiant hero, a giant in statue. Three men could not lift his axe. His face was covered, even to his eyes, with a red beard, and he spoke more with his eyes than with his lips. He and his men lived only for war. They went forth from the camp like wasps and sought the combat. He whom his evil fate conducted against Rad never related what passed in the battle.

"Once when Rad was about to give a great battle, he called to his aid Tsorsz, the handsome king of the Avars. Where the waves of the Theiss roll, Tsorsz and his Avars mounted their horses, and, when the two kings were joined, they swept all before them like an inundation. The battle was short and bloody. After Rad had given the mortal blow to his enemy, he poured with Tsorsz the libations of the conqueror. The booty was divided, and each warrior was content with his part. But Tsorsz did not accept his, for his heart asked more. It was the daughter of Rad, the beautiful Délibaba, whom he desired as the price of his alliance. He swore that she should be his, 'though the earth should crumble under his feet and the heaven fall upon his head.' Tsorsz spoke thus to Rad: 'Rad, good neighbor and good ally, master of the beautiful Pannonia, Tsorsz, whom the banks of the Theiss own as their lord, has fought for thee, and his courageous Avars live and die for thee. His power is great, but it will become still greater; for, as the price of the battle, he demands of thee the beautiful Délibaba.'

"The young heart of Délibaba beat at these words. But Rad had likewise his projects. He dreaded to anger Tsorsz, but, as he was preparing to take from him his kingdom, he would not give him his daughter. At length his crafty spirit answered thus: 'Tsorsz, I do not refuse thee my daughter; but, master

of battles, thou shalt not possess her until thou canst carry her by water to the banks of the Theiss, whence thou art come by land. Prove to me the power of which thou speakest.' Tsorsz departs for the camp. He mounts his horse, white as snow, and, quick as thought, arrives on the banks of the Theiss. As he went, soft sighs breathed upon his face. They were the sighs of Délibaba. From the borders of the Theiss, near the grove of green willows, a hundred hands and a hundred arms throw up the turf which covers the soil. All the people of Tsorsz are at work, great and small, young and old, they spend themselves in toil. Early and late, night and day, the work went on, and a deep trench opened behind this army of laborers. It took its course from the Theiss to the Danube, and every day it lengthened. Tsorsz was present everywhere. When his people began to fail, his words gave them strength.

"The beautiful Délibaba looked sighing towards the east. Once, after a night from which the arrow of grief had driven away sleep, the dawn sent a dream upon her moist eyelids. In her dream she saw a marvellous world, in which a hundred enchanted pictures showed themselves and disappeared. She saw the faithful Tsorsz, and his trench. Her betrothed conducted her over the waves. She awoke and was made happy by her dream. She waited; she expected her lover upon the rapid waves. She watched, she hoped in vain. From his good horse, as he passed along beside the trench, fire from heaven had hurled King Tsorsz. He who had never found his equal in the combat, had received death from the hand of God.

"And Délibaba! What was her grief! She expired like the zephyr of morning. Look at Délibaba * when the sun darts his rays over the immense horizon; she arrives trembling. She floats on her airy wings over the steppes. She seeks the tomb of Tsorsz, but does not find it. Even to-day she weeps him whom she awaited weeping. She inundates the whole horizon with a sea of tears, and she sees anew the dream she dreamed long ago, for waters fill the trench of Tsorsz."

Up to the very moment of his departure De Gerando worked indefatigably. We have heard it said by one of his friends, who was much with him during this period, that he effected almost as much in conversation, by the inspiration he imparted to others, as by his own writings. The following hastily written lines, which he addressed to M. Noel on the 29th of June, give an idea of his unceasing activity: —

* Délibaba, "Fairy of the South," is the name the Hungarian peasants give to the mirage.

"Pardon, dear and faithful Noel, this long, forced silence. I am overwhelmed with work. Reviews here, journals there, popular pamphlets on this side, on that consultations given to persons who wish to serve the Hungarian cause, and who come to obtain information as to the route. (Calumniate human nature after this!) I do not know which way to turn. I have not had a moment to myself since I rose. I take advantage of my breakfast to tell you to write to me. I will answer you in feuilletons. Do not be angry with me if I cannot do more. Your letters have the freshness of the country, the perfume of the flowers. They do good to a poor *paving-stone* like me. Understand that, and write, dear friend. My time to myself is over. I take my hat and run to my journal.

"Yours, heartily,
"A. De G."

De Gerando left Paris early in July, but did not enter Hungary until the end of that month. The next letter we shall transcribe was written from a little village in Prussian Silesia, where he was detained for some time. He was then full of confidence and good spirits. The light-hearted tone of this letter, written so shortly before the great misfortune which was to overwhelm all his hopes with those of the country to whose cause he had given himself, lends it a touching interest. It is addressed to M. Dumesnil, and bears date July 14th.

"I am here, dear friend, in a little village of Prussia, living like a prince *incognito*, on the borders of a pine forest. I have sun and fresh air. My poor body, so tormented of late, does not know what to make of it.

"I arrived two days too late at the appointed place. I feared it, although I had used all possible diligence. The cause of this mischance was a delay in the arrival of the letter which summoned me. I have received notice to wait, which I do, calling patience to my aid.

"They say the frontier is hermetically closed by Austrian and Russian cordons. Never was Spanish woman better guarded than is poor Hungary at this moment. My quality of invalid traveller permits me to listen without replying (and what could I reply!) to the words of indignation that I hear at all the tables against France and the disgraceful policy she is following. . . . .

"I should amuse you much if I should tell you what a sensation my presence here occasions. I have not the French accent in pronouncing German. I speak it too ill to be a Hungarian. I am too lively for an Englishman; not brown enough for an

Italian. I speak little, — the best thing I can do, — and this completes the mystification. This solemn silence contributes not a little to procure me the honors rendered to a rank — unknown. Behold me then once again the illustrious personage of whom I spoke to you one of the last evenings I was with you. Do not be surprised if you should learn some day that a little village in Silesia has proclaimed its independence, and offered the crown to a generous stranger who contented himself with the title of President. In this case, Noel is named administrator of the forests of the republic, on condition that he shall every morning hold a conference with the pines, and translate it for me; he understands that language so well!

"I do not know, my friend, how long I shall yet remain here. I shall write to you as soon as I know with certainty. But be assured that you have no reason to be anxious about me. I am still too far from the frontier for my residence here to create any obstacles. I have only to wait, and this I do, full of hope, of high spirits; I would say, of health, if the *moral* alone gave it. When you write to our friends, speak to them of me. Do not forget me when you see M. Michelet. Adieu!

"A. De G.

"I send this letter by a travelling companion, who will put it into the post-office, out of the country."

The following, written to M. Noel from the same place, is dated July 28: —

"Confess, my friend, that you admire my disinterestedness. I am writing without hope of an answer from you, for where find me? And you know what your letters are worth.

"Alfred will have told you what has become of me. Since that time, nothing new, except that I have received notice that the compromising portion of my baggage has crossed the frontier. I hold myself ready, therefore, to set out. When you receive this letter, I shall, without doubt, be in Hungary. I have passed here fifteen days very quietly and very agreeably, glad to be able to compose myself a little between the noise of Paris and the noise which awaits me on the other side of the frontier. I have not found the time here tedious. I had the last volume of Quinet upon Italy, and the Raphael of Lamartine. Then I have sent to the *National* the few articles that I still wished to write. Now I have written all, printed all, that I wished to say, and my heart is lighter for it. Then I have given some lessons in French to the son of my inn-keeper, an ambitious youth who wishes to become a great man, and whose questions pleased me. Long walks in the woods have aided to make the time pass off rapidly. A purse in my pocket, a plaid over my shoulders, and

thus prepared to meet the rain, to secure an amiable reception from robbers, if such should show themselves, or from the isolated farmers of whom I might ask hospitality, I ventured myself far in among the pines. There, in the midst of fresh and vigorous nature, in the profound silence, I forgot myself in long reveries. I thought of all that is common to us, of France, of you, my friends, the only consoling objects that meet me in my poor country. I encouraged myself in what I have undertaken, and familiarized myself with the idea of the dangers that I may incur. Have you all met yet at Vascœuil? Has Préault arrived? We already saw ourselves all united there in imagination, when I was suddenly obliged to depart. But Alfred is right. This repose of the gods must be earned, and I have done nothing yet. After my return we will meet, we will relate each other our lives, and recall these beginnings.

"I should like to know what your flowers say, those charming prophetesses whose words you interpreted to me so poetically. You wrote to me once that they announced the reign of God upon earth. But have they said how many pure victims are yet to fall? Ah, I never open, without shuddering, the German journal that they bring me here every day. How much blood, and what blood, to enable a few miserable creatures to keep a short time longer the crowns that are slipping from their heads!

"Adieu! a thousand affectionate things to Alfred and his wife, this brother and sister of my heart. A kiss to little Guiscard. I should like to hold him a moment on my knees. I am in an unhappy case: I have no longer my nephew, and I have not yet my son.

"Yours from the heart, my friend,

"A. De G."

Immediately after writing this letter, De Gerando was enabled to proceed on his journey into Hungary. He recorded his impressions of Hungary, as he found it after a year's absence, in a letter intended for publication in the *National*. The news of the surrender of Görgei reaching him shortly after it was written, it was not sent, but was found among his papers after his death:—

"I find here a whole people in arms. I do not exaggerate when I say that at this moment there is not a Hungarian who is not a combatant. In the villages I have passed through, I have not found a man fit to bear arms. In face of the dangers which threaten this heroic country, every one rises, arms, is on the march. I am present at those great spectacles, those moving scenes, whose souvenir the Turkish wars have perpetuated here. I regret to say that I find the traces of acts of barbarism worthy

of the soldiers of Soliman. A hussar has just related to me, that he passed this morning over the site of three villages which the Austrians had burned because the inhabitants had thrown stones at them as they arrived. His horse sank up to the knees in the ashes, from which fragments of human bones started forth.

"Yesterday I was awakened by joyful shouts and martial songs under my window. I rush into the street. It is a company of recruits who are on their way to the depot. They are young and ardent, and enthusiasm lights up their faces. Instead of the eight hundred recruits demanded, the two soldiers who march at the head of the column are conducting fifteen hundred. There are among them artisans, laborers, rich men, priests in their cassocks, domestics in their livery. All these march resolutely, full of confidence and ardor. A young man, who recognized me as a stranger, answered my salutation by the cry, 'Live Venice!' I felt ashamed, and blushed. That was not what I could have wished to hear. But alas! what other sympathetic cry could the volunteer have uttered?

"The Russian invasion, formidable as it is, has only had the result of calling out from the bosom of Hungary unknown forces. The last seven days have seen thirty-six thousand men spring out of the ground, armed and equipped. The Hungarian villages, summoned to give each thirty men, have given seventy. I take this information and these numbers from an official document.

"Such are the miracles of liberty. I remember that, less than two years ago, during the good days of the Austrian administration, the imperial officers carried off the Hungarian conscripts, with fetters on their wrists, between two ranks of soldiers, ready to fire upon deserters.

"The levy in mass, the crusade, has been proclaimed as in the time of the Ottoman invasions. The admirable Hungarian people has answered the appeal of its chiefs. A few hours ago, a convoy of men and carriages passed. It was the population of seven towns and villages on their way to the camp. The men were from thirty to fifty years old. About twenty women marched with them armed like them. On the day that they received the order to quit their homes, and to appear at a specified place, they sent the old men, the women, the children, and the flocks to places of safety, into which the Austrians, in the most unfortunate days of the Hungarian insurrections, had never penetrated. They had burned their provision of wood, filled up the wells, and, abandoning their bare walls to the flames of the enemy, put themselves in march. In contrast with the young conscripts of the day before, who went along singing, these were silent and sombre. I approached the notable who led them.

'Until now,' he said, 'it was the children who fought, but now we are in march, and the enemy will soon know it.' They had with them chariots, in which they carried their grain. A small portion had been taken out on the road to provide for the wants of the emigrant families. They were carrying almost the whole of their harvest to the camp, '*for the country is poor*,' they said.

"You can hardly imagine how the presence of the foreign invader on the sacred soil of the country has exasperated the Hungarians. Everywhere are seen patriots haranguing the people, volunteers enlisting, artisans forging all sorts of arms in the open air, in the presence of a crowd eager to receive them.

"I should never have done, if I were to cite the traits of patriotism that are related to me. Now, it is a Count Csáki, who, at the head of a band raised by him, bombards and burns his own castle, occupied by the Austrians. Again, at Szólnok, the women cut off the stirrups of the imperial horsemen, just as the signal was given for them to mount, and delivered them up prisoners to their husbands, who returned unexpectedly.

"Need I say what efforts were necessary to enable the Hungarians to organize the formidable forces they have now in the field? In the month of May of last year, when the National Guard was arming in Pest, the cannoniers had, for learning the management of artillery, only one cannon, which served the companies in turn. Since that time they have won their artillery in the imperial fortresses, and on the field of battle. At what epoch, in what country, has the genius of patriotism given birth to such prodigies?

"Sympathy for the Hungarian cause is universal, even among those populations that furnish soldiers to Austria. A few months ago, half a battalion of Hungarians, having fallen into the hands of the Imperialists, were sent prisoners to Salzburg. The reception they received from the inhabitants alarmed the government, and it had them transported elsewhere. But wherever they arrived, citizens and peasants thronged round them and aided their escape, so that, for many weeks, the prisoners were carried from place to place, none being found sufficiently secure. At length they were sent to Italy and placed among the Croats.

"It is in the destinies of Hungary to defend the cause of the world at the same time with her own. John Hunyadi said to his soldiers: 'We fight for our country and for Christianity.' With not less justice, Kossuth, in proclaiming the appeal to arms, has been able to say: 'This contest is not a combat between two hostile camps, but a struggle of tyranny against liberty. . . . . If the Russians succeed in conquering our country, the result

will be subjection for all the people of Europe. To arms! for us and for all!"

"May God bless this noble country, which, in the midst of the prostration of our Europe, upholds alone and so gloriously the standard of liberty.

"A. De Gerando."

The letter addressed to M. Noel on the 28th of July was the last received from M. De Gerando by his friends, before the final disappointment of his hopes. The following was written after the catastrophe in Hungary. It is addressed to a near relative: —

"*Augsburg*, 5 *September*, 1849.

"My dear ——: I write only to reassure you on my account, to tell you that I am neither killed nor hung. This is all I have of consoling to say to you. Everywhere only sadness and disasters.

"You know I waited some days in Silesia, and was then conducted into Hungary. I fell into the midst of a body of partisan horsemen, who had come to carry off a convoy. The man who led me knew at what hour they were to arrive at the place to which he conducted me. As I had not come to take up the profession of partisan soldier, I sought to join Dembinski, whom I know, as you are aware, and to whose staff I wished to attach myself, to write the history of the campaign. I was on my way to join him, when I learned that all was over! You will never know what anguish for me is in those three words!

"There was then a general dispersion, and I rejoined my party of smugglers, who have brought me out of the country in the same way that they carried me into it.

"I have nothing to fear here. I am not sick. Only, as with me the *moral* is all, I am no longer what I was a month ago.

"I do not yet know what I shall do. I cannot go to Hungary now. Our enemies are masters there. Before all, I have need of repose, moral and physical. There are near here some mineral springs, unknown baths, where I shall see no one, and where I shall establish myself for the present, if I can remain in one place. Write to me, addressing your letter to —— ——, at Munich. Send my letter to A——. Write to M. and to D. I shall write to them later, when I am myself again. I have no news from Transylvania.

"Adieu! I embrace you tenderly.

"Auguste."

A fortnight later he writes to the same friend: —

"Tell —— that the Hungarian clergy have shown them-

selves very patriotic in this war. The Austrians have hung seventeen priests, guilty of having preached the holy war against the Russians, in which they obeyed, not only their duty as citizens, but also the commands of the archbishops and bishops of Hungary, their superiors. Two curates,—I do not give you their names, because for that I must look through my papers — but I will print all that,— by special favor, had their punishment commuted, and, instead of being hung, were condemned to be publicly whipped. One died before the end of the execution. The other, while he was under treatment, after the infliction of the punishment. Compare this with the magnificent conduct of the Hungarians, who during the whole war never shot any of their Austrian prisoners, while the Austrians, on their part, never ceased to hang the Hungarian prisoners. The men who gave this noble example to the world are now blowing out their brains to escape torture! Behold now how they save society and virtue in the great party of order!"

The following is addressed to M. Dumesnil:—

"*Nuremberg*, 14 *September*.

"My first moment of calm, after a month of agitation, I employ in writing to you, dear friend. You will have had news of me from my sister. Previously you had a letter from me, and Noel also. Ah! that was in the season of hope. Those were the radiant days. All that has passed away very quickly, alas!

"I wish to tell you, in a few words, what happened to me in the interval during which you received no letter from me. I must then *infandum renovare dolorem*. But to whom should I tell it, if not to you?

"Did I write to you that, after a prolonged delay in a Silesian village, I received, one fine morning, notice that I was to pass the frontier? I passed it, in effect, with a convoy of flour, which I conducted in company with a number of wagoners. The convoy was seized. This had been agreed upon. And I found myself in the midst of a corps of partisans, *enfans perdus*, of the division of the army which was manœuvring in the borders of the forest of Bakony. I shall never forget the few days I passed in the midst of these brave cavaliers. All was then joy and hope. We were ignorant of the sufferings and checks of the main army, which was contending, far from there, with fourfold superior forces. The continued spectacle of so much courage and patriotism intoxicated me. This life of writer upon horseback, which satisfied all my tastes at the same time, opened to me an enchanted world. I blessed everything, even to the bullet, which, in carrying me off, would send to heaven a soul

that overflowed. I passed fifteen days under the charm. But as, in effect, I had not come to lead the life of a partisan soldier, to carry off convoys and arrange surprises, I tried to find General Dembinski. I had known him at Paris, and I intended to attach myself to him, to write the history of the war. I set off to join him, and was four days on my road, when I learned the capitulation of Görgei. All was over then! Ah, God preserve you, my friend, from such a shock, from such a torture! It is something crushing, as would be the fall of the heavens upon your shoulders. I was for some days completely annihilated. Every one went his own way, as he could. I succeeded in rejoining my men, who left me beyond the frontier. As to news from my family, that was not to be thought of. The great Russian army separated me from Transylvania. And even now I know nothing!

"Since that time, I have been wandering about in Germany like a troubled spirit. I wished to take the water, in a little obscure town. I could not remain stationary. In spite of myself I must return to Hungary. Why? you will ask me. I do not know myself. I made the attempt. I took the precaution to facilitate my journey by letters of recommendation to men of the Austrian police. In every city there are some who belong to us. It was in this way I learned, the very moment I set my foot on Austrian soil, that a rumor was circulating among the agents to the effect that I had been arrested. They gave me so many particulars in regard to my changes of dress and name, and in regard to my route, that I was convinced that the authorities did me the honor to take an interest in me. Independently of the other complaints they might have against me, there was always on the carpet that old story that I have already told you. I am convicted of having distributed fabulous sums among the people of Pest, on the 15th of March, 1848, and of having made the revolution. There are people who have seen me! If I had any share in the movements in Hungary, I feel it to be to my honor; and I can only pardon those miserable men who believe that influence is to be obtained only by base means. For the rest, it may seem to you strange, but I find, even in my sufferings, a certain satisfaction. My conscience is clear. I have done my duty, and if all were to do over again, I would do the same again.

"I set off to-morrow. I cannot remain anywhere. I take a dislike to every place in which I stop. I do not wish to do this injustice to our Nuremberg.

"My warmest regards to M. Michelet and to Madame D——. I embrace my nephew on his two cheeks."

M. Dumesnil and M. Noel had already written to him

to offer their sympathy and support, as soon as they knew to what place to direct their letters, without waiting to hear directly from him. They felt as he did, that the fall of Hungary was the fall of the liberal cause in Europe. He received letters from both these friends a few days after he had sent the one we have just given. We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of laying before our readers these letters, which show so well the character of the friendship that united these three generous young men. M. Noel writes: —

"13 *September*, 1849.

"Courage, my friend. Do not let yourself be cast down. Remember the words of the angel in that hour of universal gloom: *Nolite expavescere.* Recover only such strength as you need to return to us, and we will restore you. Alfred and I will be the good Samaritan for you. We will perhaps give you back hope. Do not say no, my friend, but come. Come and read what Alfred has been writing for you, and a certain pamphlet on the affairs of Italy, and the life I have been writing for you of my old Rabelais. He had seen all his friends perish in the fires of the Inquisition, he had seen all his hopes deceived, and yet, in his last days, he still repeated with faith, '*La fin de toute destinée est bonne puis qu'il y a un Dieu*'; and these words of Saint Paul were incessantly on his lips: 'If God is for us, who can be against us?'

"Come, my friend, to tell us of your sufferings, your anguish; to speak to us of your family.

"I have not courage to talk to you of my flowers. I have let them grow as they would, since your departure, all neglected. My garden is sad, and, in truth, I like it better so at this moment.

"If your ill health detains you some time at Munich, at least write.

"All here are expecting you. We wish to tend you. It is our delight and our right. What physicians, where you are, can know your malady better than we? Come; we have many things to tell you; many new consolations to offer you in your new griefs, my poor friend. Come and see what a great heart manifests itself more and more in Alfred. Come, he will take you into this heart, and you will bless God.

"What shall I say to you? Life is only possible now through friendship. Come to us, and you will find it inexhaustible, indefatigable as misfortune, but more durable. Many painful things, during these last ten years, have happened to Alfred and to me. But we have always remained true to each other. We have been strengthened one by the other.

"All that seems to perish and vanish from this world, we find again in the heart of a friend. A simple look, a word, a pressure of the hand, can restore, in an instant, many lost things. Nothing is lost. There is in the world a universal Conservator. It is God, whom we will bless together on your return.

"You will find that we have given the vacations to work; and all that we have done, we have done thinking of you. And we have had, Alfred and I, long conversations about you, while we were walking in my garden.

"We have often journeyed one to the other, this summer, mingling our poor Penates at pleasure. Would not this life be good and salutary for you? My mother often speaks of you. She would be glad to know you. My father and your nephew will overwhelm you with questions, but among us you will soon find voice to answer them, and to repeat in chorus with me the words of Martin Francis: 'The end of every destiny is good, since there is a God.'

"Yours, from my heart, brother and friend,

"Your EUGÈNE."

M. Dumesnil's letter is as follows:—

"15 *September*, 1849.

"My friend, how can you leave us without news of you, at a time when we all have so much need of our friendship to sustain us? That alone can tell you, can persuade you, that all is not at an end.

"When the news came to us, Noel was with us. We felt ourselves united with you as in one heart. We had your thoughts, your griefs, but we were together, and we consoled each other. We continued to have hope for you, and for our country.

"My friend, each one of us, taken separately, isolated from the others, appears feeble, but we do not ourselves know of what we are capable united. God, who has given us to each other, alone knows this. I never felt this truly until since this misfortune. Come to us, my friend. Every day we have hoped to see you arrive. Return, I conjure you, here, where are your hopes, your faith, in the midst of your friends. Shut yourself up, if you will, from the rest of the world, but open yourself to those who love you, and who believe in you.

"I pray you to return to our family, because I think you cannot rejoin Madame De Gerando. If it is thus, do not hesitate. Do not remain thus separated from those who are dear to you, and who are so necessary to you at this moment.

"Give us news of you. The letter to your sister, which enables me to write, leaves me in too painful an uncertainty in regard to you and yours.

"Do not forget that there is in France one place which hope has never deserted. It is Vascœuil.

"I am too much troubled to-day to write anything which can do you good, but I desire ardently to do so.

"I have worked much this summer thinking of you. Your friendship has done me so much good all this year!

"My friend, no work could be more worthy of you, than to write the history of these events. It is a pious work, which will support you until better times come. Do not leave to others what you alone can do. Give to these heroes, to these martyrs, the only reparation they can now receive. Vindicate their memory with the generations to come.

"If you were with us, you would have all the incitement you would need for executing such a work. If it be possible, come directly to Vascœuil. I will remain there with you until November. You might even pass the winter there.

"Your brother,

"ALFRED."

M. Dumesnil writes again:—

"*Vascœuil*, 18 *September*.

"Yes, my friend, through you we have merited to be happy still, to see the justification of our consciences. I cannot tell you how dear you are to us. You have suffered for us. Our life was easy, calm, sheltered; yours full of peril, and, in these last days, of anguish. You have completed us, you have given us what was wanting to us, the life of action.

"I have long wished to say these things to you, my friend. I love you as I do, because I feel myself heroic, full of sacrifices, of works, through you. What my nature refused me has been accomplished by you. You are our right to live, for we have acted through you. Return to us then, my friend, that we may console you. We are wounded with you, but we are proud of you, and we can say, that as long as there are young men upon the earth to believe what you have believed, to love what you have loved, there is no need to despair; the future is not closed.

"I often wish I could hold your son on my knees and tell him all I feel, all I know of his father. I would thus inspire in him something better than hatred of our enemies, the force to overcome them by vital works.

"You will never know all you have done for us. During your residence at Paris, I had no other desire than to receive your inspiration. Why cannot I receive it again,—see you again, hear you, press your hand? It seems to me we should both be better. Believe me, we shall neither of us be well far from the other. We need each other's support. In the midst of so many failures and disappointments, we both have faith. As soon as

you have news of Madame De Gerando, write to us. We count upon very frequent letters."

M. De Gerando was at Leipsic when these letters reached him. He writes in reply:—

"24 *September*, 1849.

"Dear friends, dear brothers, how much good your letters do me! I have just received the last, dated the 18th. I had shortly before received Noel's, which was sent to me from Munich. Yes, it is in the midst of you I ought to be, not only to receive consolation, but to make myself better and more worthy at this moment that I feel in myself an immense energy. I wrote lately that we would bring up our children in the hatred of our enemies. Alfred answers, We will do better, we will inspire in them the force to overcome them. No reasoning could be more powerful than such a word to draw me to Vascœuil. We shall soon see each other again. If it were not for my sad health, which still requires frequent change of air, and for the impossibility of going farther from Hungary without knowing the fate of so many brave hearts I have left in danger, I should be already on my way.

"I hasten to tell you that I have received a letter from my wife, dated the 28th of August. She is well, and so are the children. She made an attempt to come to me some weeks ago, but was obliged to return upon her steps without having been able to quit Hungary. I fear that, if she renews her attempt, she will be arrested at Vienna. For you know that the Austrians revenge themselves by imprisoning the wives of the proscribed, and even their *widows*. But I hope the French ambassador will furnish her with the means of quitting Vienna. My little daughter has written me three lines of the prettiest writing. But it seems the brave Attila has not this aptitude. He likes to run about, and his whole stock of learning consists in some patriotic songs which he recites. I reply to his mother, that this child seems to me superb, and I hope he will grow up as he is.

"I count upon the Life of Rabelais, upon the work on Italy. You will give me all that when we meet again. Here, I have given up reading. I go as much as possible in the sun. Unfortunately, my walks are on the field of the battle of Leipsic. . . . .

"To-morrow I go to Weimar. But address your letters to this place. A bookseller of my acquaintance will forward them to me. Give me news of you all. I have received nothing from M. Michelet. Thanks, my nephew Guiscard, for thy lines. I answer with one which tells thee I embrace thee on thy two rosy cheeks.

"Adieu, dear friends, great and small. To you my best friendship.

"A. De G."

Neither the sustaining sympathy of his friends, nor his own ardent desire for continued usefulness, could enable De Gerando to recover from the shock he had received. When this last letter was written he was already too ill to undertake the journey to France. He left Leipsic for Dresden, and here he was obliged to ask medical advice. M. Achille De Gerando, of Nancy, apprised of the illness of his brother, hastened to Dresden, and, alarmed by the gravity of his symptoms, wrote to Madame De Gerando to warn her of the calamity which threatened her.

On the morning of the day that the letter containing this intelligence arrived at Hosszufalva, Madame De Gerando had gone with her children to visit the tomb of her parents. On her way she stopped to gather a forget-me-not which grew in her path. The root came with the flower. She planted it on the consecrated spot. When she turned away, leaving this memorial of affection to testify for her in her absence, a voice in her heart told her she had placed her last offering on her parents' grave. As she approached the house a messenger came towards her bearing the letter which called her to the bedside of her dying husband. She lost no time in obeying the summons. There was reason to apprehend some delay on the road from difficulties in regard to passports, but she was so fortunate as to surmount all obstacles, and arrived in Dresden in time to solace the last weeks of her husband's life.

On the first interview which M. De Gerando had with his children after this long separation, a touching incident took place. Immediately before his departure from Hosszufalva in 1848, his birthday had been celebrated. On the morning of that day his two children, dressed in white, and holding each an end of a long garland of flowers which their mother had woven for them, stationed themselves near his bedside to await his waking. As soon as he perceived them, and made a sign to them to approach, the little boy addressed him in some verses which his mother had written for him, and which his sister had taught him. When now, after this long separation, the child entered his father's presence, and saw him extended upon his couch, the former scene and the lavish encomiums that had rewarded his efforts, came back upon his memory, and, thinking to delight his father once

more, he approached the bed, and began the recitation of some patriotic verses, beginning,

"Szülö földem szép határa."*

The child did not miss the expected reward of praise and caresses, but his innocent words had reopened the wounds of his father's heart. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I have so loved this poor Hungary, this people so great and generous!"

Madame De Gerando forbore as much as possible to speak to him of Hungary, but his thoughts dwelt constantly upon it. He would ask, from time to time, the fate of one and another of his friends who had remained exposed to the vengeance of Austria. The mournful silence which answered his questions told him all.

The sister of M. De Gerando had arrived at Dresden a few days before his wife. Their united cares alleviated the sufferings of his last days. He revived a little after the arrival of his family, but the hopes which this temporary amendment awakened proved delusive. He died on the 8th of December.

M. Dumesnil received the news of his friend's death at Paris on the 15th of December. He communicated it to M. Noel in the following letter, written on the 16th.

"*Sunday*, 16 *December*.

"My Friend, — Your sad presentiments were well founded; but, as it often happens, you were mistaken in their object..... We shall never see again our friend, our brother, De Gerando. I received the fatal news yesterday. I have not yet mentioned it to any one. I did not meet Touillon yesterday, and I could not speak of it to indifferent persons. I wished, too, to communicate to you, before any one else, the loss we have met. You alone know how much I have lost, how much we have lost.

"May his soul remain with us! May he sustain us always until we rejoin him!

"He could not have received my last letter. In that he would have felt my friendship yet once more before death. I regret he did not have the few lines from Adèle, full of the tenderness of a sister.

"O my friend, if I could but talk with you! My heart would

* "Fair borders of my native land."

open itself; we should feel that he is more united to us than ever.

"It is a great effort for me to give my lecture on Tuesday. But this noble young man has taught me to sacrifice all to duty; and how short the time given to us in this world!

"Let us be more than ever worthy of our friendship. I promise him, I promise you, to make greater efforts over myself, and not to suffer myself to yield to a fruitless discouragement.

"My friend, I love you more with each loss that visits me.

"ALFRED."

M. Noel writes in reply:—

"Your letter overwhelms me, my poor friend. I had always persuaded myself that this misfortune was impossible. On reading the first lines of your letter, I did not divine whose death you were going to announce to me. In an instant all the persons whom we love passed rapidly before my imagination except him. Those words, 'our brother,' revealed all to me at once.

"I cannot tell you how I had accustomed myself to the idea of having him always associated with us in all we should do, and how proud I was of it. . . .

"My friend, we know indeed that such a soul cannot cease to exist. But for us it is terrible to think, that, in all this life, we shall never see him more, shall never hear him more, shall not have his noble look to guide us.

"I could have wished that, at least, before his death he could have thanked you for the book you are about to give to the world. Without doubt he knows more than we all now. Dear Alfred, he has no need of our books, but you, you will not have the pressure of his hand to thank and encourage you. May his spirit at least be with you: you are worthy of it.

"I beg you to communicate to me everything you hear concerning him, his wife and children. Did Madame De Gerando arrive in time to see him? I beg you also to tell me whether a lithograph will not be taken from the portrait by Touillon.

"I am expecting the proofs of your new work with impatience. We must work, my friend: everything teaches us this.

"My parents are well, and sympathize deeply in our grief for our friend. I shall always regret that they did not know him.

"My dear Alfred, you will do me a great favor if you will send me the letter in which you received this news. I will return it immediately.

"Adieu! Excuse me for writing so ill. I am overwhelmed. For some days I had been sad without being able to discover the cause. . . . . Write to me as soon as possible.

"EUGÈNE."

M. Michelet, in the first lecture which he delivered at the Collège de France, after the death of M. De Gerando, offered a tribute to the memory of his young friend.

"In the profound grief with which the late European disasters have filled our soul, when the pen was falling from our hands, we have consulted our friends present or absent; our proscribed friends, above all, our dead friends. And this is the reply we receive from them. When France abandons herself, it is that she does not know herself. The greatest service that can be rendered to Europe is to restore to France its true past, the history of the Revolution, obscured by the enemies of liberty, obscured even by the talent of its poet-historians. In whatever condition France may be, the cause of the world is always in France. There is always carried on the battle of light and darkness. We have then persisted in the midst of our trials. Wounded to the heart, we do not the less continue to teach in our books the history of the Republic, its moral in this chair.

"Only a short time ago, on the 21st of June last, I still saw on these seats a young man whom we have lost: Auguste De Gerando, author of many important works upon Hungary, who has served Hungary both in his life and his death.

"Let us call him by his triple name: De Gerando — Barberi — Teleki. He was French by his father, Roman by his mother, and by his marriage Hungarian. You have almost all read the brilliant articles that he has published in the *National*. You know his works less, perhaps, the labors with which he filled his short career, and the self-devotion which has crowned it. M. De Gerando has written two works, one on Transylvania, where he lived, the other on the past of Hungary.

"In the first of these works he has unveiled an Oriental world which was unknown to us. In the second he has shown us that these distant people were not wholly foreign to us; that, by political sympathy, they were ourselves. He has made known to us a precious, inestimable fact, that in this unknown Hungary we have had our martyrs, that Hungarians have laid their heads on the block for our revolution.

"The book of M. De Gerando has revealed to us also the truly admirable efforts that, in these later times, the Hungarian nobility has made to descend, to establish equality, surpassing, by the generosity of its sacrifices, the dreams of the most advanced minds. The East of Europe has shown itself at a height of generosity which the West, let us confess it, is far from having attained. Men have been seen there more eager to despoil themselves of honors and wealth, than they are elsewhere to preserve them.

"The intimate and dear ties which unite France and Hungary M. De Gerando has renewed by his books, and by the active part he took in the Parisian press, disputing the ground, inch by inch, with the falsehoods of absolutist Europe.

"Frail in health, already warned of danger by his physicians, he did not the less, when the hour arrived, make the last sacrifice to his adopted country. He decided, without any influence from his friends, as he ought to have decided. He died of his fatigues, immediately after the recent events.

"In the manly friendship which we had for him, we will say he has fulfilled our expectations and our wishes. He died at thirty years, and in this short life he has had the triple good fortune to be a man of speculation, of the press, and of action. If he had lived for a century, what could he have done more?

"Signal, almost unique glory! He has had the happiness to become a link between the East and France. That glory which Mickiewicz has legitimately by the greatness of his genius, this young man, in so short a life, has divided with him.

"Enviable death! In no way to be deplored, God grant such to us all! It is said that our youth have little faith, that they will nothing, can do nothing. It is well that they can give to these unjust words such brilliant refutations."

Madame De Gerando left Dresden for Paris in the spring of 1850, in order to fulfil the wishes of her husband, who desired to have his children educated in France. Since that time, with the exception of an occasional absence in the country for change of air, she has continued to live at Paris, in great retirement, receiving only the visits of a small circle of attached friends. She has employed her leisure in preparing some books for the instruction and amusement of children. They are written in Hungarian, and were originally intended only for her own children. They have never been published, but as it was thought by her friends that they might be useful to other Hungarian children, like hers, in exile, a certain number of copies were printed. We believe we cannot more fitly conclude this article than by giving, from the last volume, recently completed, a little poem, entitled, "Prayer of the Exiled Hungarian Children."

"O Thou, our God, look down in mercy
Upon this little exiled band,
Who, far from their own household altars,
Kneel to Thee in the strangers' land.

" For our dear country we implore Thee :
See where she sits in grief alone,
Silent and bowed. Do thou, O Father !
Have pity, though the world have none.

" We know her cause is just and holy :
Must it not then be dear to Thee ?
Yet, while she mourns, her tyrants triumph.
O God, permit it not to be !

" Already long, too long, she suffers :
O let at length thy justice wake !
Let our dear land in joy and freedom
Her children to her heart retake.

" But if we still are doomed to wander,
Waiting for the atoning day,
Let not our country's dear remembrance
From our young bosoms fade away.

" Grant, Father, that this cherished country,
Forbidden to our waking eyes,
With her clear skies and blooming meadows
In sleep may on our visions rise.

" O let the bird of passage bring us
News of that land, the fairest, best !
Has he not known, in distant wandering,
Grief for the far, deserted nest ?

" Grant that the spirit of our nation
May never in us so decline,
That we may live content in safety,
And see our land in bondage pine.

" But, wheresoe'er thy hand shall lead us,
Still may we hold her griefs our own, —
Our own her hopes ; nor let us covet
A joy that smiles for us alone.

" May we the memory of her martyrs
Undimmed within our hearts retain.
Ready, like them, for her to perish,
O God ! but not, like them, in vain ! "

M. L. P.

Art. V. — THE FOUR HALCYON POINTS OF THE YEAR.

Four points divide the skies,
Traced by the Augur's staff in days of old: —
"The spongy South," the hard North gleaming cold,
And where days set and rise.

Four seasons span the year: —
The flowering Spring, the Summer's ripening glow,
Autumn with sheaves, and Winter in its snow;
Each brings its separate cheer.

Four halcyon periods part,
With gentle touch, each season into twain,
Spreading o'er all in turn their gentle reign.
O mark them well, my heart!

Janus! the first is thine.
After the freezing solstice locks the ground; —
When the keen blasts, that moan or rave around,
Show not one softening sign; —

It interposes then.
The air relents; the ices thaw to streams;
A mimic Spring shines down with hazy beams,
Ere Winter roars again.

Look thrice four weeks from this.
The vernal days are rough in our stern clime;
Yet fickle April wins a mellow time,
Which chilly May shall miss.

Another term is run.
She comes again, — the peaceful one, — though less
Or needed or perceived in summer dress, —
Half lost in the bright sun; —

Yet then a place she finds,
And all beneath the sultry calm lies hush; —
Till o'er the chafed and darkening ocean rush
The squally August winds.

Behold her yet once more,
And O how beautiful! Late in the wane
Of the dishevelled year; when hill and plain
Have yielded all their store; —

When the leaves thin and pale —
And they not many — tremble on the bough;
Or, noisy in their crisp decay, e'en now
Roll to the sharpening gale; —

In smoky lustre clad,
Its warm breath flowing in a parting hymn,
The "Indian Summer" upon Winter's rim
Looks on us sweetly sad.

So with the Year of Life.
An Ordering Goodness helps its youth and age,
Posts quiet sentries midway every stage,
And gives it truce in strife.

The Heavenly Providence,
With varying methods, but a steady hold,
Doth trials still with mercies interfold,
For human soul and sense.

The Father that 's above
Remits, assuages; still abating one
Of all the stripes due to the ill that 's done,
In his compassionate love.

Help THOU our wayward mind
To own Thee constantly in all our states, —
The world of Nature and the world of Fates, —
Forbearing, tempering, kind.

N. L. F.

ART. VI. — IN MEMORIAM. — REV. JAMES FLINT, D.D.

WE have been called of late, with sad frequency, to record the removal from their earthly labors of gifted and much-loved brethren in the faith of Christ and the work of the ministry. Another venerated name is here added to the never-completed list; and it becomes our sorrowful office to gather up the memories of which that name will stand henceforth as the representative.

Dr. Flint was born in the town of Reading, in this State, on the 10th of December, 1779, and died at his

residence in Salem, on Sunday evening, March 4, 1855, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Blessed in parents by whom his religious nurture could not have been neglected, reared amid the sober virtues of rural life, and in the rugged simplicity of a home in which competence was the daily reward of industry and frugality, trained for the university under the tuition and religious guidance of his parish minister, the Rev. Eliab Stone, his mind received an inclination, while he was yet a youth, towards that profession which, for the period of nearly half a century, he afterwards so highly adorned. Of his parents, and the influence of their Christian character on his young heart, he retained through life the most grateful recollections. The following lines, composed by him, whilst they reveal the father's worth, illustrate also the tender piety of the son.

"Beneath this marble mouldering lie
The relics of a meek, good man,
Who let no day pass useless by, —
Who closed it well as he began.

"Fixing his aims and hopes on high,
He sought by faith and daily prayer
To walk with God, in Christ to die, —
And rise through him, salvation's heir.

"Firm in his hope and blest belief,
He longed to wake from life's sad dream;
And lo! at length, a ripened sheaf,
He 's gathered to the Great Supreme."

At the age of eighteen, bearing in his bosom the seeds of faith and Christian virtue, which the grace of God through parental hands had sowed, the youth entered Harvard College. Either the state of his health, or his narrow circumstances, obliged him to be absent for considerable periods during his college course; but, notwithstanding these interruptions, he maintained a highly respectable rank as a scholar, and was graduated with honor in the distinguished class of 1802. His genial and affectionate disposition, his vivacity and humor, his poetic fancy, his fluent speech, made him at once a favorite

with his classmates, and were the foundation of an attachment which, continuing unabated in the breasts of the survivors till the day of his death, was a perpetual sunshine on the path of his life.

During his academic course, the early inclination of his mind to the sacred profession grew into a ripe purpose and a solemn consecration. On leaving college, after being engaged a year or two as principal of an academy at Andover, his studies meanwhile taking the direction of his subsequent calling, and after spending some time as a student of theology with the late Dr. Bates, then of Dedham, he was invited, by repeated and most urgent calls, to settle in the ministry of the Congregational Society in East Bridgewater. To these pressing solicitations he at length yielded, and was ordained on the 29th of October, 1806. By the greater part of this large parish he was welcomed with enthusiasm; but a small minority, offended by the liberality of his opinions, and the boldness with which they were advanced, soon seceded, and, associating themselves with persons of similar views near the borders of an adjoining town, formed a new Calvinistic society. From the beginning of his ministry, Dr. Flint was a decided Unitarian. He had been educated in the old system of the churches of New England, and had implicitly received its faith; but his studies in preparation for his chosen work had revealed to him a more excellent way, and he therefore began his preaching, "not uncertainly, as one that beateth the air," but with that confidence which the truth inspires in him whom it has made free. He never sailed under the wavering and doubtful line between Calvinism and Unitarianism, where so many good and true men of his day, who afterwards became lights in our Church, were for a time becalmed and befogged. A Unitarian from study, from the consent of his whole moral nature, and especially from a profound sympathy with the spirit of his Master and with the conceptions and teachings of the earliest disciples, with never a lurch towards the errors of what is called Orthodoxy, his preaching, whilst it was denounced on one side as heretical and dangerous, was received on the other, not only in his own parish, but wherever he was heard, as good tidings of great joy, and his occasional presence in the neighboring

pulpits was hailed by the more intelligent hearers as a particular felicity. Yet he was not a controversial preacher, nor a combative one. He felt that, while it was good to prove his religion to be *true*, it was better to cause it to be *loved*. His habitual preaching was practical, devotional, impressive, evangelical. He played upon the highest sentiments and deepest sympathies of the heart, as upon the strings of a divine instrument. His reputation advanced rapidly, till none in the region stood before him; while his talents, scholarship, social qualities, dignified and courteous bearing, joined to his special gifts for the pulpit, made him one of the most beloved, as well as eminent, men of the Old Colony.

In the spring of the year 1821, Dr. Flint, to the deep and lasting regret of his parishioners, resigned his ministry in East Bridgewater. He was led to take this step in consequence of the inadequacy of his salary to the support of his large family, and the depressing effect of that circumstance on his head and heart. Soon after, he accepted an invitation to become the minister of the East Society in Salem, then recently vacated by the death of the Rev. William Bentley, D. D. Carrying with him to his new sphere the cordial affection and best wishes of his late people, whenever he returned to visit them the gathering to hear him was like an ordination occasion, and the friendly greetings were many and warm. He entered on his labors at Salem with the *prestige* of a distinguished name. From the somewhat peculiar position, theological and political, of his immediate predecessor, and the very marked influence of his life and ministry upon his people, the new relations of Dr. Flint were at first not wholly free from difficulty and embarrassment. Yet, through the patience of faith, and the gentle persuasions, in private life, of a heart kindled with the love of Christ, together with the power and earnestness of his public ministrations, he gradually overcame them, and for many years enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing in his people a growing interest in that type of Christian faith and character which he delighted to present to them. His ministry in Salem was unambitious, faithful, affectionate, devoted to the best interests of his flock. He was satisfied with the reputation he brought with him, and had no concern to increase and

extend it. The most marked thing in his preaching was its seriousness. His rebukes of sin in all its forms, especially as it fell under his own eye, were pointed and severe, though it was manifest to all that they proceeded from a deeply religious feeling. If they sometimes awakened an impatient murmur in the hearer, as birds flutter when they are hit, this testified to the truth of his words as clearly as, in other cases, that testimony was given in the approving response. His appeals to the conscience were earnest and affecting. His representations of the life to come, in its weal and woe, were most impressive and solemn. He had the art of leading the minds of his hearers along with him, and of winning their assent to his doctrinal positions without the forms of argument, through the sympathies of their hearts. Few ever went away after hearing his sermons, feeling that they were not true.

Dr. Flint was a firm believer in the supernatural origin and authentications of the Christian religion. Although, from his friendly nature and ardent admiration of genius, especially when employed on the sublimest of all themes, the great mystery of godliness, he was inclined, when, a few years ago, opinions contrary to this view were introduced amongst us, to receive them at least with the charity of an unprejudiced hearing, if not with higher favor; yet review, reflection, the wants of his soul, and the irresistible flood of evidence, wrought the conviction more and more deeply into his mind with each year of his advancing life, — which he held to his dying day as the anchor of his soul, — that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, and that, by the resurrection of Jesus from the grave, the great hope of man had received that all-sufficient confirmation without which it must ever have remained comparatively powerless. This view he failed not to preach and to teach, testifying from house to house the grace of God in Christ Jesus, and proclaiming from pulpit to pulpit, with the trembling utterance of an old man, but with the energy and zeal of a youthful apostle, the miracles of redeeming love and the unsearchable riches of Christ. It must not be understood from this, however, that he withdrew his charity and affection from friends holding the opposite view. On the contrary, seeing in some of

them, as he believed, a better spirit than in many of sounder faith, he accorded to them a higher esteem. The noble philanthropy in which they were conspicuous carried his entire sympathy, and won his profoundest respect. For he was not one of those teachers of religion who believe that they have nothing to do with the great philanthropic movements of the age; but by his rights as a man he knew that he was entitled, and by his vows as a minister he felt that he was required, to give to them all the aid of his personal and official influence.

Being of an extremely nervous temperament, Dr. Flint was sensitive to all the little irritations of life. This made him often desponding, and gave to many of his discourses a melancholy tone; a deeply shaded color which it was difficult for those in full health, in the midst of abundance, and unused to trial, to reconcile with a just view of life. Yet these discourses struck responsive chords in many bosoms, and the long-drawn sigh of the hearer often attested their foundation in human experience. But this was only one of his moods. Starting from it at the call of some unexpected enjoyment, and opening his eyes upon the manifold and unspeakable beauty above and around him, and his ear to the melodious voices that were everywhere singing great hymns to God, and his heart to the innumerable expressions of human love and Divine compassion of which he felt himself to be the unworthy object, his lips would glow and his face beam with the ardors of a grateful and happy soul, and the animated motions of his body give visible expression to the depth and intensity of his joy in the Lord; and then they who heard him might have supposed that he had never felt a pang, or known a day of clouds and darkness in all his life. But we must not omit to say, that even in his gloomiest moods he never lost his hold on the throne of Infinite Love. God was ever his refuge, the Divine goodness his untiring theme. From all that was painful and disheartening here below, hé betook himself, by a natural turn of mind, to the ideal world of his faith, and there found the repose which, with a different temperament, he might perhaps have always found on the earth.

Dr. Flint was remarkable for his social qualities. Few men excelled him in the power of rendering himself

agreeable in a private circle of friends. He was a brilliant and eloquent talker, of inexhaustible resources in wit, memory, and fancy, in thought and fact, and the never-failing play of genius. Conversation with a mind akin to his own was his delight, — a blessed joy to him. It inspired him. He was never so interesting as when thus engaged, especially when the subject was one that touched the finer sensibilities and roused the best affections of his nature. He seemed for the time almost another man. He shook off the dust of the earth, and appeared as one who walked amidst the stars. The hours he spent in this way were his happiest; and it was one of his most pleasing and exhilarating anticipations, that in the heavenly state this happiness would be renewed and prolonged for ever. In conversation, unlike most eminent talkers, he was never obtrusive and monopolizing, never assuming and imperious. He listened well. He was always courteous and good-natured towards an opponent, and patient of contradiction even from those on whom a becoming modesty would have imposed silence.

Our friend was a man of very decided literary tastes, which he had cultivated by much reading and by familiarity with the best authors. There was scarcely a department of literature in which he did not feel himself at home, and in reference to which his observations were not at once interesting and instructive, exhibiting both the judgment of a cultivated intellect and the more subtile discriminations of a quickened and sanctified heart. Yet he had few books of any kind; he had no system in his reading; he always preferred conversation to study; and every one acquainted with his habits was left to wonder how he acquired that various learning, gathered from the past and garnered in books, and that extensive knowledge of contemporaneous literature, of which he was so evidently the master. From this it might be inferred that he had not the patience and application to elaborate and finish the productions of his own pen. And it is true. His printed volumes do not represent his genius and abilities. However excellent, every reader acquainted with him knows — as he himself knew — that he might have made them better. His ordinary preaching was better than anything he published; for he preached

not from the manuscript before him altogether, but from the action of his higher nature at the time; and of these spontaneous gushings — often the richest and most effective portions of the discourse — nothing remained but the impression, not even the memory. We mention this, not as detracting from his merit, but as showing a peculiarity of his make which we should hesitate to pronounce unfavorable to his immediate usefulness, however it might affect his rank as an author.

It has already been implied, that Dr. Flint was a genuine lover of nature. Whether in its simple forms of beauty, in the unfoldings of its innumerable germs, in its decorative and its life-sustaining growths, or in the majestic and awful proportions of its grandeur and sublimity, it stirred his soul to the depths; filled him with gratitude, wonder, and joy; often lifted him into an ecstasy of praise and holy delight. He had an appreciating eye for God's handiwork in things small or great; in the rose or the river, the moss or the mountain, the dew-drop or the deep, the forest or the firmament. He had an ear, too, for all nature's melodies. The tuneful rill, the waterfall, the wind breathing softly in the summer foliage, the flowers, those "silent hymns," the singing of birds, the grand hallelujahs of sea and storm, — these thrilled him with an inexpressible pleasure, which the quick alchemy of his religion instantly converted into worship. As might be expected, he had an exquisite sensibility to music. In his earlier years he bestowed much attention on the science, and labored with zeal and success to introduce an improved style of singing into the churches. In his advanced years, that period in life when those inner senses which respond to the "harmony of sweet sounds" are supposed to have lost something of their vivacity and acuteness, his relish continued with unabated keenness. He failed not to improve all opportunities for gratifying this passion of his soul; and it was the constant pleasure of some of his wealthy parishioners to furnish him with the means. At the rich entertainments which have been, within a few years, not infrequent amongst us, his erect but aged form was always seen; and, as the wonderful strains fell upon his ear, it would seem, to those who watched the fitfully changing expression of his countenance, as though the music were alive in him,

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,"

and literally "dissolving him into ecstasies."

In the soul of Dr. Flint music was married to immortal verse. He knew the poets, and loved them all as brothers. He had wings of his own, and soared in their company; not indeed reaching the highest heights, but rising with easy flights to eminences from which all the sublimities and grandeurs of the faculty divine were fully discriminated and richly enjoyed. He laughed like a child with the poets of mirth and wit; with those that sung of human grief and wrong and woe, he cried with luxury; and bowed himself down low and adoringly with such as touched the solemn keys of religion. The ancient poets were as familiar to him as those which have attained classic rank in his native tongue; and both were called forth from his memory — which seldom lost anything once committed to it — with surprising facility and aptitude for the present use. Himself a manifold man, though in no single quality complete, the humorous and witty, the gay and lively, as well as the grave and severe, found distinct echoes in his breast. But that which pleased him best was the tuneful utterance of thoughts and imaginations hallowed by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This was the choice of his own muse. His frequentest mood was itself a sacred lyric, a psalm; and nothing was easier for him than to clothe it in numbers rhythmic and melodious. He preferred Hermon, with its dew-dripped flowers, to any mountain of "the nations," and not all the earth beside had springs so sweet to him as that pure well whence the Son of Man gave living water to the thirsting world. Poetry was the form he loved best for his private devotions. He has been heard to say, that for many years he had never shut his eyes for sleep at night without repeating the beautiful "Evening Hymn" of Bishop Kenn. "This was the dormitive he took to bedward; after which," as Sir Thomas Browne says, "he was content to take his leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection."

We should fail to express our idea of that which was highest and best in our departed friend, if we omitted the distinct mention of his great and fervent piety. It was a "living fount" within him,—the deepest thing. It over-

whelmed him at one time with the sense of his unworthiness, and poured itself out in the strong cries of self-abasement and penitence. At another, it filled him "with all joy and peace in believing," and flamed up in gratitude and love to the Giver of all good. We have rarely seen the man in whom the sentiment of piety appeared to be more active, or its language more easy and natural. It was spontaneous, gushing, bursting forth on all occasions, mingling in his conversation, running wherever duty called or sympathy led him. It was the one overmastering sentiment of his soul. And it was formed, it should be added, in the school of Christ. At the feet of Jesus he learned its holy lessons; and never was it felt with stronger emotion than when quickened by the grateful remembrance of his Divine Teacher. Through its power he entered into fellowship with Christ, giving "thanks to the Father that He had heard him," and lifting up his soul in the all-confiding petition, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It was the light which shone on all the path of his pilgrimage, from the cradle to his dying hour, and never casting brighter radiance than in

"The wrestling agony of death and life."

It pleased God that the life of our brother should draw to its close amid physical sufferings excruciating and almost insupportable; yet his devout confidence was unshaken, and his sharpest paroxysms could only wring from him the protestation, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him"; and, "I know Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me." At length, after long and painful struggle, the prayer of faith was answered, and *the hour came.* The angel of peace paused a little while at his couch, to give assurance that it was he, and not another, and then gently bore him up on high. It was Sunday when he went away, and it was night; night to us, but dawn to him, for the evening and the morning were the first day.

And now, as we look back on his long life, we bless God that it was so faithful to Christ and so fruitful of good; that he gave to the word preached by his servant so much of the spirit which quickens, and the unction which sanctifies; that he made him a son of consolation

to so many in their distresses, and to others, so many, a sympathizing friend in their seasons of rejoicing; and that he so endowed him with rare and excellent gifts as to render him an ornament of society, an eminent teacher and guide, a workman that needed not to be ashamed. We bid him farewell with sorrow, for he was our friend and fellow-laborer, and we loved him well! But memory unites with hope to comfort our hearts, and the declaration of the Saviour, "Because I live, ye shall live also," which was his final stay, is our assurance that we shall soon see him again.

J. W. T.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Third Gallery of Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. New York. 1855. *Coleridge*, pp. 196 – 200.
Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1855. "*Revelations of a Showman.*"

GRANDILOQUOUS Gilfillan tells us that he is half tempted to unite with Mr. De Quincey in calling Mr. Coleridge "the largest and most spacious intellect that has hitherto existed among men." "All men, of course," he adds for himself, "compared with God, are fragments. Shakespeare himself was, and so was Coleridge. But of all men of his time, Coleridge approached nearest to our conception of a whole," &c. We could not have expected anything much short of this profane trash from George Gilfillan; and we should hardly be moved to say a word about it, if it were not that there are persons, here as well as in Great Britain, ready to assent to the extraordinary opinion which he so irreverently expresses; and if it were not also that one of his brother Scots, in Blackwood's Magazine, has been at the very same moment lavishing all the terms that have any relation to the pillory or the gibbet upon Barnum and his autobiography. We do not contend that these terms are undeserved. But the contrast is so striking between the two reputations and the two men, — between the idolizing eulogy on one side and the wrathful disdain on the other, — that one is led to associate the pair by the very principle of contrast. They certainly are remarkable opposites. And yet, if we will consent to enter into the comparison, we may perhaps find that it is not all true fame in the one case, nor all foul shame in the other; that there are points of resemblance

between the two; and that even where they are unlike, the advantage is by no means always with the more honored name.

Taylor Coleridge and Taylor Barnum both wrote accounts of themselves; each in the most characteristic manner. The first called his book, "Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions." It was full of pedantry and philosophic pretension; very hard to be understood, and therefore thought by many to be specially profound. Its author was evidently eager that it should be so accounted of; for it is swelling all over with the self-complacency of one who "boasted of possessing 'energic reason and a shaping mind.'" The other writer — and everybody shall be pardoned for laughing or even scolding at the very idea of putting two such *writers* together — almost entitles his story, The Rogueries of Scapin. He tells openly the things that sound least to his credit; instead of endeavoring to gain consideration by mystifying what he thinks, and concealing what he does. He makes no secret of the methods he took to play upon the curiosity and credulity of men. Acting upon the old Latin maxim, "The people love to be cheated, let them be cheated," he shows us — honest certainly this time — how it was done. His homely English is perfectly intelligible; and if it is a little vicious now and then, we ought to remember that colloquialism and even slang are not the only vices of written speech; but that there are opposite faults of obscurity and affectation, which may be more dignified without being a whit more tolerable.

Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Barnum were both remarkable showmen; perhaps equally illustrious each in his line. The first was always showing off his perpetual self; the other, his articles of transient exhibition. One dealt in the extremest subtleties of thought and language; and in such marvellous volubility of tongue, that Carlyle records of him, "I have heard him talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers"; leaving it not "uncertain" to our minds whether he was uttering "oracles or jargon." The other dealt in visible and tangible objects; in such objects altogether, one might at first suppose. But, after all, his chief traffic was driven with the love of the wonderful in human nature; and here he had the same article in hand as his more respectable compeer. That compeer converted his opportunity into nothing but a gaping admiration, while the other coined his into a fortune. One painted his figures — if we may speak of metaphysical and verbal shadows under any attributes of color or form — high up in the ideal world; and if they were preternaturally huge and strange, they might find their like in some of the shapes with

which the other has taught the walls of his Museum to stare upon the streets below. Regarded either as curiosities or lessons of instruction, we can scarcely set "The Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," and other specimens of a similar sort, much beyond some of the stuffed exhibitions in the neighborhood of the Park. Certain intellectual gymnastics, and juggles with phrases, need not carry their heads too high above the posturing and legerdemain of the establishment just alluded to; and we certainly owe a less debt of acknowledgment for the mysterious melodies of Christabel, — though its author declared that he perfectly understood it himself, and could even make the fragment a whole at a few hours' notice, — than is due for the introduction of the Lind's living strains to our American shores. As showmen they were somewhat alike in this, that each of them succeeded in taking in a great number of sensible and distinguished persons.

We are compelled to add, that these two gentlemen stand about even in the ingenuity, the deception, the unscrupulousness as to exact truth, — the charlatanry, in short, — with which they have made up and put forth their respective wares. The chief difference between them — apart from the difference of the material in which they wrought and the diversity of their aims — seems to lie in this; that the one merrily confesses his arts, while the other solemnly covered his over, and left them to be found out by those who would make the search. On the simple point of false pretences, we are inclined to think that the English metaphysician and poet threw a cast beyond our canny countryman. He pretended, and with no little parade, that he was the originator of certain great ideas, which he then proceeded to translate, page after page, from Schelling; and, when the identity was charged upon him, protested that it was only a coincidence. He pretended to the authorship of what other men had written. He pretended, to the last, to have nearly finished an important work on philosophy, which was never found to be even begun. Some of his figments would remind us of the Feejee mermaid, if it were not for the way in which they contrive to hold their mirrors, and comb their hair, and sing their spells; for his mermaidens, it must be confessed, are alive, and fascinating creatures too, sometimes. Many of his Sibylline periods are little better than sublimations of those mysterious utterances which attract some ladies to the secret apartment of one of Mr. Barnum's prophetesses. That is, they are alike inventions to surprise people with something that lacks reality. It is singular that his two most beautiful and popular poems should both carry the sign of divided honors and a doubtful authenticity. The "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" belongs, for

the most part, to Frederica Brun; and "The Ancient Mariner" itself partakes of the nature of a joint composition, from its inception to its finishing touches. The albatross, we believe, was not of his own fledging, and some of the lines are contributions from Wordsworth. There is everywhere something more or less ungenuine about him, both in his words and deeds. Knock, and it is hollow. Rub, and you shall come down to false metal in time. Many a curled and dressed-out saying of his, though not ridiculous, like the woolly horse, is as much of a sham. Mr. Gilfillan eulogizes him as a "whole" man. No term could have been chosen more inappropriate; for never before, perhaps, did so bright a mind lie more helplessly in pieces, and at stranger odds with itself. He may be magnificent splinters; but he is as far as can well be from any noble unity of thought or manhood. Gilfillan himself acknowledges that he turned round from degrading personal indulgences only "in time to save a fraction of his intellect and character." It was his forte — if it was not rather his foible — to discourse and write big words on the Transcendental Philosophy. On no subject is it easier to mystify hearer and reader. Its fields are wide; its tangles and jungles intricate; its fogs thick. It gives the largest scope for subtilty on one hand, and declamation on the other. How much he really knew about the matter may be indicated by a passage from Sir William Hamilton, one of the most competent of judges. "We have a chapter," he says, "in Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, entitled, *On the Law of Association, — its History traced from Aristotle to Hartley;* but this, in so far as it is of any value, is a plagiarism, and a blundering plagiarism, from Maasz; — the whole chapter exhibiting, in fact, more mistakes than paragraphs. We may judge of Mr. Coleridge's competence to speak of Aristotle, the great philosopher of ancient times, when we find him," &c. "We may judge of his competence to speak of Descartes, the great philosopher of modern times, when he tells us," &c.

We must come now to other moral points; having ventured to say, at the outset, that, where Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Phineas Taylor Barnum are unlike, the superiority is not always with the more honored name. As to their disposition and ability to play imposing tricks in their trade, we will suppose them about matched. But apart from what is familiarly called "the shop," we have never heard that he of the meaner celebrity was not an upright, trustworthy man; while it has certainly been strongly surmised of the other, that there was no dependence to be placed upon him in any respect. His word was no better than his bond, and that was always at a sad discount. Even in the sacred relations of home, he was an open

defaulter. His own wife could not lean upon him. Take the virtue of sobriety, and compare them together in that. It may not be the highest of moral accomplishments to be a public advocate of the cause of temperance, even though one practises, at the same time, consistently and faithfully, its extremest doctrine. We do not think that it is. But we submit, whether it is not infinitely better than to bewilder one's self with opium and brandy, though discoursing at the same time ever so grandly upon ethical and theological abstractions. The domestic virtues have just been touched upon. They are too common a grace to be excessively eulogized in any one; and the same may be said of the ordinary fidelities and proprieties of social life. But the practical contrast to these is painful, when a man deserts his family that others may care for it; and leaves his debts for his friends to pay; and eats the bread of dependence, till his dying day, without tasting that it is sour. Dashing Gilfillan, with an obliquity of moral perception as strange as his usual way of writing English, lavishes all his compassion on the forsaking husband; because "his 'pensive Sara' failed, without any positive fault on her side, but from mere non-adaptation, in managing her *gifted lord.*" This is not the first time that we have been disgusted with the attempt to palliate the wickedness of men of genius towards those whom they were bound to cherish and sworn to protect.

Some persons think that Mr. Barnum's book will have a very injurious effect, in making young folks mercenary, crafty, and dishonest. We do not share very largely in such an apprehension. But we think it fairly supposable, that such a life as Coleridge's, bedaubed with such panegyrics as are usually plastered upon it, may produce really unwholesome effects in a different direction. We are sincerely of opinion, that his wordy pretentiousness has had an injurious influence, of a very marked character, both here and abroad, upon many persons. We know of no English writer who has been so adroit in shuffling syllables into the place of things, and in giving mere sound an air of meaning, — of none who has so much to answer for in encouraging cultivated people to vent and receive a presumptuous verbiage under the disguise of ideas. This influence is dangerously exerted upon young imaginations, that effervesce at a slight heat; upon writers and lecturers who wish to vapor a little about abstract distinctions; upon middle-aged gentlemen and ladies who are bewitched with learned affectations of speech, and a thin gloss of critical and metaphysical ingenuity; and upon *subjective* minds that love to dive into the abysses of unprofitable speculation, and are never easy where their feet can find any bottom.

The Altar at Home: Prayers for the Family and the Closet. By Clergymen in and near Boston. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street. 1855. 12mo. pp. 350.

The Preface informs us that twenty-five ministers of our denomination have contributed to the Morning and Evening Prayers, which make the principal part of this first volume of a proposed "Devotional Library." The editor, Rev. Dr. Miles, has prefixed to each of them appropriate passages of Scripture, and enriched the collection with occasional prayers, collects, and litanies, drawn from various sources, — the great Jeremy Taylor being easily the chief. We think the book well suited to meet what we suppose to be a growing want in the families of our congregations. We are thankful for it, and hope it will come into wide circulation. Works of this character offer themselves for our use, rather than for our criticism; and we feel as if there would be almost an irreverence either in extolling any portions of it or finding fault with any. Especially would we avoid all eulogium of what must find its praise, if truly anywhere, in the worshipping heart. We hope, however, to commit no error, if, in the spirit of brotherly interest, we offer a few suggestions, of small importance, indeed, but of which one or two may deserve some regard. Once or twice there occurs a verbal inaccuracy, or a form of expression at least not happily chosen. For examples: "we have lain ourselves down"; "help us so to conduct"; "in every breath we have inspired"; "speak peace to sleepless consciences"; "let hope arise and augment." A few phrases, such as "replete with joy," "shadows of our life-evening," "the serene expanse is full," seem to us a little too ambitious, where the utmost simplicity of speech is its greatest charm. The form of entreaty, "Wilt Thou," is so general among us, that few persons are aware that it is peculiar to this side of the sea. Such, however, unless we mistake, is the fact. We have never met with it in any printed form of devotion among our English brethren, who use some such word as "grant," or "vouchsafe," instead. It is not exceptionable, perhaps, nor do we find it displeasing; it may even seem to have a special force, as of tender importunity; but yet it is something like an Americanism.

We need pardon of our readers for having dwelt so long on mere points of language. A single word in another direction. One of the essential elements of prayer is the feeling of unworthiness. This should always retain its prominent place. Nothing is more at variance with the spirit of devotion, than whatever reminds us of spiritual conceit and self-gratulation. We cannot, there-

fore, bring our minds into accordance with sentiments such as these: "Thou hast, by thy Holy Spirit, rebuked every wrong desire." "Thy Holy Spirit has been moving on our hearts, rebuking every wrong impulse, and prompting holy desires." "May our example and influence be a blessing to all whom we may meet." We know, well enough, that such expressions were not prompted by any presumptuous thought or unworthy affection. But there is something repellent about them, at least to some minds.

We repeat that the book is a rich and varied offering to our part of the religious public, and indeed to all Christian families. In a very few instances, its style is more sacrificial than will meet the views of all. We do not object to this. We do not claim any right to object to it. But at the same time we must confess that we are not in perfect sympathy with it. It may seem hypercritical, but we feel impelled to say, we are not sure that we can altogether applaud the title of the volume itself, though it carries with it a winning sound. The reason is, that we cannot entirely divest it of all associations with sacerdotal ministries, the fire and the knife. "Altar" is not a Christian idea; at least it has no representative in the Reformed Church. There were altars in the infancy of the religious world. The heathen had their altars. The Jewish economy is full of altars. There were holocausts and hemicausts, wave-offerings and heave-offerings, till the spirit within, as well as the healthy air abroad, grew sick of them. Even while they yet lasted in all their authority, the Hebrew prophets spoke slightingly of them, and with some temper, too, at times, in their contests with the priests and slayers. The Romish and Greek Churches retain an altar, the high altar, where the *host*, which means victim, is statedly offered up in the sacrifice of the mass. But it is not so with the Protestant part of Christendom, although the Lutheran communion yet retains the phrase, "sacramentum altaris." The altar has been levelled to a table. The baptismal font, the communion-table, and the pulpit are the only three fixed preparations for our religious offices. Of course, we except the arrangements for music, which belong to all forms of divine service alike. These were never so magnificent as when King David apportioned the instruments and voices, before the first Jewish temple was built; and they will never cease to be an affecting part of public worship, as long as that noble call is remembered, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." There is no shadow of an altar, wherever either our public assemblies or our households come together.

If it be replied, as it doubtless will be, that here is only a figure of speech, and that no literal reality, nor much that re-

sembles it, is pretended, we will readily admit this to be the case. But then every figure that deserves to be perpetuated is bound to bear some affinity to what actually exists; and it is naught, however familiar it may have got to be to the tongue and the ear, if it be out of tune with present feelings and habits of thought. It will seem strange to any one who has never turned his attention to the subject, to find how utterly devoid the New Testament is of the least reflection of such an image, as belonging to Christian worship. It uses the word "altar" very sparingly, and always with reference to Jewish rites, except in the single instance of the heathen one at Athens, inscribed, "To the Unknown God." Even the ingenious and fanciful accommodator who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews can only say, and says it but once, "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." It is wonderful how words will sometimes be retained in use, out of which not only the whole original import has vanished, but which are at plain variance with the thoughts and usages of those who employ them. The newspapers will still speak of marriage as a "leading to the altar." They might as well add Hymen and the torch, as they sometimes do, for the phrase is downright pagan.

We hope we have taken no unseemly freedom in our mode of recommending this new manual of devotion, both to those who would have a guide for family worship, and those who would nourish the sentiment of piety in their most private communings with Him who "seeth in secret, and rewardeth openly," and to whom the outward expression of prayer is the smallest part of it.

A Complete Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. By Alexander Cruden, A. M. A new and condensed Edition. Revised and re-edited by Rev. David King, LL. D. Eleventh Thousand. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 568.

The full value of a Concordance, or Index of Words, to the Holy Bible, can be estimated only by preachers and critical writers upon Scriptural subjects. But every careful reader of the sacred books, and every one interested in the great themes of which those books treat, will find himself wonderfully helped by an index of this kind. By simply giving him the key at once to all the passages in which any particular word occurs, it will sometimes open an easy solution of questions that seemed perplexing, or lead him to unexpected discoveries. The importance of such a dictionary for popular use is getting itself recognized at last; for here is the eleventh thousand of a compressed — not

mutilated — edition of Alexander Cruden's labor of many years. His is the only Bible Concordance in English that deserves naming. He has done his work thoroughly. There need be no doing of it over again. But the original work had much connected with it that increased its bulk and price, without adding proportionally to its utility. Of this sort were the commentary often prefixed to terms that appeared to him in need of explanation; the alphabetical table of proper names, introduced for the sake of assigning to each its original import in Hebrew or Greek; and the Concordance to the Apocrypha, which is much less complete than that to the canonical books, and therefore, on that account as well as others, the easier to be spared. These portions are omitted in the present edition. All the rest is retained, filling a moderately sized octavo volume, which is afforded at a low price. We commend it heartily to public favor.

There are but two writings in the English language, so far as we know, that are furnished with indexes absolutely perfect, like those that accompany most of the Greek and Latin classics. These are the Bible and the Plays of Shakespeare. All thanks to Cruden and to Mary Cowden Clarke. The lady acquitted herself admirably of her less important task, though we could almost wish her Preface less ambitious and less jubilant, as she takes leave of her pen and the public with the most smiling court'sy. But alas for poor Cruden! His solemn features impress us with a feeling of sadness, as we see them in the portrait prefixed to the London edition of his book, surrounded with a bushy periwig such as has not shown its like on the earth for many a year. It was his fate to go crazy, and to end in a madhouse. The simple-hearted, devout man was found dead on his knees, as if his spirit had passed away in the very act of prayer. His Concordance, which was really a work of piety, and not a mere literary or lucrative enterprise, will perpetuate his name in connection with the Immortal Writ into which he has so facilitated our researches.

Travels in Europe and the East: a Year in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. With Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 2 vols. pp. 405, 440.

A large year's work indeed is suggested by this comprehensive title; yet the work can be done, and Dr. Prime did it, and

did it, on the whole, tolerably well. Some of these countries, of course, were barely visited, — by no means travelled through. A railway trip from Belfast to Dublin gives very small observation of Irish life, nor can we regard "travels" in Scotland as complete, unless one has visited Ayrshire, the land of Burns, and Perthshire, the land of Wallace. "Paris" may be France to a Frenchman, but there are several other cities in that land which have some historic importance; and we are quite surprised to find in these letters of "Irenæus" (for that was their heading as they appeared originally in the New York Observer) no account of Lyons, the city of his venerable namesake. Cairo and the Pyramids were the limit of Dr. Prime's visit to Egypt; — travellers usually make that city the *starting-point* of a Nile voyage. The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted is suggested by Dr. Prime's Palestine ramblings, which *did not reach* Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Jordan, or the Sea of Galilee. The circumstances which prevented our traveller's visit to the Holy City are detailed at length, and furnish an edifying, not to say thrilling, picture of the terrible anarchy, and the "black-hearted," bloodthirsty villany of the native tribes, in the Sacred Land. We are impressed with the belief that Dr. Prime, in all his Eastern journeys, was in a state of most needless and uncomfortable trepidation, which, being noticed by his dragoman and servants, was used by the cunning dogs for their own advantage. The heroism of that adventure at Nablous, "the self-sacrifice as rare in history as it is beautiful to record," was dashed with one or two qualities of a less chivalrous description. The affair which Dr. Prime exalts into an almost miraculous preservation of himself and his companions from instant death, and which hurried him off to Jaffa with a mounted guard, (cost 650 piastres!) is still mentioned, in the neighborhood of Nablous, as an excellent trick, by which the Howadjis were handsomely *done* out of their backshish. Dr. Prime neglects to mention, that one of his own party, who was not quite willing to be frightened off from his visit to Jerusalem by Arab lies, went there from Jaffa a day or two after they separated without the least trouble, and that no party except his found the slightest hindrance in Palestine, though all heard the same stories and saw the same "bloodthirsty villains."

In the main, these volumes are agreeable and interesting. Their tone is fresh, their selection of topics various and attractive, and they never tire the reader by redundancy of detail or elaborate description. The style of Dr. Prime is at once vigorous and graceful; better, decidedly, when he speaks of secular matters than when he descants on theological topics. Once in a while we meet with an odd sentence, which lugs in the author's

Calvinism; but on the whole, we never should have expected from the chief editor of an Old School Presbyterian journal so small a portion of sanctified cant. He moralizes, too, in remarkable moderation, and gives us, as a passing traveller should, rather scenes and impressions than profound disquisitions upon the virtues and vices, the past, present, and future, of all the lands, cities, races, governments, and religions at which he glances. He is strangely abstemious in abuse of the Catholics, and has by no means that saintly horror of the opera which becomes a sound Puritan writer. His Protestant enthusiasm, however, as he follows the line of Luther's haunts, or visits the Waldenses, or mingles in the delightful society of the Syria and Turkey missions, is most satisfactory. His descriptions of the last are rose-colored, but not exaggerated.

Dr. Prime uses some forms of expression which provoke a smile, and offers some criticisms on art, which are, to say the least, peculiar. We read that, on leaving New York, "I had a load of lead in my bosom, which weighed heavily there"; — a novel mode of shipping that useful metal. After a bitter parting complaint about the extortions of John Bull, and his system of plundering travellers, he humorously adds, that "I should be sorry to leave England with such an arrow sticking in its back." We are informed that "by far the greater part" of the pictures in the Dresden gallery "are not worth pausing to look at"! We are amazed to learn how few *impressive* works of art there are in St. Peter's, and how comparatively poor Rome is in fine pictures. Rome, it is evident, is greater to Dr. Prime from what he did not see than from what he did see there. He "did up" that city too quickly. Naples, too, was rapidly despatched; else the ascent to Camaldoli might have prevented that praise of the view from Vesuvius, that it is the finest on the earth, — and another visit to Pompeii might have shown that the excavations are not, as Dr. Prime states, wholly suspended. We are compelled to differ, too, from the estimate of the sculptures in the Theseum at Athens. A man must be an enthusiastic archæologist to be *detained many days in their study.* We agree much more cordially in his estimate of Dr. Jonas King, the Christian evangelist at Athens, and remember with equal gratitude that missionary service at the foot of Mars' Hill, which he so eloquently describes. We fear, nevertheless, that the touching story of Dr. King's persecutions by the Greek government and church may have unduly prejudiced his visitor against the Greek people. The true account of that people is not to be gathered from English and French newspapers, or even from the missionaries, who have the bitterness of disappointment to spoil their judgments.

We are glad to receive the testimony of so accurate an observer as Dr. Prime to the general sobriety of the people in the wine-growing and wine-drinking countries of the Continent. He does not, however, speak in high terms of the flavor of the common vintage, likening it to vinegar. We are left in some doubt whether the beer-drinking of Munich was to his taste; he is rather shocked here to behold "the horrid fellows, with mustaches, kissing each other like women." His lament over the depravity of the French capital is less prolonged and painful than we are wont to hear from clerical tourists. The gay scenes of the Champs Elysées, graphically described, force out only the reluctant ejaculation, "Poor Paris! you will laugh and grow fat; I fear you will laugh and be damned." Nor is he moved, like some who have written of the Consistoire, to protest against the sin of the Reformed French Church, in harboring such heretics as the Coquerels.

On the subject of the "deference paid in Germany to learning, and the substantial rewards attending its possession," Dr. Prime's impressions differ very much from our own. We cannot believe that a large acquaintance with German professors would warrant his opinion. On the contrary, the almost universal testimony led us to conclude that, in spite of all the book-making and book-reading in Germany, the social position of literary men in that land is not nearly so good as that of the army officers or the born aristocracy. With the solitary exception of Humboldt, who is a baron, we heard of no distinguished German scholar whose rank was considered equal to his desert. All seemed to envy the position of scholars and scientific men in America. Few authors in Germany get much income from their books.

With these slight strictures, — to which may be added surprise at the frequent careless and inaccurate spelling, especially of foreign words, — we may safely commend this book of travels as the most excellent of its kind within a twelvemonth. In the Preface, Dr. Prime hints that he has another supply of unused "notes," which he is willing, if the right kind of request is made, to present to the public. We sincerely hope that a large sale of the volumes before us may create a demand for more, and that the Doctor may undertake new journeys, if he can bring back from them such pleasant fruits as here we find.

An Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament; with Remarks on its Revision upon Critical Principles, &c. By SAMUEL PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL.D. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons. 1854. 8vo. pp. 274 and 94.

THIS is quite a valuable account of the printed text of the New Testament, and its revision by critical editors up to the present time. It contains also a collation of the critical texts of Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, as well as of Griesbach, with the received text. The author probably designed it as a sort of introduction to the critical edition of the New Testament on which he has been laboring for many years, and which he has now in press. Dr. Tregelles has many qualifications for such a work as we are noticing, as well as for the great work in which he has been engaged through life. He has devoted many years of hard labor to the search for documents, the collation of manuscripts, and the study of the critical materials of preceding editors of the Greek New Testament. In the pursuit of his object he has made nothing of visiting foreign countries, and searching for every document having a bearing upon it with as great assiduity as a miner searching for gold.

Dr. Tregelles is, we believe, of the Church of England, and his religious opinions are those of extreme orthodoxy. Hence the question naturally arises, whether the same want of candor in respect to the reading of texts having a bearing on disputed doctrines has been exhibited by him, which has unhappily been manifested by some critics of the English Church. It is but justice to say, that not even in any German critic have we met with a higher example of fairness and impartiality in stating the evidence for and against important disputed texts, than in Dr. Tregelles.

He comes to the examination of the Greek text of the New Testament with the highest reverence for it. His view of Scriptural inspiration is rigid in the extreme. Every word of its genuine text is to him strictly a Divine utterance, for which it is of the utmost importance that nothing else should be substituted, because nothing else proceeded from the Holy Ghost. As far as we have been able to judge, Dr. Tregelles has the utmost regard to accuracy of statement, and has corrected many errors of his predecessors in this department of study. If, then, the earnest labor of many years, the utmost reverence for the Scriptures, and the most exemplary impartiality and candor, give one a claim to respect in works of this kind, Dr. Tregelles has fairly earned it.

We have spoken more particularly of his qualifications as a textual critic, not so much on account of the work which is

the subject of this article, as on account of the important critical edition of the New Testament, which he will soon publish, and which, on account of the expense, will much need the patronage of those who are able to purchase it. It has been the great labor of his life. He has, in the work we are now noticing, stated the principles on which he has proceeded in preparing it, which strike us as eminently sound and safe. By *safe* we mean that, if he have any fault, it is that of leaning to the weight of external evidence in favor of a reading, rather than to his own subjective view of its intrinsic goodness. It appears, also, from the specimen which Dr. Tregelles has given us of his great work, that it will be in a beautiful, fair type, on good paper, and with a much fuller statement of the evidence for and against a reading than is to be found in any preceding edition of the New Testament. What his critical sagacity may be, we are unable to say with much confidence, from the specimens of his text which we have seen; and we are aware that the correctness of the text of any author depends much on the critical sagacity of the editor. But for fulness and accuracy of critical material, for the means which may enable a scholar to judge for himself in regard to the true reading of a text, we have no doubt that Dr. Tregelles's edition of the New Testament will far surpass any preceding edition. What will give additional value to the work is that it will be accompanied with the Latin version of Jerome, from the most ancient manuscript of it extant, namely, the Codex Amiatinus of the sixth century. We regret that the price named for it in England, £3 3*s.*, will deter many from purchasing it. But we hope that those who can afford it will be the more induced to help to defray the expense of this important critical work, which, whatever sale it finds, must, from the nature of the case, be a labor of love on the part of the editor.

Catholic and Protestant Nations compared in their Threefold Relations to Wealth, Knowledge, and Morality. By Rev. Napoleon Roussell, of Paris, Author of *Mon Voyage en Algerie*, etc. With an Introduction by the Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel, of London. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. 1855. 12mo. pp. 322.

It would be worth while to study the puzzled and mystified mind of some reader, who from the prose-poetry or poetical prose of Digby's Ages of Faith had passed to the gazetteer-pages of this work. On the one hand he would have found

everything Romish depicted *couleur de rose*, and on the other hand he would be surprised to see that the same pleasant service had been performed for Protestantism. According to the author of the Ages of Faith, all the evils of modern society are to be referred to the rise and progress of the Reformation, so called; according to M. Roussell, Catholic countries are, of all others, most deficient in wealth, knowledge, and morality. We are bound to say that the positions of the latter gentleman are supported by a huge amount of excellent testimony. It seems to us, that, after every needful qualification has been applied to his statements, a vast deal will remain which must sorely perplex the lover of the ancient Church. We know how easy it is to cull facts in support of a favorite position, and how much depends upon the eye which sees as well as upon the thing to be seen, and how difficult it is to say which of several possible causes may have issued in a given effect. It is not easy to determine what amount of influence should be ascribed in each case to government, or climate, or the genius of the people, and how much specially to religion. Then the thrifty as well as the unthrifty have their peculiar vices, and persons who are exceedingly respectable and comfortable are often very far from the kingdom of God. Moreover, the Protestant reader of this book by M. Roussell will be compelled to allow that many evils which he has been accustomed to deplore are not so much as alluded to here. Is it because they are really trifling in comparison with those which in other circumstances are so very conspicuous? Do we exaggerate our own social troubles? Do we fail to realize the singular advantages of our condition? We fear that the city of Lowell, for example, is not all that M. Roussell's authorities would have it.

After all, however, whilst we would be on our guard against one-sided views, we are prepared for two admissions: —1. That one of the beneficent results of an earnest and enlightened piety will be temporal prosperity; the kingdom of God brings along with it all else which is really needful. 2. That the decay of wise and vital religion, the decrepitude of the Church, and lapse into superstition may be recognized, as from other results, so from the inefficiency and shiftlessness that characterize Romish lands. After we have explained their shortcomings in this respect, so far as may be, in other ways, we shall find a vast deal that can be referred only to the want of intellectual and moral vitality. It is plain enough that Ireland, for example, is suffering from Romanism as well as from Absenteeism, from excessive devotion to the Pope as well as from the inordinate culture of potatoes. Even Catholic eyes can see that a worn-out Church sits like an *incubus* upon Spain, and Italy, and the Spanish settle-

ments in America. The gold mines and the curse of slavery will not account for the whole difference between the lands colonized by England and those colonized by Spain, though they will go far to explain the wretched condition of South America and Mexico. M. Roussell's book, useful as it is, is not very cheering. It gives us very sad pictures of Ireland, Spain, Italy, the Catholic portions of Switzerland, Austria, Spanish America, &c. It is disheartening enough to think that so much barbarism, or besotted sensuality, or indeed utter beastliness, should exist in the very heart of Christendom, and within the pale of the Christian Church; that in many cases the very ministers at the altar should be the chiefest of sinners. Add to these descriptions what a zealous Romanist would bring forward about the infidelity and immorality of Protestastant lands, especially amongst the laboring classes in the great centres of commerce and manufactures, and we should be ready to say that, if the world is not coming to an end, it is high time that it should. But we hope that the statements of both parties require to be qualified. We will read what one and the other says that is cheering, remembering, all the while, that, since with the Lord a thousand years are only as one day, we have not as yet passed the second day of the life of the Gospel in the world.

Satire and Satirists. By JAMES HANNAY, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy," etc. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 235.

WE welcome this volume as an agreeable contribution to an interesting and important department of literature. There are few topics in literary history, indeed, more curious or more attractive than the connection between the writings of the great wits and humorists of any age and the popular manners and tastes of that age. In tracing their reciprocal influence, we come into a more vital appreciation of the essential characteristics of the period, and read the lives of its literary men with a deeper and clearer insight. Upon the one hand, we see how the tendencies of the popular mind gave a form and coloring to the writings of the age. Upon the other hand, we see how these writings helped to turn these tendencies into some new direction, or to strengthen them in the old. The intrinsic interest and importance of this department of literary criticism have not escaped the notice of modern essayists and lecturers; and we already owe to them several works upon the subject, exhibiting

more or less ability and research. Of these works Mr. Hannay's volume is the latest that has fallen under our notice. It comprises a course of popular lectures on Satirical Literature, from Horace and Juvenal to the present time. Among the authors noticed are Erasmus, Boileau, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Churchill, Moore, and Byron. Though not marked by any great depth or breadth of thought, or by any remarkable keenness of analysis, it shows a large acquaintance with the subject, and contains some just criticisms. Upon some points, however, we should take issue with the author, especially in his remarks on Swift and on Byron's Don Juan. Of the last he says: "It pictures life genially and soundly; excites your love of the beautiful and lofty; demolishes cant in many a stirring line; and, above all, the utter sense of weariness and disgust it gives you for the mere life of pleasure, and for the false tone of English society, is most beneficial and healthy." That Don Juan is a work of extraordinary power will be admitted by every one who has read it; but it can show no title to the praise of picturing life "genially and soundly." Fortunately for our author's reputation as a critic, his book contains few heresies so difficult to be defended as this. His style is simple and colloquial; and altogether his volume reminds one of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists. The quotations by which it is illustrated are in general well chosen, though in a few instances much better selections might have been made; and the subjects for the different lectures are also judiciously selected.

Humanity in the City. By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: DeWitt and Davenport. 12mo. pp. 252.

Mr. Chapin's reputation as an able and eloquent preacher extends beyond his own denomination, and must be familiar to many of our readers. But his published writings have been few and unimportant; and his reputation consequently rests chiefly upon his uncommon gifts as a pulpit orator, — upon his highly rhetorical style, his apt and forcible illustrations, his impressive manner, and his clear and deep-toned voice. In the volume before us, however, and the similar volume published a year or two since, we have the means of forming a partial estimate of the general character and scope of his preaching, considered apart from the elements which it derives from the preacher's voice and manner. We say a partial estimate, because these discourses are devoted to only a single theme, and that not the most important of those which engage the

attention of the Christian teacher. The central idea which underlies them all, and to the elucidation of which they are all devoted, is well stated by the author in his introductory discourse, when he expounds the words of the wise man, — "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets," — as meaning, "that everything is instructive, that even in the common ways of life the most important truths, and the profoundest and most religious significance, are contained." Starting with this proposition, Mr. Chapin proceeds to consider what are the lessons which toiling, suffering, sinning humanity in the city teaches the thoughtful observer, who regards them from the Christian stand-point. And this he does with a cogency of argument and appeal, a beauty of style, and a thoroughly religious spirit, which cannot fail to touch and quicken the reader's heart while it justifies and strengthens the preacher's fame. The discourses are eight in number, and the topics which Mr. Chapin has chosen are as follows: — The Lessons of the Street; Man and Machinery; The Strife for Precedence; The Symbols of the Republic; The Springs of Social Life; The Allies of the Tempter; The Children of the Poor; and the Help of Religion. In reading them we have been most impressed by the sermon on The Children of the Poor, which presents an admirable discussion of this most painful and most interesting theme. The sermon on The Allies of the Tempter, however, contains, we think, passages of greater power. But in all the discourses we find abundant grounds for the author's popularity in the city of his residence, and in the denomination of which he is so bright an ornament. In justice to this earnest Christian preacher it ought to be said, that his relation to "Universalism" is sustained by his acceptance of the doctrine of a Final Restoration. Like nearly or quite all the serious-minded and intelligent men of his fellowship, he has no sympathy with the loose and perilous notions of the old Ballou school.

Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile. By HERMAN MELVILLE, Author of "Typee," "Omoo," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 276.

MR. MELVILLE'S new volume, we think, scarcely sustains the reputation which he won by the earlier productions of his pen. In them he entered upon a comparatively uncultivated field; and by the freshness of his manner and the romantic interest of his narrative he at once gathered a rich harvest of popularity among readers of every degree of culture. But in his later

works (and especially in the volume before us) he has dealt with another and very different class of characters, and placed them in circumstances very different from those which gave interest to his earlier volumes; and here his success has been much less apparent. "Israel Potter," indeed, notwithstanding some fine passages and some skilful descriptions, is rather heavy reading. Its style is, in the main, flowing and graceful, and its tone genial and healthy; and yet the author fails to interest us very much in the fortunes of his hero. His character, in truth, lacks those elements which arrest and enchain the reader's sympathies; and, at the best, it is only a feeble delineation of a very commonplace person. Nor are the other characters portrayed with greater skill. In our author's delineation, Dr. Franklin's homely wisdom and shrewd philosophy degenerate into ridiculous cant and officious imbecility; and the portraiture of Paul Jones seems almost equally infelicitous. There are, however, some vigorous descriptions of the exploits of this remarkable man on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, which constitute, perhaps, the ablest and most interesting part of the volume. But from this praise we would exclude the account of the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. A battle so sanguinary and brutal in its whole character cannot form an attractive episode in a work of high art; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Melville should have dwelt so minutely upon its details.

Cosas de España, or Going to Madrid via Barcelona. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 352.

Several chapters of this work were originally published in Putnam's Magazine, from which they are now reprinted with considerable additions, and in a handsome and convenient form. Without presenting much, or indeed anything, that is new or unfamiliar, it will doubtless attract many readers by its lively, gossiping tone, and its sprightly and graphic delineations of the strange things to be seen in Spain. Only about two thirds of the volume, however, are devoted to Spain, and of this portion the greater part refers to the single city of Barcelona. In the first hundred and thirty pages, we have a brief exposition of our author's reasons for going to Madrid by way of Barcelona, and numerous episodes of European travel. But exactly what relation these anecdotes of journeys, taken at a different period and through other countries, bear to the main topic of his book, does not appear. After his narrative has been thus interrupted several times, he at length lands at Barcelona, where he passes the

winter, seeing and enjoying everything that was to be seen and enjoyed. In the concluding pages he travels from Barcelona to Madrid. The whole book, as we have intimated, is written in a lively and dashing style, occasionally bordering on the outer line of good taste; and its pictures of Spanish life are spirited and accurate. Yet it must be apparent to the most careless reader, that the author has only touched upon the surface of things; and that, in his anxiety to make an entertaining volume, he has omitted much which would have given an increased value and interest to it. Into the depths of Spanish character and life he seems not to have penetrated; and his book is rather to be characterized as simple gleanings from the portfolio of a traveller, than as a thoughtful and elaborate contribution to the literature of the subject.

Poems. By Alice Cary. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 399.

Most of the pieces in this collection have already been printed in different journals, and many of them will doubtless be familiar to our readers. They are mostly of a domestic character, and are written in a fresh and spirited manner, though often with a sad and subdued vein running through them and insensibly coloring their whole texture. "Born and reared in the midst of rural occupations," says Miss Cary in her Dedication, "and all my most cherished memories keeping me still familiar with woods and fields, I have drawn from my own past the imagery and chief accessories of my poems, which have therefore in this respect a certain genuineness." To this merit, we think, her poems can present a strong claim, both as regards sentiment and language. In them it is easy to trace all the workings of her mind in many different moods; and her pictures of rural life have a delightful freshness and reality. We seem at once to be brought in contact with the scenes which she describes, and with the feelings and sentiments which breathe through her verse. In some of the poems we notice a carelessness and occasional inaccuracy of expression, which might readily have been removed by a little more careful revision. Miss Cary, however, writes too much, and, as she confesses, has not yet learned "to blot or revise." Yet her versification in general is melodious and correct. The longest piece in the volume — a narrative poem, entitled The Maiden of Tlascala, and founded on an episode in Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico — fills about seventy pages, and is, we presume, her latest production. It contains some fine passages, but it is

disfigured by many quaint conceits, and is much inferior to her less ambitious pieces. Of the minor pieces, many possess great beauty, and are full of promise. They clearly indicate the species of composition in which Miss Cary is most likely to excel; and by carefully cultivating her powers in this direction, we cannot doubt that she will rise to the highest rank among our female poets.

Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers, now first collected. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 383.

This new volume, from the classic pen of Washington Irving, comprises a selection from his contributions to periodical literature, and in its general characteristics resembles the Sketch-Book and Bracebridge Hall. It has the same quiet but racy humor, the same graceful wit and polished satire, and the same flexible style, which marked his earlier works, and which have given him an imperishable fame as one of the greatest humorists in our language. Among the papers in the volume are several which will be recognized with pleasure by every admirer of his genius. Prominent among these are the historical sketch of The Great Mississippi Bubble, the Sketches in Paris in 1825, Mountjoy, The Contented Man, Brock, or the Dutch Paradise, and one or two others. They have the genuine stamp of our author's rich and cultivated powers, and remind one of the best papers in the Spectator. Indeed, in many respects, Irving's writings recall to mind the exquisitely polished essays of Joseph Addison, — perhaps the most delightful prose-writer in the English tongue. In both we recognize the man of ripe and varied culture, the elegant writer, the accomplished critic, the satirist whose wit is without bitterness or malice. In Addison, there is somewhat more of dignity and reserve; in Irving, a more genial sympathy with his readers. One is more of a wit, the other more of a humorist. The fame of one rests almost wholly on his essays, the other superadds a scarcely less distinguished reputation as an historian. But in all the essential characteristics of their minds, they bear a closer resemblance to each other than any other two writers with whose productions we are familiar. The same inspiration broods over the writings of both, and to them we recur with an equal pleasure. Both have enriched our language with creations of rare beauty; and their works have a perennial charm for every reader of refined and cultivated taste.

Sermons. By THOMAS T. STONE, of Bolton. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 356.

THIS volume does not seem to have produced a sensation in the literary or the religious world. It does not belong to the class of books which are praised by the newspapers; a brief notice only, here and there, indicates that in some quarters its merits have been appreciated. In fact, these twenty-four sermons are not of the kind called popular. They do not deal immediately with the exciting questions of the time; they are not addressed to the passions of the moment; they are not remarkable for their "hits" at passing follies; nor do they abound in "splendid," "grand," "eloquent," "brilliant," and "beautiful" passages. Pervaded throughout by the very spirit of beauty, they are as free from ambitious rhetoric as anybody could desire. They are profound, earnest, thoughful, spiritual sermons, on themes purely religious. The author — we speak from personal knowledge, asking pardon of his modesty for so public an expression of his worth — is a remarkable man; remarkable for his character, which is eminent in the rarest Christian virtues, — in humbleness, devoutness, courage, and simplicity,—and for his intellect, which is clear, penetrating, comprehensive, and insatiate in its hunger for truth. His discourses will declare to all who read them, that he has meditated long and deeply, and has drawn in copiously the inspiration that comes from contemplation and prayer. They will also testify that he has been a diligent student of books, and of the best books too; not tantalizing and teasing his mind with the "four great quarterlies," or with other reviews, native or foreign, but saturating his whole intelligence with the wisdom of the world's sages, with the poets and philosophers of antiquity, with Homer and Pindar and Plato, with the meditative love of the East, and the venerable Scriptures, with the greatest modern teachers, Taylor, Hooker, Cudworth, Fox, and Swedenborg, and many besides, whose names are familiar and dear to the seekers of religious truth. The productions of a mind thus nobly endowed and thus generally cultivated cannot be meagre, either in quality or quantity. We expected a rich volume from Mr. Stone, and we have not been disappointed. The sermons before us are not of the didactic or the sentimental class; they are, in the highest and purest sense, religious. Some of them are almost oracular. All of them deal with large ideas and broad principles, with facts of the spiritual world and laws of the spiritual life. At the same time, for keenness of moral discrimination and closeness of logic, they are not to be surpassed. And when they touch, as they often do, incidentally, upon the agitated topics of the

time, a light is imparted which makes the shadowy lines of truth and rectitude shine clear. The great sermons in the volume are those on "Obedience to the Spirit," "The Psalm of Thanksgiving," "The Secret Attractions," and "Influence and Reception"; four sermons which can hardly be equalled in the whole range of parenetical literature for depth of insight, loftiness of aim, purity of sentiment, and childlike earnestness of faith. They are utterances from the whole man's mind and heart, and, the last especially, are worthy of being read and pondered by all students of spiritual things, and all lovers of genuine piety. The four sermons on the Course of Christianity, "The Mythology of the Church," "The Doctrine of the Church," "The Ethics of the Church," and "The Politics of the Church," are distinguished for their knowledge of ecclesiastical history, their acquaintance with Christian theology, and the breadth and exactness of their independent thought. "The Word of the Reformation," defines the mission of Luther. In the discourse upon "The Prophetic Poet," Mr. Stone avails himself of the death of Wordsworth, then just announced, to speak of the nature and some of the conditions of true inspiration, using the bard as "one symbol of our hope, one expression of the secret spirit which we meet when we enter into our closets, and shut the door, and are alone with the Father." Let the tempted and endangered turn to the sermon entitled "The Rejection of Evil." To the contrite, feignedly or unfeignedly, we commend that upon "Repentance." The discourse on "Unrighteous Decrees" was the immediate occasion of the termination of the preacher's ministry in Salem, and should by all means be perused and digested by those who debate within themselves the vexed question of conscience and law; for never was sophistry more utterly confounded by a holy logic, that at the same time takes it to pieces and brands it with inhumanity. "The Eternal Rectitude" follows, with a noble statement of the immutable morality, and an earnest protest against the substitution of expediency for principle. The last two sermons, headed "The Worship called Heresy," contain an outline of the principles of faith, so ample and yet so clear, so strong and yet so delicate, that we find it difficult to speak its praise. Here is nothing sectarian, nothing "historical" in the mean sense of the word that is common now. All is profound, simple, pristine, catholic. Mr. Stone walks by faith too firmly and too steadily for his feet to be entangled in the meshes of any dogmatism. "Faith in this," he says, (the living spirit of God,) "is the very thing which our age wants; faith in perennial inspiration; faith in the real presence of the One Spirit. Men do not believe it, much as they are shocked by appearances or imputations of atheism. Not

less do they seem shocked by any serious and thorough expression of the God within us, existing before all time, who can never grow old. . . . . Question in their presence either the principles which the Bible is supposed to teach, or the claims of the Bible itself to divine authority, and there is a wide shock, — I will not say deep, for the sentiment which the scepticism touches is not deep, — but it is wide, and perhaps tumultuous. It rouses controversy. It opens or shuts pulpits. It rends churches and societies. It brings out Protestant priests and Christian Pharisees to hold up the threatened faith. Many sleek Sadducees, always counted half infidel before, and men who have all of Epicurus but the philosophy and the virtue, are at once out as defenders of the faith. And yet — " But want of space forbids our proceeding. These two sermons ought to be read, and read " prayerfully," as the old phrase is, by every clergyman and by every layman. They should be printed by thousands for gratuitous distribution, that throughout our community men might be brought to know and to love religion, pure and undefiled. In reading this volume through a second time, as a preparation for this brief notice, we marked several characteristic passages for quotation, but they accumulated so fast towards the end, that the purpose was abandoned altogether; and as we could not extract them all, we resolved to extract none. Let the volume be purchased and seriously studied, and it will not fail to quicken every true endeavor after the Christian and divine life.

Sermons: chiefly Practical. By the Senior Minister of the West Church in Boston. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 362.

The venerable author of these discourses, under the pressure of ill health and the increasing infirmities of age, has found himself compelled, for some time past, to relinquish to his junior colleague the labors of the pulpit which for nearly half a century has been identified with his name, and in which he has ministered to a devoted people with such peculiar acceptance and success. In this volume, he again addresses to them, through the printed page, those lessons of religious faith and duty, which, as they once fell from his lips, so deeply moved and charmed the souls of his hearers. A welcome and precious memorial it will be, not only to the immediate members of his flock, but to all who from time to time have had opportunities of listening, in his own or in other churches, to his peculiarly delightful ministrations of the word. For many years, no preacher in our New

England metropolis enjoyed a wider popularity than he. Simply in respect to the devotional effect, and the practical impression of his services, we doubt whether he was surpassed, if equalled, by any of his contemporaries. The secret of his power consisted not so much in the novelty, vigor, or brilliancy of his thoughts, as in the profound earnestness and the fervent unction with which they were uttered. He at once impressed his hearers with the conviction that he spoke, not as a mere functionary, but as one who bore a living message from God, and as one who felt in his own soul every word he said. His preaching was usually of the simplest, briefest character; enforcing some great Christian truth by the most familiar arguments and the most obvious illustrations, concisely expressed. He aimed at no show of learning. He indulged in no flashes of poetic fancy. He affected no special originality in his views of doctrine or of duty. His style, though lucid and forcible, was marked by no striking felicities of expression, peculiarly his own. Under the pressing demands of his pastoral cares in a numerous congregation, and in his unwearied devotion to the more private duties of his office, in which he was always singularly happy, an angel of counsel and consolation to his flock, he did not leave himself the time, nor does it ever seem to have been his ambition, to shine before the world in the profound and elegant essay, the elaborate discussion, the highly-wrought oration. He contented himself with the plain, useful sermon. He brought that, and nothing more nor less, to the pulpit. But how was it transfigured as it flashed from his luminous countenance, and went to the heart from his sweet and solemn voice! Never was the power of personal presence and of eloquent delivery more forcibly illustrated than in him. His look, his gesture, his tones, gave a tenfold emphasis to every sentence from his lips, and made it a voice from heaven to each individual soul. With what expectation and delight was he welcomed wherever he went! Among the cherished memories of the pulpit, he will always have a place.

To those who have known and heard him, and especially to his own parishioners, for whom the present publication is especially designed, as an offering of love and remembrance from their disabled pastor, the discourses which he has now printed will derive a peculiar and added interest from reminiscences of the past. They bear the well-known characteristics of the author; clear, simple, concise, condensed, dwelling only on a few points of thought, or holding up a single one in its most familiar and natural lights, and bringing it home to the conscience and the heart. They are not to be closely criticized as performances of the intellect, as exhibitions of dialectic skill, or as specimens of rhetorical art. They are to be read in the same spirit in

which they were written, and in which they were delivered. They are the affectionate and solemn counsels and exhortations of a good pastor, bringing up into the pulpit the thoughts suggested by his daily walks among his people, and bearing on the duties, trials, temptations of every-day life. They are, according to their title, of an entirely "practical" character, and eminently devotional and evangelical in their spirit. There is little in them that is directly controversial or doctrinal, though the whole tone of sentiment and expression is in harmony with the liberal and rational views of religion. Dr. Lowell, it is well known, would never allow himself to be ranked under any distinctive sectarian name; he would call himself neither a Unitarian nor a Trinitarian, but only a Christian. We welcome these discourses from his pen as another contribution to the already rich pulpit literature of Liberal Christianity, coming from the older school of preaching, and modelled more after the old-fashioned stamp, but none the less acceptable for that. We thank their honored author for thus breaking the silence of his retreat, and letting the world hear even but the echo of his voice, if we cannot hear the voice itself, so well remembered by many who gratefully recall his words of comfort and of quickening from the sacred desk, and his not less eloquent counsels by the way-side and in the house. May the sunset of his life be brightened amid its clouds by the clear light of Christian faith, and by the sweet satisfactions of a life spent in good service to God and to man.

Notes on Duels and Duelling, alphabetically arranged, with a Preliminary Historical Essay. By Lorenzo Sabine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 394.

The subject-matter of this volume is so thoroughly treated in its pages as to exhaust the theme, alike in its historical and its moral interest. The author has dealt with it faithfully, and that is the highest praise that could be attached to any method for treating the subject. A writer might very easily be tempted away from a faithful exhibition of the whole theme of duelling into a tone of mere preaching upon it, and so might turn an intended discussion of it, in all its bearings, into simple moralizing; or, occupied by the romance, and the personal and biographical details which may readily be brought forward to invest many duels with an exciting interest, he might have lost sight of his main topic in dwelling on some of its incidents. Mr. Sabine has done ample justice to the ethical and the personal digressions concerning which, as occasion forced them upon his notice, his

readers would expect him to have a word of his own to utter. But he has steadily kept in view his main purpose, namely, to illustrate the moral bearings of that code which involves duelling, by presenting to us the long chronological series of experimental cases that have put the code to the test in all sorts of ways. His volume must have required immense research, a singly directed aim recognized for many years spent in gathering its materials, the exercise of a mature judgment and of good taste in arranging them, and a high religious conviction as the court in his own heart before which he decided the great question of right or wrong, however involved by the most specious pleas of conventional ethics. We think that he has treated his subject in the only way through which a radical change could be hoped for, as an effect to be produced upon the apologists for duelling. Had he had recourse to the dogmatic or ghostly strain in which some preachers have dealt with it, or had he lavished upon the practice a storm of ridicule, contempt, and invective, many of those whom it is most desirable to convince would have tossed his book aside, as written by an incompetent hand. The simple case of Hamilton, which is presented in a most faithful manner in this volume, furnishes all the moral, Christian, and practical suggestions needed for the utter condemnation of duelling.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

New Books. — Several publications of very great interest and value have recently been added to our literary stores. Unwilling to pass them by with a simple announcement of their titles, and feeling in duty bound, as the preceding pages will show, to offer to our readers some real criticism of the books which we bring to their attention, we have prepared extended notices of many of these new publications, which our crowded and contracted space compels us to defer to our next number.

The essay on "The Nature of Evil," by Henry James, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) will be discussed in our number for July.

The same publishing firm, to which we are indebted for so many excellent volumes, have produced, in a very captivating style, a work of marked attractions, entitled "Memoirs of Napoleon, his Court and Family, by the Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot)." These two thick volumes, illustrated with numerous steel engravings, offer a feast of gossip and of lively biographical details.

We have already spoken in terms of high commendation of the

octavo volumes in which, with fair white paper and bold type, the Messrs. Appleton have published the works of some of the English poets. Two more volumes, containing, respectively, the Works of Beattie, Blair, and Falconer, and the Works of Shenstone, have been added to their series.

From the same firm we have a Translation from the German of Uhlmann's Syriac Grammar, by Enoch Hutchinson, with a Course of Exercises, a Chrestomathy, and a brief Lexicon, prepared by the Translator. The volume embraces all the means for enabling a student to qualify himself to read the Syriac version of the New Testament.

We have read with great interest a beautiful volume — the first fruits of a publication fund of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania — prepared by Winthrop Sargent, A. M. (Lippincott, Grambo, & Co.) It is devoted to the subject of Braddock's disastrous expedition and defeat, in the enterprise against Fort Duquesne, in 1755. An Introductory Memoir of nearly three hundred pages is enriched with an elaborate detail of the events and incidents of the old Colonial times which prepared the way for and resulted in the catastrophe narrated near the close. Journals from the original manuscripts, valuable materials in an Appendix, Maps, and other engravings, all of the most authentic character, make the volume a highly creditable addition to our historic shelves.

Our pages have already expressed our opinion of the excellent History of Greece, by William Smith, LL.D. A new edition of this work, enriched with classic engravings, and with a continuation to the present time and annotations by Professor Felton, has just been published by Messrs. Hickling, Swan, & Brown. We must defer the more extended notice which we have prepared of this valuable historical work.

The Lowell Lectures delivered in 1848 - 49 by Professor Bowen, on "The Principles of Metaphysical and Ethical Science applied to the Evidences of Religion," on their first publication received in our pages such encomiums as their sound wisdom and their great ability made it a sincere pleasure to us to express. The edition having been exhausted, a new one, revised and annotated by the author, for the use of Colleges, has been published by Messrs. Hickling, Swan, & Brown.

We are compelled to defer to our next number a notice of the Translation, by E. J. Morris, of Gregorius's charming volume, entitled "Corsica: Picturesque, Historical, and Social: with a Sketch of the Early Life of Napoleon, and an Account of the Bonaparte, Paoli, Pozzo di Borgo, and other principal Families." (Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan.)

Another of Dr. R. C. Trench's characteristic and always most suggestive and instructive volumes has been published by Redfield, under the title of "English Past and Present." It contains five Lectures on the Composition, the Gains, the Losses, and the Changes in Words and Spelling, of the English Language. It demands and shall receive from us a more extended comment than our present space will permit.

Under the title of "The Physical Geography of the Sea," the Messrs. Harper have just published a work by Lieutenant Maury, which combines all the wonderful results of scientific investigation with the charms of a romantic narrative of the sea. There is nothing in the volume so abstruse as to mar the pleasure which a reader of ordinary intelligence

will take in its perusal, while the theme, with all the marvellous and beautiful lessons which are drawn from or made to illustrate it, will impart to him the rarest mental pleasure.

A new work has just appeared from the press of Ticknor and Fields, and from the pen of Charles Kingsley, of which we shall make report when we have enjoyed the expected gratification it promises to afford us. Its title is, "The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh."

Mr. John Wilson, to whose elegant and accurate mechanical skill so many of our preachers and writers are indebted when they "consent" to the publication of their sermons, essays, and more ambitious works, has published a third and an enlarged edition of his own valuable Treatise on English Punctuation. We enjoin upon all our readers, and upon some of our contributors likewise, to make themselves familiar with its contents.

Under the editorial supervision of Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, and by warrant of the State, the third and fourth volumes of the "Records of Massachusetts" have appeared, in that sumptuous form which they so well deserve, and which the State treasury can well afford to give them. Their quaint and solid contents are freighted with wisdom and righteousness, and we hope before long to make an exhibition, if not an application, of them in our own pages.

OBITUARY.

REV. FREDERICK TURELL GRAY.

If fidelity is the true criterion of merit, and the usefulness of a life the measure of its value, it has seldom been our privilege to inscribe on our obituary record a worthier name than that of our lamented brother, the Rev. Frederick Turell Gray, who died in Boston, March 9th, 1855.

That his were not the qualities to which the world awards renown, nor his the reputation which is generally coveted, are considerations which affect us in no other way than to increase our respect for his memory, and heighten our satisfaction in doing honor to his virtues. At a period when the worldly standard of greatness is so successfully opposed to the Christian, when the wreath is reserved for genius, when talent is synonymous with intellectual power, and science is absorbing glory, it becomes a sacred duty, on all proper occasions, to show our reverence for that highest authority which bids us, as Christians, to call *him* "*great* who shall do and teach even the least of the commandments." That the popular estimate is so different from this, and that it is so difficult for all of us to escape the influence of the almost universal idolatry of intellect, are but stronger reasons why we should exalt the rule of that Master under whose name we write, and seek to govern our judgment of men by a recognition of the truth, that, "in the kingdom of heaven," — under the reign of a pure Christianity, — all other honor shall become dim before that which crowns him whose character shines brightest with the Christian virtues, and who by word and life has most successfully commended them to the love and practice of his fellow-men.

Under the application of this test, Mr. Gray's character rises far above the ordinary level, and even presents a less questionable claim to greatness than many to whom the title has been awarded. Men have no higher aim than that which governed him; life no more generous purpose than that to which his was devoted; talent has no brighter or more enduring rewards than those which, in no stinted measure, he won. He has proved himself strong who has raised hundreds up. He needs no voucher for his ability and wisdom who has accomplished the hardest work of turning men from sin to righteousness. He is entitled to be called a benefactor who has given his life to the poor. He has earned a high rank who has been a leader of many souls to glory.

We wish to speak of Mr. Gray truthfully and soberly; putting our personal feelings altogether aside; not suffering a friendly interest to color his virtues too warmly, nor any mere difference of taste to cast a shade over his substantial merits. We have known him intimately for many years, well enough to understand his character thoroughly. We have been near enough to him to see his works and examine his motives, and so familiar that no foible could escape our notice. If there had been anything in his character that required to be disguised, if there had been any faults to conceal in a tribute to his memory, we could easily have declined a duty which we were under no obligation to perform. But the simple truth is, we have never known a man whose character would better bear the closest scrutiny; we have never taken note of a life which, we believe, would better stand the test of the last judgment.

That life was, in the true and highest sense, a ministry. Its single, consistent, and ardent aim was to do good, and to do good in obedience to the Heavenly Master. So good a specimen of a life of this highest order is extremely rare. Those among whom it is passing are very likely to underrate it. There are no startling epochs, no dazzling points, in its steady and laborious career. The good and faithful servant is too busy to consult for his own triumph, too hard at work to study niceties of taste, or dress himself for admiration. He runs about through the streets every day on errands of mercy, his very earnestness provoking a smile. There is nothing distinguished in his air. He wraps himself in no reserve; he assumes no dignity. He has no time to mature and elaborate his sermons; he must write them as he can, in the moments he can snatch from the pressing claims of his pensioners. His best things are not kept for the pulpit, but are dispensed daily from house to house, and his study door is never bolted against the poor whom he has invited to him for comfort. He is a plain-looking man, with a kind, open countenance, who hails you with an easy greeting, and whom you pass with a familiar nod. You have a laugh with him now and then, and sometimes perhaps a laugh at his expense. And yet this very person is one of those self-sacrificing spirits of whom, at a distance, you hear with admiration, and whose biographies are read with reverence.

Nurtured in the lap of comfort, with flattering prospects of worldly success, trained to business, and with a good business inviting him, with ample property in possession and expectation, he left all, in obedience to the call of a Heavenly Master, and at the cry of suffering humanity, to devote himself, with his whole heart, to the laborious ministry of instruction and consolation. His best thoughts and strength were freely given to the poor. His preparation for their service was

through frequent visits to their mean habitations and sympathetic communion with their sorrows. He studied the deep subject of poverty, not in books, but in actual life. The authorities he consulted were the widow's countenance, the orphan's tale, and the interior of the desolate heart itself, which his gentle skill opened. Philanthropy with him was not a kind impulse or a beautiful theory, but an earnest and patient practice. He waited for no experienced guide to show him where to begin, or how to go to work, — to introduce him to a case and instruct him in its treatment: he took his Bible in his hand, and the spirit of the Saviour in his heart, and went forth alone, while only in his eighteenth year, with eye and ear open, to seek opportunities of doing good. He spoke kindly to some neglected child, he offered his hand to tottering age, and made *them* his guides to the scenes of wretchedness he wished to explore, and to the comfortless spots where he could begin his ministry. He found among his young friends three kindred spirits, with whom he entered into an association for their own religious improvement and for charitable works; thus laying the foundation of a society which afterwards became one of the most efficient religious and philanthropic agencies in our city, — the parent of the Hancock Sunday School, and one of the springs of those missionary efforts among the poor to which we can gratefully trace the origin of the Ministry at Large. Every incident in the history of his early manhood shows in what direction his heart was moving, and with what a fulness of interest his energies were applied to his chosen work.

We well remember our first impressions of this youthful philanthropist. There was no young man whom we regarded with equal admiration for his virtues; certainly none who was his superior in purity, charity, and usefulness. He seemed to our youthful imagination to give promise of being a second Oberlin. We have also a distinct recollection of the rapid development of his powers under the influence of his single and generous purpose. From the time of his superintendence of the Hancock Sunday School till the commencement of his ministry in the Friend Street Chapel, in October, 1833, the improvement of his mind and character, in all respects, was such as to excite both the surprise and admiration of his companions. When he entered upon the arduous duties of that ministry, there was no difference of opinion with regard to his peculiar and distinguished qualifications. But the success of his administration was even more speedy and entire than any one of us ventured to predict. Before the expiration of his third year, the building was so thronged as to make it necessary that a much larger should be erected; and when the Pitts Street Chapel was finished, in 1836, Mr. Gray had the satisfaction of entering it with a full and most attached congregation. The remainder of his service as a Minister to the Poor was signalized by the fidelity of his exertions, the amount of his labors, and the prosperity which crowned his work.

In 1839, the 26th of November, Mr. Gray was installed as colleague pastor, with Rev. Paul Dean, of the Bulfinch Street Church. The same qualities which had marked his previous ministry distinguished his connection with this church, and were attended with similar results. No one of our religious societies manifested a greater amount of religious activity, or exerted a more beneficial influence, especially upon the young men and women of the city, and upon families of the middle class. The records of the church would be Mr. Gray's best eulogy.

In 1853, Mr. Gray was induced, as he himself declared, and as we have no reason to doubt was the fact, by a sense of duty, and by a desire to serve his Heavenly Master, to undertake a mission of one year to the newly established Unitarian Church in San Francisco. It must have cost him a severe struggle to absent himself from the comforts and attractions of a pleasant home, and a large and lovely family, for so long a period. It was an act of self-denial which many could not understand, and which some even ventured to speak of with disapprobation. The motives which led to it have been questioned; but if lips sealed by the sacred secrecy of confidence could make public all they might wish to declare, we are sure that no act of Mr. Gray's life would be regarded as more honorable to his character, both as a minister and a parent.

Soon after his return from California, he asked and obtained a dismission from the church which he had served for about fifteen years, and accepted an appointment as Secretary and Agent of the Sunday-School Society. With the prospect of this new field of Christian service opening attractively before him, and while preparing himself for its duties, he was attacked by a painful and incurable disease. Trouble in other and most distressing forms came upon him in its company. The last remains of a once ample fortune, which had for several years been fast diminishing, through no extravagance or fault of his own, were at length entirely snatched away, just as he was expecting the hour when his children should be left fatherless. Such trials have often broken the stoutest hearts and distracted the strongest minds. The perfect composure and steadiness with which he passed through this fiery ordeal show the superior strength, nay, the heroism, of his faith. It is a subject upon which we can hardly venture to say a word, and yet concerning which it would be almost criminal to be altogether silent. He uttered no complaint, he was never heard to breathe a murmur. He made all necessary arrangements which the emergency demanded, in consultation with that nearest earthly friend, whose spirit was as brave and patient and trustful as his own, and then, dismissing all earthly anxieties, prepared himself, with her constant aid and the gracious help of Heaven, to depart in peace. And he *did* depart in peace; committing his soul to the keeping of the Saviour in whose service he had spent his life, and commending his family to the care of that faithful Providence which has never suffered the righteous to be forsaken, nor his seed to beg their bread.

JAMES BROWN, Esq.

Died, at his residence in West Cambridge, on Saturday, March 10, James Brown, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. Little, Brown, and Company, of this city.

In common with the large number of those in our community who are the lovers of good literature and the grateful admirers of its intelligent patrons, we have deeply lamented the death of this excellent and noble-hearted man. We might, indeed, claim to mourn his loss with a more especial sense of sorrow, because an intimate acquaintance of years and a generous share in his kind offices had drawn to him our highest regard. Mr. Brown served in the noblest of all trades, and he served with a spirit which ennobled it and himself. He realized to us

the highest conception we had formed of the character of a generous fosterer of literature from the pages of Nichols, Dibdin, D'Israeli, Sismondi, or Roscoe. His appreciation of a good book was shown even in the way in which he looked at it and touched it. In his early youth, under the straits of a lot which warned him that his prosperity in life would depend upon his own efforts, he enjoyed the mental pleasures whose materials he has since so richly afforded to thousands of readers.

Mr. Brown was born in Acton, in this State, on the 19th of May, 1800. As we have already intimated, he was cast upon the necessity of self-dependence, and was the builder of his own fortune. Industriously, faithfully, honestly, was it won, and through every stage of its accumulation, as well as when it was consummated, was it shared with a most ungrudging and liberal-hearted generosity, with friends, poor students, authors, and fellow-creatures. In his youth and early manhood, Mr. Brown found a home in Cambridge, and there began his acquaintance with a circle of literary men, which finally enlarged, till he became himself a conspicuous and an honored centre of it. In his earnest desire to share the advantages of a liberal culture, and with an early predilection for the Christian ministry, he felt compelled by a spirit of independence to decline some proffered aid, because trammelled with the condition that he should pledge himself to Calvinistic views. Those views he could not accept, either in youth or manhood. Yet he was a man of profound religious sentiment, earnest, sincere, believing, and pure in his convictions and aims, and as he was generous in all his other relations, so was he as a parishioner and as a member of the Unitarian church in the pleasant town of his residence. Ministers in the enjoyment of his friendly offices and hospitalities always felt as if they were in company with one of the most favored and large-minded of their own brotherhood. His own pastor, and the predecessors of that pastor, Damon, Ware, and Brown, regarded him as a most constant friend, as well as a munificent supporter, of religious institutions.

Within the last few years, the interests of literature have been advanced throughout our country, and especially in this immediate community, to a degree of prosperity and importance of which those who have not carefully observed the facts can have but a most imperfect idea. The amount of capital invested in the business, the number and excellence of works by our own authors, the republication, in an elegant form, of the most valuable of the English classics, are tokens that, within a score of years, every branch of mental culture has been ministered to by the enterprise and the wisdom of a class of men who are real benefactors of the community. The consent of all who are competent judges in the case is, that Mr. Brown was the chief in this honorable fraternity. By his frequent visits abroad, his excellent taste, his lavish liberality, his sympathy with scholars and literary men, his own interest in historical, biographical, and scientific studies and in the fine arts, and by the whole constitution of his character and temperament, he had gradually secured to himself a reputation for knowledge and judgment such as very few possess. His valuable presents and legacies to the Boston Athenæum, the College Library, and the City Library of Cambridge, will perpetuate his memory in the places where he would most gladly be remembered, as well as through the same instrumentalities of good literature in dealing with which he led so devoted and useful a life.

Mr. Brown's traits of personal character were of the most winning and engaging sort. He was one of the most simple, unpretending, and frank persons with whom we have ever been conversant. A quiet, manly dignity, a genial, hearty spirit, united with a love of humor and a relish for innocent pleasure, marked him as a true-souled man and a delightful companion. As might be inferred from his own modesty and unassuming nature, he had a great dislike of all arrogant pretensions in others. He was a steadfast friend. He took a high delight in making others participants in all that he himself enjoyed. We ask ourselves the question, Who, of all among our circle of literary, professional, and philanthropic friends, has set in motion and kept in motion more means of service to the highest interests and the purest pleasures of this community? And we answer, with a deep feeling of respect for his memory, We know of no one who has done more.

All that we have here written, and much more, stands attested by a simple reference to the tokens of respect manifested towards this good man when the last office was to be performed for him. His funeral was appointed in the middle of one of our busy week-days, from his saddened dwelling in a suburb, and under one of the most piercing and disagreeable of our spring east winds, and there was no public call or concert among his friends for attendance upon his obsequies. Yet the dwelling was thronged by a company of eminent, honored, and influential persons, whose presence alone would have been a most respectful tribute even to cold mortal ashes, but whose deep sense of bereavement and whose spontaneous manifestations of regard and sorrow needed no other interpretation than was found in the occasion which had drawn them around the bier of an upright, a respected, and a beloved Christian man.

ERRATA.

On page	11,	line	32,	for	*a row*	read *rows.*
"	15,	"	18,	"	*mans*	" *means.*
"	20,	in note,		"	*Ungern*	" *Ungarn.*
"	28,	line	19,	"	*aspires*	" *inspires.*
"	41,	"	1,	"	*actually*	" *actively.*
"	178,	"	25,	"	*marshal*	" *martial.*

On page 188, the extract from an article by De Gerando should bear date July 17 instead of April 21. The intended extract under the latter date was omitted for the sake of condensation. The extract given is from an article published in the *National* on July 17, on the return of De Gerando from Paris, and may as well be omitted by the reader.

On page 202, the notes at the bottom of the page should be omitted.

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